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THE GIANT MOUNTAINS.[1]

1. Among the mountain ranges in Europe north of the Alps, there are, perhaps, none more wŏrthy of a visit than that portion of the Sudetes, knŏn from its great altitude in comparison with all the nêboring German highlands, and more especially with the lands lying to the northward—as the "Riesengebirge," or giant range. The Sudetes form the connecting link between the mountain ranges of Central Germany—the Erzgebirge, near Tŏplitz and Carlsbad; the Meissner Hochland, or Saxon Switzerland, &c.; and the still loftier peaks of the Carpathians. The Sudetes are divided into two portions —the Riesengebirge to the north and west, and the Glatzner Highlands to the south and east. The former of these lie pretty nearly in the centre of a triangle formed by Dresden, Breslau, and Prag; partly within the Prussian province of Schlesien, partly within the northern boundary of Bohemia; and are so limited in extent, that a good walker, whose only object was to get over space, might with ease go from one end of them to the other within three or four days.

2. On the 19th of September, my old mountain-longings having come irresistibly upon me, I turned my face to the eastward, and leaving my family and heavy baggage in Dresden, took merely a chānge of clothes thrust in haste into an extemporised knapsack, consisting of an old Mackintosh spatterdash, with the ends folded, and retained in contact by a long leather strap, which served likewise to sling the light package over the shŏlder, and embraced within its grip a second pair of shoes enclosed in India-rubber galoshes. I started by rail for Gŏrlitz, meaning thence to go by train to Bunzlau, the point by which 'Murray' recommends the tourist to approach these mountains. But being advised by a German gentleman not to enter the mountain district till the horizon should clear—I resolved

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to follo his advice. To the tourist rain and mist in a town is a much more tolerable calamity than when occurring in the midst of a picturesq country, and in the old city of Breslau, however thick the atmosfere, thêre would be enuf to interest and occupy one till the weather reformed. Such an extension of my plan, tho nearly doubling my intended distance from Dresden, was not likely to add very much tc the expense of my trip, for railway traveling here is extremely moderate when one has no luggage; and, especially, if one takes to a 3rd-class carriage, which is equal to a 2nd-class in England, and, at all events, is quite good enuf for a shabby pedestrian. Breslau is a stirring place, with nearly 120.000 [in 1880, 273,000] inhabitants. It has much more of a business air than Dresden, enjoying a considerable trade in linen and in corn, and being one of the first, or perhaps the very first, market for wool in all Germany. Tho many of the streets in the older parts of the town are crooked and dirty, as in most cities which have been once cramped in by a ring of fortifications, the new portion lying to the south-west, and bounded by the 2 great railway stations, would not do discredit to any capital.

3. Had it entered into the plan of our tour to visit the **Zoptenberg,** a singular conical hill, which rises abruptly from the plain, some 25 miles to the S. W. of Breslau, an outwork, as it were, of the Riesengebirge, we should have chosen Schweidnitz as our resting-place for the night; as it lies but 15 miles from the Zopten. There is a better chance of a clear vue from this hill (which being only about 2,000 feet in hight, and in a manner isolated, is much less subject to foggy influences), than from the higher summits in its nêborhood. The most remarkable points visible from it are the "Schneeberg" beyond Glatz; "the Altvater," one of the loftiest mountains in the Highlands beyond Gräfenberg in Bohemia, to the S.; Hohe Eule, near Silesian Friedland, to the S. W.; and the Riesengebirge nearly due westwards. It has the additional interest of being almost as niuch associated, in ancient legends, with the pranks of that arch wag of a sprite, Rübezahl, as the Riesengebirge. The dukes of Schweidnitz

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had a castle on the top of the Zoptenberg, which afterwards became a stronghold of the Hussites. There was for a time an Augustinian monastery thêre, but the friars were soon dislodged by the inclemency of the situation. The only ruins to be seen on its summit are those of a small and comparatively modern chapel. These attractions however, we withstood, having the more ambitious project of ascending the Schneekoppe, and possessing too little confidence in the prolonged duration of the returning fine weather, to venture on détours.

4. Being up betimes in the morning, I buckled on my knapsack, and set out, a-foot, in high heart, in the fresh morning air and bright sunshine. After about an hour's walking I found myself in the noble domain of *Fürstenstein* upon a gentle eminence, whêre, sheltered on one side by trees, stands a kind of rural temple or summerhouse' within which is a very complicated chamber-organ, giving the effect of a host of instruments. Thence we turned a little to the north under umbrageous avenues, and soon came upon the castle, a lordly pile of the last century, admirably placed on the brink of a deep, winding, wooded ravine, throu which flõs a good sized stream. The house commands splendid vues of the mountain scenery in the distance, as well as of the old castle—a partly renovated ruin, at a short distance on the opposite crest of the glen. Like the nêboring baths of Salzbrunn, it is the property of Count Hochberg. In his absence the interior of the Castle is accessible to such tourists as have a hankering for decorations and upholstery, to say nothing of the vue from the summit of the lofty central tower, which must be very extensive, tho perhaps scarcely so picturesq as that from its base, whêre the foreground is so much more effective. As the sun was getting high and we had still a long day's journey before us, we hastened along the terraced gardens at the foot of the castle wall, and were let out by one of the servants throu a wicket opening upon the walks throu the ravine; and after keeping for some time towards the right hand up the river, we came upon a rustic bridge, and thence upon the

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continuation of the walks on the opposite side; by follöing these in a retrograde direction, that is to the left hand, whêre they are carried with much taste and judgment boldly along the cliff, we came out, after a good hour's walking, on the old castle. This did not, however, improve upon a nearer acquaintance; for, tho its site and the vues from it are admirable, the restorations and additions to the old structure became painfully obvious. It seems, even in its best days, to have been only an outlying watch-tower to a still older castle, which stood where the modern mansion has been erected.

5. We now descended towards loer SALZBRUNN, leaving the upper and middle village, with the conspicuous church, on the ridge of a hill to our left, and kept on by a field-path, which, after an hour and a half's walking, brôt us at length to the Baths. As it was now far on in September, they were deserted, and had that melancholy aspect which such places ever have when we come casually upon them out of the season. The buildings in general are respectable looking, but not numerous, tho the annual attendance of guests was stated to us at 2000. The Bath-house has a good effect, and is flanked with tolerable looking shops for the sale of Bohemian glass, and such other wares as are likely to meet the wants or fancies of the summer guests, the whole being seated at the foot of a slope on the sides of which the lodging-houses chiefly stand. In the season it would probably have rather a snug, friendly air. Its grounds and walks are, however, on a somewhat limited scale, and all obvious to the eye at once; little, if anything, being left to be explored by such invalids as are incapable of long excursions in the surrounding hill-district. The waters of Salzbrunn have a great repute all over Germany, in cases of incipient or suspected consumption, as well as in a great many other kinds of pectoral affection. The public room, or "Cursaal," is of very respectable dimensions in relation to the size of the place, and the country around abounds in interesting points for those who drive, or who can take long walks,

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6. As the coach which was just passing had still 2 vacant places, we took advantage of it to carry us over the heavy hill which intervenes between Salzbrunn and Waldenburg, and so saved ourselves 4 miles of stiff walking. As we proceeded, the outlines of the country became every moment bōlder and more varied, the hills increasing in altitude and diversified here and there with large patches of wood. At the highest point of the road we passed some coal-mines, and when about half way to Waldenburg came upon the village of *Altwasser*, which has several saline and chalybeate springs, with all the appliances of an ordinary German bath. About ¾ of a mile short of Waldenbnrg, close to the high road, is a subterraneous canal, called the Fuchstollen, made upwards of 50 years ago, for the double purpose of draining off the water from the mines and expediting the delivery of the coals. Being anxious to get on to the celebrated rocks of **Adersbach** before nightfall, we shōldered our budgets, and set out without further loss of time; and in spite of a melting sun, cheerily attacked the very long hill at the farther side of the town, and reached its summit in little better than an hour. The road, which goes throu Lang-Waltersdorf, abounds in interesting vues, passing along the valley of the Steina, and winding amongst wooded hills, with occasional glimpses into the distance. The Eulengebirge lie hereabout; and we must have had the Hohe Eule, the highest of the group, only a few miles to our left hand, tho it was not visible.

7. In about 3 hours we had got to the extensive piece of flat ground from which Friedland is seen for the first time, and in a very imposing attitude on the hill above. This Friedland is always called Schlesian Friedland, to distinguish it from another town of the same name in Bohemia, near Zittau, which gave his ducal title to Wallenstein. On entering the town which had shōn so well from belo, it fell many degrees in our estimation, ōing to the dirty and desolate air of its streets, with thêir lo and gloomy arcades. The sun had sunk so lo that a carriage was our only chance of reaching Adersbach—still 8 or 9 miles off—this evening, in time to see its wondrous rocks before

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night closed in. Our route lay throu a country much inferior in interest to what we had been walking over in the morning. Having reached the inn at Adersbach, and passed throu the back premises of the house, we found ourselves almost immediately at the entrance to this celebrated labyrinth of rocks. Having but one entrance throu a great natural portal, and being private property, they are kept constantly locked, but accessible for a very small sum, which goes to the proprietor, who is in the habit of expending in the maintenance and improvement of the walks leading throu this rocky wilderness larger sums than this trifling charge can make good to him. But first—to give some general idea of what the tourist is to expect to see here. From the level ground of the little valley which runs between Adersbach and Weckelsdorf, thêre runs abruptly a line of sandstone cliffs with a gentle curve from one village to the other, and presenting towards the road, at the distance of a few hundred yards, huge perpendicular white masses and pinnacles which emerge here and thêre throu the thinly scattered pine trees, which root themselves in the crevices and in the débris beneath. Towards the north, or close by Adersbach, the great sandstone barrier trends to the W., and soon after doubles upon itself and runs nearly S. E., enclosing an area of between 2 and 3 miles, which is entirely filled with the strange sandstone formation about to be described; whilst its length in the S. E. direction is considerably greater still. Indeed other very similar chaotic ruins of sandstone hills—besides those of Weckelsdorf—are noticeable much farther south—as at the Heuscheurr, for example, within the Schlesian boundary, in the county of Glatz, and not very far from the picturesqly situated waters of Cudova.

8. On coming up to the rocky wall of the Adersbach labyrinth, several outlying detached lofty masses are observed standing at intervals of a few feet, winding among which we approach the portal of entrance. Having been admitted throu this, we immediately pass along between 2 colossal walls of nearly perpendicular white sandstone, which by thêir form and proximity suggest the idea of streets

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throu some deserted city, built on a gigantic model—a remnant, as it were, of Titanic labors. In the broken outlines of thêir summits and sides, and in the great masses which lie behind them—varying in altitude from 150 to near 300 feet,—the most fantastic shapes have been assumed, and in these the fancy of the guides has discovered a host of similitudes, to capuchins and nuns, church towers and cheese piles, lions and lap-dogs, burgomasters' heads, pyramids and mushrooms. and all that vulgar farrago of likeness-finding for which guides in all parts of the world, I believe, are famous, and which is so admirably adapted to try the temper and distract the attention of the unfortunate tourist in those rare moments when Nature is addressing him in her wildest and strangest accents. These rocky streets wind and branch and reunite again; and open into little squares or grass-grōn surfaces—and are bordered in all their length by a streamlet at thêir side of the purest water running over the whitest sands, and slōly undermining thêir base. Occasionally they widen gradually, and a little further collapse till their sides almost or altogether meet, obliging us to retrace our steps for some way and take the next side-street. The approaching walls are sometimes quite off the perpendicular, and looking up at the narro ribbon of sky, which is visible between thêir lofty summits, one shudders at the possibility of finding a living grave in these sunless depths. In other parts, where the rocks are wider apart, and there is a freer access of sun and air, fir trees of various magnitudes, from a dwarf size upwards, are seen rooting themselves on every ledge and crevice, at different altitudes, adding considerably to the variety and picturesqness of effect. By the deep shadōs of sunset we saw this wonderful scene to great advantage, tho to bring it out in all its mysterious grandeur the magic influence of moonligh would doubtless be still more favorable.

9. Amongst some of the very wildest and bōldest of the scenery, whêre the rocks fall into the largest masses, a furious waterfall comes thundering down throu a funnel-shaped chasm from a considerable hight, with a deafening noise and drenching showers of spray; and is

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seen with admirable effect from a cavernous grotto, or short tunnel, which opens upon it nearly abreast of the seething caldron into which it is precipitated. I have never seen a waterfall on so moderate a scale and so little indebted to surrounding foliage, so effective; and one looks upon it with increased respect, from the consideration that it has been one of the chief agents in effecting the wonders we have been contemplating; for it appears to feed most of the little rivulets already mentioned, which are ever mining away at the base of the huge rocky masses. It seems, indeed, almost certain that the peculiar characteristics of this singular spot—its chasms, prolonged passages, and well-like cliffs with their turrets and pinnacles—have been the result of the wearing action of water on the softer layers of sandstone, which in a succession of ages have been carried away to a great extent, leaving behind only the harder and more resisting portions in thêir present fantastic confusion. And this destructive process is obviously still progressing. Many huge masses seem at present in so undermined a condition, and already so far to overhang their centre of gravity, that thêir fall at no very distant date seems inevitable. The effect of thunder is, as one may expect, very grand amongst these gigantic ruins. The walks throu them are kept in excellent order —repaired every spring after the devastation caused by the melting of the sno, which lies here in great depth and till a late period; —my companion thôt they were even too well kept, too carefully graveled, and too trim, to be perfectly in harmony with the irregular grandeur of the scenery. The remains of the Hussite party found a refuge in this natural fortress, and the ruins of a castle are still pointed out near the waterfall.

10. We had been strongly recommended by a gentleman who had recently made this tour, on no account to miss seeing the rocky wilderness of **Weckelsdorf**, which was represented to us as being in some degree different from, and even superior in wild interest to, the labyrinth of Adersbach. It is a recent discovery, having been till lately concealed by the pine woods by which it used to be surrounded,

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but which have gradually yielded to the axe. The character of the rocks here differs chiefly from that of those we had before seen (and of which thêy are only a continuation) in being more rounded and lumpy, and somewhat less perpendicular and lofty. In short, thêre is here less resemblance to architectural outlines and a nearer approach to the ordinary forms of rocky scenery. It is on this very ground, however, that thêir special admirers give them the preference, declaring them to be more wild and natural; and dwelling much, moreover, on the advantage they have in being in a comparatively unsofisticated state, inasmuch as little has as yet been done for the convenience of the tourist, beyond raising here and thêre a few stone steps, where the ascent was peculiarly difficult, or laying down a few boards to cross the stream which runs in the bottom of the ravine.

11. We set out about two o'clock for Schatzlar, a distance of about 4 hours, as they reckon here, an hour and a half being equal to a German mile, when the medium rate of *walking* is contemplated; but, when a *post* "stunde," is meant, 2 such go to the mile. On reaching the further end of the long and straggling village of Adersbach, we were directed to leave the road and cross over the crest of the wooded hill, called the Brandlehm, to our right. On reaching the summit we enjoyed a very extensive and varied vue of hill and dale, wood and villages, with *Schatzlar* in the distance. The country here begins to be formed on a much larger scale, and the ascents and descents, in passing from hill to hill, are consequently more formidable and fatiguing. After passing Albendorf and Pötscherdorf we went throu Bernsdorf, a considerable village, at which the high-road running towards Liebau and Landshut crossed our route. The sun was now near setting, and being still about an hour from Schatzlar by the road, we took a short cut by a pathway behind the church, to the left, enjoying, as we ascended the rising ground, the vue of a striking group of obtusely conical wooded hills with the Spitzberg in thêir centre.

12. The follöing morning began with fog; but this soon cleared

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off, and was nearly quite gone by the time we had cleared the pine wood behind the town, and thus allowed us, as we passed along the shōlder of the Rehorn, the longed-for sight of the Riesenkoppe —or *the Koppe*, as it is here familiarly called—in all its hight, with the little round chapel distinctly visible on its summit. This mountain, which is also (and perhaps better) knōn under the name of the "Schneekoppe," is the highest of the Giant range, and consequently the loftiest in Germany north of the Alps. Having advanced for about half an hour along the elevated terrace-like country road, high on the side of the Rehorn, some countrymen at wōrk in the fields pointed out to us, deep in the valley beneath, the village of Marchendorf, throu which we had to pass, a little to the north of Freiheit—another and more considerable Bohemian place—and also the opening of the Dark Valley, the Dunkeltal, which leads towards Aupa, whither we were bound. On descending, we found *Marchendorf* a very neat, well-built village, with one handsome house and a pretty garden at its further extremity; but we purposely made no stop here, notwithstanding its cheerful aspect, and pleasant, healthful-looking site in an open dale, with a rapid little river passing throu it. As we passed up along the **"Dunkeltal,"** so called from its narrōness and the pine woods which wave gloomily on its sides, a sturdy little mountaineer pressed himself into our service as guide and porter.

13. From the Dunkeltal we emerged into the more cheerful Aupagrund—the term *grund* being applied here in Germany as *glen* with us, to the more contracted and deeper valleys, as must be in the memory of every one who has seen "Saxon Switzerland."* The declivities of the hills afford pasture to the numerous cattle, which, with the music of thêir bells, the sweet scent of the new-mōn hay, grōn on irrigated meadōs, the odor from the pine-woods on the hights, together with the light châlets above, and the substantial wooden houses by the roadside, remind one at every step of Switzerland. In short, all the sounds, smells, and sights are refreshingly Alpine.

* See No. 58 of TRAVEL, "THE ENVIRONS OF DRESDEN."

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On the other side of the range of hills to our right hand (the Kuhberg and Eulenberg), lay the village of *Klein' Aupa*, in a valley, by which we should have had, I believe, a shorter, but less picturesq route from Schatzlar to the Schneekoppe, by the Grenzbaude and Forstkamm.

14. The valley of the Aupa tōwards its end, whêre it takes the name of the Riesengrund, becomes grand,—being closed at length abruptly by the towering Koppe in front; the dark frowning Brunnenberg, little its inferior in hight, on the left; and the Kugelberg, on the right. The whole character of the scenery on the Bohemian side is more bold and precipitous than on the Silesian declivity; and hence, on the principle of always beginning with the best and grandest in mountain scenery, and so evading the weakening influence of an ascending gradation of magnitude, I would have the tourist, contrary to the orthodox opinion of guide-books, approach the Giant Mountains from the south. The effect is magnificent, as we look from the valley at the steep and broken hights above us. It seemed at first sight as if we had reached the last possible point of progress in this direction. till the little guide led us aside to a narro zigzag road on the right hand, made partly for the convenience of the workers in the copper and arsenic mines, which we came upon after ascending for some time; partly for the benefit of the proprietor of the Neue Baude, and his summer guests. These "Bauden,"—here pronounced Boodies, —(the *bothie* of the Scotch Highlands)—are a combination of the farmhouse and the most rustic of rustic inns, built of wood and stone, for the protection of the cow-keepers and thêir charge,—in the summer months only when in very elevated situations, or all the year round if in lōer and more sheltered ones. In bōth instances they contain all the necessary appliances for making butter and cheese, which, with brown bread, milk, eggs and generally coffee, whisky, and a "shake down" of hay, awaits the tourist or traveler amongst the hills; and as there are some hundreds of them in this mountain district, he is sure to fall in with one at least at every 3 or 4 miles. They afford indeed an invaluable refuge in case of sudden storm or continuous

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rain or fog, as the stranger is always sure of a ready welcome in them all, whilst the better ones, lying in the more frequented lines and near the points of vue of most interest, are generally provided with flesh meat, either fresh or salt, together with wine and beer of drinkable quality. Many of them, indeed, —now that so many tourists pass the night in them,—lay themselves out to entertain in as good a style as the country inns generally; and tho thêir demand may be a little higher than in the plain country, yet the bill will be cheerfully paid when we consider the uncertain demand, and the necessary additional cost, of carrying up all necessaries and luxuries to such a hight. In their exterior, these mountain-houses have little of the rustic grace of the Swiss or Tiroler cottages, being more solid, heavy-looking, long-shaped farm-houses, with cow-stables and lo lofts overhead; the whole stuck down bare and without garden, trees, or even a shrub near them, on any conveniently level patch of ground, or it may be on a gentle slope, with the shelter of a nêboring hill. Sheep, goats, or swine are rarely seen in these high districts; and, notwithstanding the abundance of wild flowers—the culture of bees is quite neglected.

15. On our way up the steep path our conductor pointed out to us amidst the generally bare, rocky sides of the *Brunnenberg*, which lay opposite to us, quite on the other side of the valley, one green patch which goes by the name of **Rubezahl's Garden**, and is much resorted to by botanists for its rich gröth of certain wild plants. This mountain is best ascended from the Wiesenbaude at the head of the Riesengrund, and affords a fine vue of the "Koppe," and the "Forstkamm" and "Schmiedebergkamm" beyond it; these "Kamms" (combs) being the long level chines so conspicuous and common in the mountain formations here. The Brunnenberg takes its name most probably from the number of springs which rise from its flanks and roots, the Aupa amongst the number.

16. On reaching the "Koppenplan," the extensive turfy level or wold lying at the base of the dome-shaped summit of the **Schnee-**

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koppe, and about 900 feet belo the apex of the mountain, the Neue Baude—a large wooden house, came in vue. Here, hastily dropping our baggage outside the door, and intimating an intention of returning for the night, so soon as we should have seen the vue and the sunset from the summit, we hurried up along the steep ruf path, in a state of great excitement and apprehension as to the fate of our prospect. For we now for the first time became aware that the valley to the northward was for the present shut out by great masses of vapor. which came surging up, and swaying to and fro tōwards the top of the mountain, threatening eventually to envelope the summit and cut us off from the grand vue into the Hirschberger, which we had been enjoying in anticipation all the morning. The look-out to the southward continued, as heretofore, clear and extensive, as the fog had not yet crossed the boundary line; and our route of the forenoon lay displayed before us in all its details as if on a map. As we scrambled up the high-pitched rocky crest, with here and thêre an artificial step cut, or built up with large stones, whêre the ascent was particularly difficult, we had Bohemia so directly beneath us on the right hand, and Schlesien on the left, that we could with ease have hurled a stone into either country at will. Half an hour's vigorous exertions brôt us to the summit, having been for some minutes past, from the moment we we were first descried from above, welcomed to those aerial regions by beat of drum, which is the approved method of doing honor to arriving guests.

17. The wind, tho very high, and lōng doing gallant battle with the mist, whenever it ventured to sho itself over the hill, was unable, from the shelter the great mountain-mass afforded, to dislodge it at all from the subjacent country to the northward. The Bohemian quarter, however, continued beautifully distinct; and mountains or hills, upwards of 40 miles away, could be recognised with ease. We took good care to be up in time to witness the glories of sunrise, as seen from the Koppe; from the first orange streaks in the east, heralds of the dawn, to the full disentanglement of the glorious luminary

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from his shroud of mist. Shortly before it rose, the summits of all the secondary mountains lying within 50 miles, in the semicircle of vision when looking northwards, loomed throu the vapor, which still partially filled the lōer regions; whilst here and thêre a village spire or a cluster of cottages in the far-famed Hirschberger, which peeped throu a casual opening in the mist, and at length the towns of Warmbrunn and Erdmannsdorf, and the pyramidal hill of Kynast, with the old castle crowning it, shōed themselves distinctly beneath us. In order slightly to enlarge our field of vision and get rid of the interference of the immediate foreground, we mounted by a ladder to the roof of the hotel, and clambered up its high-pitched ridge. by means of the transverse sticks employed to guarantee it against the furious effects of the wind in these lofty regions. On the Bohemian side, in the direction of the fortress of Josephstadt and Kōniggratz, the horizon continued as clear as on the preceding day, permitting us to see with considerable distinctness to a distance of probably 60 miles or more. The moon still hung high in the heavens and added to the interest of the scene. The boundary line between Bohemia and Schlesien passing. as already mentioned, only a few feet belo the summit of the Schneekoppe, as it comes up from the south-east, ranges away hence towards the west for miles along the very centre of the great "Kamm;" it, and the traveler's route being at once indicated by the frequently recurring boundary stones.

18. It would be tedious to enumerate all the objects which are said to be within the range of a good telescope on a clear day from this lofty position. The most open vue by far is that looking northwards, whêre the rich and extensive vale of Hirschberg—with its gentle undulations and occasional patches of wood, numerous smiling villages and highly-cultivated fields, with here and thêre a well-covered, snōy bleach ground—stretches away for some 20 miles before us. Beyond it, again, are seen the high grounds in the direction of Löwenberg, Goldsberg, and the conical Gräditzberg, which we had noticed on our way to Breslau, and it is said that the spires of Glogau, about

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70 miles off, may sometimes be seen glistening in the distance. In lateral extent the vale of Hirschberg is scarcely less considerable, taking the Landshuter Kamm on the east, and Schreiberhau on the west as its extreme points. To the right lie the village of Erdmannsdorf and the towns of Schmiedeberg, Landshut, and Liebau—the picturesqly formed twin summits of the Falkenberg, with the royal castle and woods of Fischbach at its base, and the Gräberberg, with the charmingly placed chapel of St. Ann peeping throu the trees on its side. Nearly in the centre of this lonely vale lie the baths of Warmbrunn, with the conspicuous mansion of Count Schaffgotsch, and many other goodly buildings, the village being an extensive one and straggling far away northwards till it threatens almost to touch the respectable little town of Hirschberg in its rear. Farther west and more immediately beneath us is the hill of Kynast, with its grand old feudal castle in ruins, whilst the Riesenkamm towers majestic behind it. Far away, as if amongst the hills in the distance, is seen the Landskrōn near Gōrlitz, on the line of railway betwixt Dresden and Breslau. More to the west is the Iserkamm, with the lofty Tafelfichte; then the far-off but well-marked Jeshken near the town of Reichenberg, and our near nêbor and old friend the Brunnberg close at hand in the S. W.—Gross-Aupa and Freiheit, and the fortress of Josephstadt near Kōniggratz in the southern distance—and again, more eastward, Klein-Aupa, and the Forstkamm, with the hills about Schatzlar and Adersbach, and finally the Zoptenberg far away in the N. E. Nearly a third of Bohemia is visible from the Koppe, together with the whole of Loer Schlesien, a considerable part of Upper Schlesien and of Lausitz. The Carpathians are, however, quite beyond the range of vision, tho some persons have erroneously fancied the recognized them.

19. The district of the Riesengebirge in its longer axis has a general direction from W. N. W. towards E. S. E., having the Iser at one extremity and Schatzlar on the other; with the towns of Hohenelbe and Freiheit on its Bohemian or southern side; and Oppau,

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Schmiedeberg, Kynast, and Schreiberhau on its northern or Silesian. It produces the least imposing effect from the N. W.—that is when the tourist approaches it by the Iserbergkamm, as the hills here are themselves so lofty as to take off much of its apparent altitude; and from their close proximity to it they even conceal it totally from most points till we are close upon it. As seen from the S. E.—that is from the direction of Schatzlar—it is peculiarly impressive, presenting the the most imposing outlines. The subordinate hills are lōer in these directions, less crowded, and yet sufficiently numerous and diverse in form and altitude to give much effectiveness to its base, in their grouped and foreshortened condition. There are parts of Bohemia whêre it is distinctly visible 70 miles off, and even at this distance it is a very striking object. From the vale of Hirschberg, in all quarters it shōs magnificent as to altitude, tho its long equable wall-like outline has, perhaps, somewhat of monotony about it, which prevents it being quite perfect in the eye of the painter.

20. Having crossed the Koppenplan in a westerly direction, we continued on in the same line along the lofty ridge, by follōing which and the boundary stones between the Prussian and Austrian dominions, it is impossible to miss one's way. To our right hand, some hundred feet beneath us, we passed a couple of mountain tarns. The "Mittagstein," or "mid-day rock," was the next remarkable object we came upon, being from its magnitude a land-mark visible from the nêboring hills and the vale beneath for miles around. It consists of huge masses of granite piled one on the top of another, and looks like the fragment of some giant wall; it is easy to clamber up it but the vue continues the same nearly as that from the Schneekoppe, and from the Kamm on which it stands. It is sometimes called the "Teufelsstein," probably from the legend of Rübezahl having had the intention of hurling it into the lake belo. Before mid-day we had reached the wet boggy passage, not quite half a mile long, throu the "Mädelwiese," after having rejected the pressing request of a set of stout mountaineers to allow ourselves to be carried on chairs with

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poles, dryshod over it. Nor had we any reason to regret our magnanimity; for, as thêre had been no recent rain, we got comfortably throu it on the large stepping-stones laid thêre by the chair-carriers. We here passed throu the first fir trees we had met in these high regions, but still stunted. We next ascended the great "Sturmhaube," nearly 4,500 feet high, still with the old vue of the Hirschberg Valley on our right, within its wide hilly frame—and the "Siebengründe," or "Seven Glens," on our left, that is, the Bohemian side; and passed at intervals of a few thousand feet several colossal blocks of granite, called successively the "Mädelstein," or the "Mannstein," &c. Near one of these lie 2 long-shaped masses of the same material, a very little apart, and leaving a deep chink between them partially covered by a third huge slab; and this has been dignified with the title of Rübezahl's-grave; nearly every spot here beäring testimony to the extent of the by-gône fame of this once so popular sprite.

21. "Hohe Rad," the next of these hemisferical prominences which we scaled, rises to 4,700 feet above the sea, and about 700 feet above the average hight of the ridge, and is strewed thickly with granite blocks like the others we had already come over, amongst which the guides, in thêir leisure hours, had here and thêre; when the path was particularly rugged and unsafe, built artificial steps or cleared away hindrances. Both the "violet moss" and Iceland moss are found amongst the stones here in abundance. Having reached the dark precipices called the **"Schneegruben,"** or "sno ravines," we held a council of war, and tho it was but 3 o'clock, and we had "left behind us," as thêy say in Germany, but 18 miles since starting, we resolved to halt here for the night. We had set out with the mutual resolution, to make our tour one of pleasurable exercise, and not of fatigue and perpetual pushing forward—the error into which so many pedestrians fall in their earlier journeyings, often to the permanent injury of thêir health, and the certain diminution of the enjoyment of the scenery, as well as of the chances of its being well seen and accurately remembered.

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22. The great mountain wall is here deeply indicated by two tremendous black ravines close to one another, cut almost perpendicularly into its sides, with very irregular jagged surfaces, and almost 1,000 feet deep. As these fearful chasms look due northwards, sno, in small quantities, lies in thêir recesses all the summer throu, and gives them thêir name. On the wild promontory of granite, which separates the one from the other, we can walk out amidst great blocks of the same stone which are tossed about in strange confusion, and thence look back down the rugged appalling rents, the bottom of which is strewn with the ruins of the cliff, detached, in the process of ages, by moisture and frost. The contrast of this savage foreground with the beauty and fertility of the populous valley, seen throu the huge rent, is very striking. We were treated, while standing out here, to the effect of a small cannon-shot, in calling forth the echoes from the cliffs, which proved very fine, tho not equal to those of Adersbach. One of the most enormous of the blocks of granite hereabout, lies at the back of the little inn, and goes by the name of "Rubezahls'kanzel," or pulpit.

23. The "Elbfall" is a cascade of considerable hight—nearly 200 feet—but of no greāt effect, being broken several times, crawling down the rocks, rather than wildly leaping them, and almost entirely bare of wood as well as destitute of striking rocky outlines. The body of water also is inconsiderable, notwithstanding the artificial aid of a sluice. Its chief interest, however, arises from its being one of the best knōn sōurces of the river Elbe, tho not the principal one. The Weisswasser (Alba, or Elbe) which has a much better claim, rises 10 miles further to the eastward in the "Weisse-Wiese," the boggy meadōs at the eastern extremity of the Riesengebirge, near the base of the Schneekoppe; whence it flōs westward, along "the Seven Glens," to join the lesser Elbfluss, near the Spindler mill. The latter feeder has, doubtless, run away with more than its share of the glory of originating this fine river, in consequence of the conspicuousness of the fall it forms so near its sōurce. The united

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stream was, for nearly 20 miles, parallel with the Aupa, which it joins at the Bohemian town Jaromiez; and, subsequently, at Melnick, belo Prag, it receives the Moldau, and thus re-inforced shapes its cōurse north-westward, towards Saxon-Switzerland and Dresden. The vue down the "Elbgrund," which takes nearly a strait direction southwards, reaches far out into Bohemia, over the little town of Hohen-Elbe, about 15 miles away. Re-ascending by numerous steps which have been made here for the convenience of travelers, we again reached the summit of the "Kamm," and directing our cōurse towards the N. W., across this high moorland, called "Elbwiese," we soon come upon a little well, about 2 feet in depth, and not much more in width, lying a little belo the level of the turf, and marked by a small heap of stones in its nêborhood. This was the celebrated "Elbquelle," the sōurce of the cascade we had just seen.

24. From this point we reached the "Neue Schlesische Baude" in about 2 hours' easy walking, keeping steadily on, all the while, in a N. W. direction, having first the Spitzberg, and subsequently the Reifträger (the last of the dome-like elevations on the crest of the Riesenkamm to the westward) on our right. Whilst still amongst the woods, on the declivity of the Reifträger mountain, about 5 miles short of Schreiberhau, we came on the **Zackenfall,** the finest waterfall, I apprehend, in the whole Riesengebirge, being about 100 feet high, situated in a very picturesq dell, well broken by bold rocks, largely supplied with water, and supported by masses of foliage, most happily distributed. It rushes down a perpendicular chasm in the granite rock, dividing into 3 branches as it falls, and producing plentiful showers of spray as it descends. The Kochel, which rises in the "Schneegrube," and runs for a time nearly parallel with the Zacken, mingling its waters with it, a few miles lōer, also forms a respectable waterfall not far from the one we had just seen. Indeed, as might have been expected from the narrōness of this range, which affords no sufficient surface for the collection of great waters, thêre are no considerable falls in the Riesengebirge. We soon after

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emerged from the wood upon the magnificent new road, which runs throu the Mariental, by the side of the Zacken, as this river is on its way, past Schreiberhau and Warmbrunn, to join the Bober at Hirschberg.

25. A walk of a few minutes off the road, into the wood on the left hand, brôt us upon a precipice overhanging the river. The huge rock whose side forms it, has its fello on the opposite side of the stream. These 2 rocks are distinguished by the ominous name of the "Rabenstein," or Gallôs. The vue up and down the wooded glen, the river rushing rapidly along its rocky bed, the bridge and the road, form a picturesq scene. Here, as at most remarkable points of vue in Germany, ample provision has been made for the refreshment of the body when exhausted by the previous walk, or by the over-excitement of the feelings in the contemplation of the scene. The power and necessity of frequent eating and drinking, the ever-recurring "Lass uns doch etwas geniessen!" of the Teutonic sentimental tourist, is a remarkable feature in his character. To the French, the Italian, and even the English traveler in search of the picturesq, this incipient craving after beer and "butterbrod" is an enigma. The Mariental winds away, in and out, very prettily for some 3 or 4 miles, with its steep sides mantled with woods. The drive thence to Warmbrunn is a very pleasing one, abounding in beautiful vues, passing throu Schreiberhau.

26. A circuitous road, passing throu Petersdorf, brôt us at length to Hermsdorf, whence, in spite of a hot sun which would have done credit to July, we made a rapid march upon the Castle of **Kynast**, up the steep winding path about 2 miles long, throu the woods. This noble ruin is one of the finest and best placed in Germany; whilst, for the interest of the histories and legends[29] connected with it, few can surpass or even equal it. It stands on a conical hill of granite, upwards of fifteen hundred feet high, which is separated from the Herdberg, one of the spurs of the Riesengebirge, by a deep, dark rocky glen, called the Höllental. The sides of this ravine are par-

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tially covered by dark pines, which root themselves with amazing tenacity amidst the stony débris. The castle was never taken, but perished a virgin fortress by fire, at the end of the 17th century, having been struck by lightning in August, 1675, about 400 years after its erection; and its roof and all other combustible parts were then consumed and never since replaced. The vue from the great tower is one of the richest and loveliest possible,—the ôft-mentioned vale of Hirschberg—as it lies in the gigantic embrace of the mountains we had been exploring, extending itself, in ever-varying but unfailing beauty, from the castle of Greifenstein, near Friedeberg in the west, to Schmiedeberg; and the picturesqly formed hills in its rear, to the N. E.; the Gräberberg with its noble woods, and the little white chapel, gleaming throu them some way belo the summit; and the innumerable sunny villages scattered over the landscape beneath. About 6 miles belo the Schneekoppe, to the eastward, is a curious wooden church, in the Norwegian style "Kirch-Wang" [brôt from Norway and re-] erected by the King of Prussia. What was the tournament-place, in front of the castle, is occupied by the tables and chairs of the coffee-drinkers from Warmbrunn; coffee parties being here, as elswhêre, the chief afternoon resource of the frequenters of the German watering-places.

27. The best point from which to visit the Riesengebirge is the picturesqly-placed town of HIRSCHBERG, "the Pearl of Schlesien," as it is called, with some slight exaggeration of its charms. Its situation is fine, as it rests more than 1,100 feet above the sea, in the clearest and most bracing air, and surrounded by hills and streams which lead from one fine point of vue to another. The town is ancient, and fragments of the walls are still shōn; but there is really little worth seeing in the way of street or church. Many lovely walks in the nêborhood compensate for the lack of interest in the town. A delicious "anlage," or pleasure ground, leads to the Cavalierberg. In another direction, and overlooking the spot whêre the Bober and the Zacken unite their waters, rises the *Hausberg*, from

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which is obtained a grand vue of the majestic range of the Riesenkamm. As no German can enjoy such a spot without his pipe and his beer, we find the usual restaurant at every good point of vue. I confess to much sympathy with the Teuton who, after his hot walk from the town, finds himself supplied with an easy-chair and other comforts, while he gazes on the grand panorama of towering ranges, seamed by water-cōurses and enriched by the contrasted coloring of the pine-woods and the bare sun-smitten summits. Many delightful excursions can be made within a short distance of Hirschberg. By taking the train for half-an-hour to Erdmannsdorf, for example, a charming walk across country leads to WARMBRUNN, a great health-resort on account of its sulfur springs. The town is pretty and prettily laid out, the mountains being a continual source of enjoyment, as they can be seen in all their breadth and glory from every point. The Schlossgarten especially forms a charming spot for lounging. From Warmbrunn either a return can be made to Hirschberg, or the traveler who intends to make the ascent of the Giant range may with greater convenience proceed to the little town of HERMSDORF, which is within easy distance and makes an excellent starting point. Close to Hermsdorf rises the castle of *Kynast*—reduced to a ruin 2 centuries ago by the stroke of lightning. It stands high with a wide and noble prospect of crags and streams and woodlands. The story of Kynast and of the hard-heârted Kunegunde, has been made widely knōn by the famous ballad of Körner.[2] One of the chief industries in this district is that of glass-polishing and glass-staining, and at JOSEPHINENHUTTE, about 12 miles up the valley of the Zacken from Hermsdorf, thêre is the largest factory. The little Gasthaus at Josephinenhütte is the headquarters for the guides who conduct travelers to the Koppe. They are required not so much from any difficulty regarding the way, because a German society has done all that is possible to make the ascent easy, but in case of any sudden mist obscuring the land-marks. The ascent to the crest of the ridge is easy, along a good path, with many resting-places in the

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shape of inns. In order to reach the Elbbrunnen—the insignificant-looking spring whence issue the waters destined to flo wide and far to the Northern Sea—the traveler has to make a slight descent from the ridge towards the Sieben Gründe, and instead of walking right on to the Schneegruben which lie on the northern slope, he passes to the southern side whêre he discovers what the Arab word for a well so grafically pictures—an "eye"—a bright fountain filling a stony basin and giving birth to a tiny stream soon to gro into the giant river. A short walk leads to the Elbfall, whêre the waters make a leap of some 145 feet. Near this, almost under the shado of the giant Korkonosch, stands the Elbfallbaude. These "bauden," or wooden huts, are characteristic of the district. Thêre are no stone houses on the mountains. The crowds of tourists, who are ôften compelled to take shelter in these ruf bothies from the mists and rain, which abound at all seasons. Another curious feature in this district is the number of inns pitched on the very summits of the mountains, at which an excellent 'table d'hote' is regularly spread, and in connection with which thêre are both post and telegraf offices. This is the case on the Schneekoppe, at an elevation of 5,272 above the sea. After leaving the Elbfall-bäude, with its fine vue over the Elbgrund, an ascent of about an hour brings the traveler to the Schneegrubenbaude, or the little inn which is pitched on the edge of the Great and Little **Schneegruben**, or sno graves. These are immense gullies which lie 1,000 feet belo sheer precipices of granite, and are strewn with enormous bölders, covered with a vegetation that seems the stranger in such a region, because of the masses of sno which lie unmelted, even in summer, in the depths of the abyss. Close by the hut is the "*Rubezahl's Kanzel*," a projecting mass of rock, rising close to the rest-house, whence is obtained an extensive vue.

28. The traveler is now fairly on the ridge of the great mountains, and can without much fatigue reach from summit to summit. Close at hand is the *Hohe Rad* (4,967 feet), the top of which can be gained in about 20 minutes. The path from the Hohe Rad leads by the

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Sturmhaube and a fresh series of fantastic rocks—the *Mannstein*, the *Madelstein*, and the *Vogelstein*—which seem more likely to interest tourists coming from the plains than persons accustomed to mountain-lands. In less than 2 hours the Petersbaude is gained—a wooden rest-house, which commands on a clear day a wide prospect over Bohemia. It is a favorite resort of tourists, who delight tc pledge one another in vue of the rich land stretched belo, and with the sense that there is now but a short pull to the "Koppe," whêre thêir toils are to end. Except another series of rocks—the *Mittagstein*, and a semi-circular series called the *Dreisteine*—thêre is nothing to interest the tourist before he attacks the "Koppe," except a vue of 2 mountain tarns, lying deep and dark beneath. These are the *Grosse Teich*, and the *Kleine Teich*, the former as destitute of trout as the other is full. After crossing the Koppen plain, covered with weird-looking dwarf pine, another mountain inn is reached with a meteorological station. From that point to the summit the ascent occupies about ¾ of an hour, by a path recently constructed and furnished with the luxurious protection of a wall on either side, and so engineered that it winds gradually to the blunted cone of granite which forms the crown of the great **Schneekoppe** or Riesenkoppe, the highest point in central Germany. Far from sharing the solitude, which is the usual heritage of such spots, the Schneekoppe possesses a chapel, and has also 2 comfortable inns. Once a year, in the month of August, service is celebrated in the chapel, which stands on the frontier line between Bohemia and Schlesien. But on every day during the "season" crowds of travelers occupy the inns and make the mountain air noisy with gutturals, and redolent with the tobacco smoke that curls from the lips of every German when in the plenitude of enjoyment. The vue on a clear day from the Koppe is a remarkable one. Near at hand stretches the double line of mountains on either side of the Sieben Gründe; on the right the range just traveled over, with the great scalp of the Hohe Rad; and to the left the southern range with the huge Korkonosch and Ziegenrücken lifting their high ridges of bare

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rock. Between these chains lie the Sieben Gründe or seven glens, or more strictly still, what in southern Scotland would be termed the seven "grains," or branches from which streams descend. The Weisswasser, rising almost at the base of the Koppe, flōs down the Sieben Gründe till it joins the Elbe coming to meet it from the Hohe Rad, and there, when united, thêir waters dash down the gorge which cleaves the Ziegenrücken and throu which the Elbe reaches southward to the level lands of Bohemia. There are other Gründe—some of them wild in a high degree—which can be seen from the summit. There is the grand Riesengrund lying to the south, and at the nearly perpendicular depth of 2,000 feet—a majestic gorge—while to the north the picturesq Melzergrund lies wild and open. But it is the distant vue which forms the chief attraction of the Schneekoppe. To the north the picturesq valley stretching to Hirschberg lies bounded by its embōsoming hills. To the east we gaze on the wide expanse of Schlesien as far as Breslau, more than 60 miles; the Eulengebirge rise on the south-eastern horizon; to the S. W. a glimpse is caut of the Weissberg, near which we kno that the ancient Prag lifts its towers. An equally extensive vue is gained to the west. It is rarely that the traveler is favored on this mist-breeding hight with a clear horizon, or is privileged to enjoy the grandeur of a sunset, because of the clouds which so frequently make the Koppe thêir resting-place. But when such a privilege is given no language can exaggerate the splendor of the scene. These are moments which form an education, imparting stores of feeling from which impressions of the great and beautiful can be drawn during a life-time.

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1. From "Bentley's Miscellany" (abridged), 1851,—except ¶¶ 27-28, which are from article by Donald Macleod; in "Glimpses of Europe" edited by W. C. Procter, London. 1890.

2. For details, see Mrs. Ellet's collection of German legends, called "Evenings at Woodlawn" (N. Y., 1849, 348 pp.)—*Ed. Travel.*

29. The terms "Koppe," and "Haube," which are in incessant use in these mountain districts, being corruptions of the common German words "Kopf" and "Haupt" (the head), are correctly expressive of the dome-shaped summits which arise at short intervals along the "Kamm" or lofty continuous crest which characterizes the Riesengebirge. Indeed the popular nomenclature of mountain outlines is often most grafic—as for example, the "Rück," or ruf spire of the Isergebirge—the "Horn" of the Swiss Alpine scenery—the "Aiguilles" and "Dents," of the mountains of Savoie—the "Pic." of Southern France, &c.—each of which clearly characterizes the prevalent form in the respective district.

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IN THE ODENWALD.[1]

1. I was not reading just now,—not reading, but dreaming. Dreaming of a lông time ago,—of that pleasant summer when I was wandering alông the Bergstrasse northward from Heidelberg. It was the Frohnleichnams-Fest, or Corpus-Christi day, and the villages were alive with processions. The streets were strewn with flowers; thêre were banners, music, glittering ecclesiastical dresses in frõnt, sadly solemn holiday-makers in the rear. Follõing these, but not gõing with them tŏ the churches, was anõther little procession of pilgrims tŏ the shrine of an older religion, in the forest of Odin. Four were 'Burschen' and 2 Philistines. Ours was a pleasant company. Youth, the Rhein, June, foot-travel, and never a care tŏ wêt the knapsacks, ŏt tŏ make it pleasant for ãny reasonable soul. It is a dim dream tŏ me now, as I sit under green leaves in this quiet village street, with its close-shut prospect, but it was a glorious reality as we toiled up the Melibocus, and saw the great Rhein valley broaden beneath. We looked acrôss tŏ the blue, cloudy rānges of the Vogesen, and afâr tŏ Strassburg, and down on Mannheim and Worms and Speyer, on the river twining like a thread of silver embroidery on green velvet, on the railways running like strait seams acrôss the level plain. Thêre ran a river of life throu that valley, such as our greāt-greāt-grand-children will hardly see in the bed of mãny American water-cõurse—the great ebbing and flõing tide-stream of Europe's life. Siegfried and Chriemhild and Günther (not he according tŏ whŏm all things are tŏ be dõne, but the wīld hero-king of the Nibelungenlied); Cæsar the bridge-builder, Varus and Hermann, Carl the Fifth and Luther, Tal-

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lard and Marlborough, Bonaparte and Blücher; wave on wave, down tŏ the Prussian 'corps d'armée' which came pōuring throu the defiles of the Rheinpfalz tŏ put down the insurrections of Forty-Nine;—ăll this we mīt have beheld, and a deal more, but we had business farther on.

2. We were gōing intŏ the forest, tŏ see that monstrous block of hewn stone, the "Giant's Column," which centuries ago Roman tools, it is said, cut laboriously out in memory of a victory, but had not engineering skill enuf tŏ set uprīt. A patriotic Fatherland proposed tŏ erect it on the field of Leipzig, but the mōney or the pulleys of the Fatherland prŏved inadequate. It would be a handsome frêit for the Great-Eastern. And we scrambled down the Felsenmeer, an emancipated stone-quarry, looking like a little patch of the 'débris' of the Great Deluge, which Dame Nature, in tidying up our wŏrld, had sōmehow overlooked. It was dark that nīt when we reached Lindenfels. And intŏ *such* a 'gasthaus' went we! I arose in the morning, and, for my bath,—behold, a smăll pie-dish, over which presided a superannuated beer-bottle holding brevet rank as a water-pitcher! But ăll was forgotten as we stepped intŏ the open air beneath the frowning ruins of the Castle of Lindenfels. Such June days visit us now and then, as distinguished foreigners with a conventional incognito glory our shores, but thêy are tŏ the manor born in the Odenwald. I remember ōne such in this coŭntry,—that day in June which Professor Lowell set tŏ the exquisite music of the prelude tŏ the first part of Sir Launfal; but,—as he very properly observed,—"What is so rare as a day in June?"—I remember ōnly that ōne. We had them by the week-full in the Odenwald. Thêre was a breezy stir in the air, an elastic lift and quickening of the frame which came with each breath; the sun clapped you on the back with a "Good day, comrade," instead of hitting you from the shōlder with fist doubled; and your first step on the greensward promised 30 miles ere bedtime.

3. And then the scenery. Midway between the tameness of a public hīway and the awful monotony of an American forest, it was

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ăll which is pleasant and nŏt which is tiresŏme in either. It was the heârt of the forest, and upon the way tŏ the Wild-Huntsman's Castle of Roderstein. We follōed the foot-path and bridle-road throu grain-fields ăll unfenced, so that between the tăll green stems thick set we could see the scarlet poppies and the blue corn-flowers interwoven, as the wind brushed gently over the surface, like the cŏlors which cŏme and go in a shot silk,—a warp and woof of Nature's weaving with the shuttle of the plowshare. You dŏ not see the flowers themselves,—save 1 or 2 close at hand.—but the cŏlors of the flowers; and my comparison, if not poetical, is true.

4. Alŏng those pleasant paths we tramped, acrŏss brooks with wŏrn stepping-stones, and so intŏ the cool wood-sides, not, like ours, ăll a-tangle with cat-briers and underbrush, but clean and trim, the forest children having gleaned the făllen twigs till it was like a park, and left nŏne of that sad, oppressive sense of decay and waste which our woods have. From my childhood, I have had a vague terror in the woods because of thêir clōseness. It ălways seems as if thêir thick green cŏverts harbored sŏmething which mĭt spring upon me, or hide sŏme ŏne whŏ could see me and lâf at me if I grew enthusiastic. Or else I felt shut in and could see nothing, ăny more than a man in a prairie with the grass hĭer than his head. But these clēar, breezy shādes were charming and gladsŏme as the forests of fairy-land. Here I found my childhood's dream. For on ŏne hand were the feathery larch plantations; on the ŏther, dark fir groves, weeping-birches in the valleys, oaks in the open glades; and out of the summer noontide stillness, as we rested under the Wild Jäger's tree, broke the sweet, startling coo of the wood-pigeon. Here, in our land, man seems tŏ have his grasp upon the soil as it were upon the mane of an untamed colt, but thêre he sits firmly in his saddle upon the well-broken steed. Solitude in the Old Wŏrld is not necessarily loneliness; but, get lost on a prairie or in John-Brown's Tract, and you *are* alone. I have crossed a Tĭroler pass without meeting a single human being from morning till nĭt; but, tho the foot-path vanished in

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open heath, the map in my pocket and the lines of the bare hill-tops were perfect guides, and I had quite as much conversation as in a whole day's railroad-travel has sŏmetimes happened tŏ me. And so no sense of loneliness haunts the solitudes of the heârt of the Odenwald. I dŏ not think we, as a people, lŏve the woods much, unless we go thither tŏ shoot. We dŏ not often ramble in them, or make picnic parties thêre; we think of them as places whêre we wet our feet, teăr our clothes, and scratch our faces. But the European has a passion for the woods. In fact, ŏne cannot feel Shakespeare's songs, or the ballads of Robin Hood, without having for scenery a European and not an American greenwood. Thêre must be open glades for the deer tŏ graze in, and plenty of bridle-paths along which the fat monks and proud shire-reeves may travel.

5. But why, you ask me, dŏes this little book remind me of those dear old days, when 40 miles of foot-travel between dawn and dreaming, was no impossibility. I will tell you why. It is a book of German songs, and here and thêre in it are familiar wŏrds which then beguiled our way and measured our tramp by music. Of cŏurse our company sang. Did I not tell you thêy were German students on thêir vacation, and so sang as naturally as the bee sings in a clover-lot? One of the student-songs expressly has it:—

> "Who neither can love nor drink nor *sing*,
> Him scorneth the Bursch for a pitiful thing."

I did not say *I* sang. Perhaps it was of me that the Herr Professor ——, when the Göttingen students asked him if ăny ŏne in America sang wŏrse than he did, was thinking when he answered, "One man." But *they* sang,—Max sang, Otto sang, the Herr Baron sang. And such songs! Out of the German heârt thêre flŏs a river of perennial song, as in that Odenwald flŏs the fountain at which Siegfried drank his last drâft, and which is bubbling thêre tŏ-day as fresh as ever. And this book which I hold dear, is full of German songs such as I heard them sing that June day. My little book opens of itself tŏ ŏne song my friend sang,—that charming ŏne of Uhland, "The Landlady's Little Dauter." "Three students were traveling

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over the Rhein." Handsõme young fellõs, I kno thêy were, with little caps of 3 cõlors set on thêir lõng curls, with amber mustaches sõft as the silk of Indian corn, and with great blue Teutonic eyes, and fresh, fair cheeks, with a bit of a scar, perhaps, on õne. "Thêy stopped," it says, "when thêy came tŏ the landlady's sīgn." Of cõurse thêir first question—for Rheinland roads are dusty—was for beer and wine, and next for the landlady's little dauter. And Frau Wirthin answers that her beer and wine are as good as ever, but her little dauter lies ready for the grave. And thêy cõme quietly and sadly enuf intŏ the death-chamber, whêre she lies in the black coffin; and the first student, whŏ has never seen her, turns back the shroud and looks lõng and earnestly upon the sweet, pale face, and says: "Wert thou but living now, I should lõve thee from this time henceforth." And the second cõvers again the well-remembered features, and turns weeping away, saying: "I have lõved thee lõng." But the third õnce more lifts the vail, and kisses brow and mouth, and, with a sorro passing tears, sáys:—

"I have loved thee ever, I love but thee,
And thee will I love throu eternity."

Thêre was anõther pretty song in the dialect spoken in the Bavarian Hīlands, of which the refrain ran:—

"When I come, when I come, when I once more come,
I return, my love, to thee."

It is a little 'Volkslied,' but full of the simple, direct affection of humble life, which dões not trouble itself about fine frases ãny more than he whŏ sings it about fine clothes. It is true tŏ the sentiment of the wandering trade's-apprentice and the faithful plain-faced maiden whŏ waits for him at home. But it is a capital marching-song, such a õne as you can step out tŏ with a jolly, swinging stride. Here is õne full of the spirit of vagabond life in the German summer time:—

"A farthing and a penny
Were in this purse of mine;
The farthing went for brown-bread,
The penny went for wine.

"The maidens and the landlords
They cry, 'Alack and wo,'
The landlords when I linger,
The maidens when I go.

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"My boots they hang in tatters,
My stockings they are strings,
Yet out upon the meadows
The small bird blithely sings.

"O, were there ne'er a tavern
I'd bide in peace at home,
And had the cask no spigot
I could not drink therefrom."

6. But my books have taken me away, from whêre I began,—my 'Wanderjahre' in Germany and Switzerland. For then I too was apprentice, tŏ learn this craft I am now so painfully practising,—the art or mystery of living my life,—and so went tŏ see ŏther men's lives. Thêy are before me now in my mind's eye, the companions of those pleasant times. Grave professor of chemistry, dŏ you remember them, and how we were ôften irreverent at your fondness for the clear fragrant hŏney of the Alps, and over your Alpenstock, which we likened tŏ the spear of Goliath of Gath? And you, mĭty Orientalist! 'Du, mein braver Camerad,' whŏ could never away with my fancy of feeding the stray dogs who sniffed wistfully at our supper-tables in the little 'Gasthaus' or 'tratoria;' and thou too, O most dauntless of pedestrians, with whŏm I made that mad nĭt-scramble down the side of the Faulhorn,—shall we ever meet again? Dŏ you remember, boys, how we rode triumfantly intŏ Milano with ŏne quarter-franc, the sole pecuniary relic of our Swiss tour? Have you forgotten our glorious march from Chamouni tŏ Osières, and our nĭt at the Hospice of St. Bernard? Whatever else we learnt in those brave days, we certainly did discover the use of our legs, and that brandy is the pedestrian's 'vade-mecum;' not internally, but pŏured intŏ ŏne's shŏes, against which use the law of Maine hath no provision. These German 'Wanderlieder' bring you ăll before me.—coŭntrymen of whŏm I am proud and whŏ since have prŏved well the value of your foreign apprenticeship.

7. The Odenwald, or Forest of Odin, is ŏne of the most primitive districts of Germany. It consists of a hilly rather than a mountainous district, of sŏme 40 miles in ŏne direction, and 30 in anŏther. The

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beautiful Neckar* bounds it on the south. On the west it is terminated by the sudden descent of its hills intŏ the great Rhein plain. This boundary is well knōn by the name of the *Bergstrasse*, or mountain road, which road, however, runs at the foot of the mountains, and not over them as the name indicates. Tŏ English travelers the beauty of this Bergstrasse is familiar. Its hills, continually broken by the opening of romantic valleys, slope rapidly tŏ the plain, cōvered with picturesq vineyards, and at thēir feet lie antique villages, and the richly cultivated plains of the Rhein, here of 30 or 40 miles width. On almost every steep and projecting hill, or precipitous cliff, stands a ruined castle, each, as throuout Germany, with its wīld history, its wilder traditions, and local associations of a hundred kinds. The railroad from Frankfurt tŏ Heidelberg now runs alōng the Bergstrasse, and will ever present tŏ the eyes of the traveler the charming aspect of these legendary hills; till the enchanting valley of the Neckar, with Heidelberg** reposing amid its most lōvely scenery at its mouth, terminates the Bergstrasse, and the hills which still stretch away tŏ his left on his way towards Carlsruhe assume anōther name.

8. Every ōne ascending the Rhein from Mainz tŏ Mannheim, has been struck with the beauty of these Odenwald hills, and has stood watching that tăll white tower on the summit of ōne of them, which with wīndings of the river seemed now brŏt near, and then thrōn far ŏff, seemed tŏ watch and haunt you, and take short cuts tŏ meet you for māny hours, till at length, like a giant disappointed of his prēy, it glided away intŏ the gray distance, and was lost in the clouds. This is the tower of Mellbocus, abōve the village of Auerbach, tŏ which we shall presently ascend, in order tŏ take our first survēy of this old and secluded haunt of Odin. This quiet region of hidden valleys and deep forests extends from the borders of the Black Forest, which begins on the ōther side of the Neckar, tŏ the Spessart, anōther old German forest, and in the ōther direction from Heidelberg and

* *See No.* 8 *of* TRAVEL, "THE NECKAR."
** *See No.* 41 *of* TRAVEL "HEIDELBERG."

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Darmstadt, towards Heilbronn. It is full of ancient castles with a wörld of legends; on it stands, besides the Melibocus, on a still loftier point, called the Katzenbuckel, anōther tower, which overlooks a vast extent of these forest hills. Near this lies Eberbach, a castle of the descendants of Carl the Great; the scenes of the legend of the Wīld Huntsman, the castle of Götz von Berlichingen, and mānу anōther spot familiar by its fame from childhood. But besides this, the inhabitants are a people living in a wörld of thêir ōn, retaining ăll the ancient simplicity of thêir abodes and habits; and it is ōnly in such a region that you now recognise the pictures of old German life, such as you find them in the 'Haus Märchen' of the brōthers Grimm.

9. In order tŏ make ourselves sōmewhat acquainted with this interesting district, Mrs. Howitt and I, with knapsack on back, set out at the end of August, 1841, tŏ make a few days' ramble throu it. The weather, however, prŏved so intensly hot, and the electrical sultriness of the woods so oppressive, that we footed it ōnly ōne day, when we were glad tŏ māke use of a carriage and horses. On the last day in August we drove with a party of our friends and our children tŏ *Weinheim*, rambled throu its vineyards, ascended tŏ its ancient castle, and then went on tŏ Birkenau, a charming valley, celebrated, as its name denotes, for its lōvely hanging birches, under which, with much happy mirth, we dined. Scrambling amōngst the hills, and wīnding up the dry foot-paths, amōngst the vineyards of this nêborhood, we were yet more delīted with the general beauty of the scenery, than with the wīld flowers which everywhêre beautified the hanging cliffs and warm way-sides. At the inn at the mouth of Birkenau Tal, we proposed tŏ take the 'eilwagen' as far as Auerbach, but that not arriving we availed ourselves of a peasant's wicker wagon. We had a most charming drive tŏ Auerbach, and ōne equally amusing from the humorous conversation of our driver.

10. After tea, we ascended tŏ *Auerbach* Castle, which occupies a hill abōve the town, which, however, is far overtopped by the hīt of Melibocus. The vue was glorious. The sunset acrôss the great Rhein

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plain was magnificent. It diffused over the whole western sky an atmosfere of intense crimson līt, with golden scattered clouds, and surrounded with a deep violet splendor. The extremities of the plain, from the eye being dazzled with this central effulgence, lay in a solemn and nearly impenetrable gloom. The castle, in ruins, seen by this līt, looked peculiarly beautiful and impressive. In the morning, at 5 o'clock, we began tŏ ascend the nêboring hīt of **Melibocus.** It took us an hour and a quarter. The vue from the tower, 88 feet hī, over the great Rhein plain, is immense and splendid, including 200 villages, towns, and cities; the wīndings of the magnificent river lie mapped belo you, on whŏse banks are seen objects of peculiar interest, the Cathedral of Speier, the lofty dome of the Jesuits Church at Mannheim, and the 4 towers of the noble Cathedral of Worms. In the remote distance, as a fitting termination tŏ this noble landscape, are seen the hīts of the Donnersberg, the Vogesen, and the Schwarzwald. The wind was strong on this lofty hīt, and the rattling of the shutters in the look-out windōs in the sides of the tower, and of thêir fastenings, would have been dismal enuf on a stormy nīt, and gave quite a wildness tŏ it even then. The vue over the Odenwald was beautiful. Half-cōvered with wood, as far as you could see, with green wīnding straths between them, distant castles, and glimpses of the white walls of lo-lying villages, gave you an idea of a region at ōnce solitary and attractive. The whole was filled with the cheerful līt of morning, and the wooded hills looked of the most brilliant green. We descended, and pursued our way throu the wooded glades, with that feeling of enjoyment which the entrance intŏ an unknōn region, with a vue tŏ explore it, pleasant companionship, and fine weather inspire. When we issued from the woods which clothe the sides of Melibocus, we sate on the heathy turf and gazed with a feeling of ever-youthful delīt on the scene around us; abōve us, and over its woods, rose the square white tower of Melibocus; belo lay green valleys, from whŏse orchards issued the smoke of peaceful cottages; and beyond arose hills cōvered with ōther woods, which shrouded spots,

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the legends of which had reached us in England, and had excited the wōnder of our early days—the traditions of the follōers of Odin—the castle of the Wīld Hunter,—and the strongholds of mãny an iron-clad knīt, as free tŏ seize the goods of his nêbors as he was strong tŏ take and tŏ keep them. All now was peaceful and Arcadian.

11. We found the cottages, in the depths of the valleys, amōngst orchards, just those heavy, old-fashioned sort of things which we see in German engravings; buildings of wood-framing, the plaster panels of which were painted in various ways, and the windōs of those circular and octagon panes which, from old association, always seem tŏ belong tŏ German cottages. Thêre were, too, the large ovens built out-of-dōrs, and roofed over. The people were of the simplest character and appearance. We saw several children sitting on a bench in the open air, near a school-house, learning thêir lessons, and writing on thêir slates, and we went intŏ the school. Here in the Odenwald, the harvest, which in the great Rhein plain was over in July, was now, in great measure, out. Men, women and children were all engaged in cutting it, getting it in, or in tending the cattle. Everywhêre stood the simple wagons of the coŭntry, with thêir part of yoked cows. Women were dŏing all sorts of wŏrk, reaping, mōing, and threshing with the men: without shŏes and stockings, clad in a simple, dark blue petticoat, a body of the same, leaving the white shirt sleeves as a pleasing contrast, and with thêir hair, in sōme instances, turned up under thêir little black or white caps; in ōthers, hanging wīld, and sunburnt, on thêir shōlders. The women, old and yung, wŏrk as hard as the men, at all kinds of work, and yet with rīt good will, for thêy wŏrk for themselves. Thêy often take thêir dinners with them tŏ the fields, frequently giving the lesser children a piece of bread, and locking them in thêir cottage till thêy return.

12. Having taken leave of the schoolmaster, we pursued our way tŏ the Jägerhaus on the top of the **Felsberg,** ōne of the hīest hills in the Odenwald. The day was splendid, with the fine breeze, and all around was new, cheerful, yet solitary, brīt and inspiriting. The

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peasants in the harvest-fields, the herds wătching thêir cattle, gave us a passing salutation, and when within sīt of you took off thêir hats even at a field's distance. The path throu the beech woods led us up tŏ the open summit of the hill whêre stands the solitary Jägerhaus, but with a splendid vue over similar woody hills and distant castles on thêir ridges. In the woods, just beyond the Jägerhaus, lies the *Felsenmeer*, or sea of rocks, and the *Riesensäule*, or giant pillar, objects which are much visited, and which are well wörth seeing. The wood, in fact, is on the slope of the hill, over which are scattered huge blocks of granite. In õne steep hollo these stupendous blocks are showered down õne on anõther in a chaotic wīldness, like the waves of a tempested ocean. The spot was just the õne tŏ attract the attention of the Druids, and accordingly thêy appear tŏ have been busy in preparing õne of thêir large temples, as it is supposed, tŏ Odin, at the time when thêy were interrupted, probably by the armies of Julius Cæsar. You find amid the solemn shado of the wood the projecting blocks of granite so cleared away in part, and in part so left, as tŏ describe a rude circle, in the centre of which stands a monstrous mass, as large as a tolerable house, which constituted the altar. You see, on sõme of the stones, the marks of sõme rude carving, in the manner of a sort of dental, as if for a fringe or cornice.

13. Not far from this you cõme tŏ whêre the *Riesensäule* lies. This is a colossal pillar of granite of 32-ft. long. The soil which formerly half buried it, is dug away, and it lies in its gigantic greātness as in a grave. It is supposed tŏ lie whêre it was hewn, and never tŏ have been rēared; tŏ my eye, however, it is whêre it has fallen back from its base, which still shõs in the earth. It is an object which strikes you with a sort of awe and deep surprise at its ponderous greatness. Parallel with it, appears, half-buried in the earth, a long square block of granite, rudely carved in the manner of that at the temple, and as if it also had been intended for a cornice or fringe tŏ rest on the pillars. The whole scene brôt back strongly the gloomy superstitions of the Odenwald, ages before the Romans had planted

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here, by a severe discipline, agriculture and the arts.

14. From this place we over hill and valley towards Rodenstein, the scene of the legend of the Wild Huntsman. At noon we sate under a large old oak on a wild hill-side, scattered with a few such trees, and with great masses of rock. Belo was an extensive prospect, and abōve a range of beech-wood stretching for miles. A church had been pointed tŏ us from a distance, which we must pass; towards this we endeavored tŏ steer our cōurse throu the woods. All track soon vanished, and around us was ōnly ōne deep and solemn shade, the lofty pillars of beech boles, and the thick canopy of thêir heads. Belo, the earth was brown with withered leaves, and scattered with greāt pieces of rock cōvered with vivid green moss. Here and thêre the presence of bogs was indicated by the pale green of the toŭch-me-not, with its yello flowers. After hâlf an hour's progress, tho confident of gōing in the rīt direction, the scene was still solemn and impressive. No outlet was visible, but ōne interminable waste of shade and deep silence. At length we caut a glimpse of līt, and deemed we were emerging from the wood, but it was ōnly an opening in which the sun blazed on the stones, till thêy shon dazzling and white as sno. At last we emerged in a croft, with the village church standing before us.

15. We now entered the woods in which lies Rodenstein, the remains of the castle of the Wild Hunter. The entrance tŏ these woods, is particularly beautiful. It was near the entrance tŏ a valley shut in by hī wooded hills. The sun was getting lo, but not so lo as tŏ prevent its līting our path with a ruddy glo. The way was over a rocky track; the green valley lay belo us, and abōve us the beech woods which clothe these hills for miles. The green bows hung from the wood-side, over a shôrt green turf, enriched by flowers. Around us, in various hīts and positions, stood masses of rock, sōme of them almost hidden by trees; and the clematis hung its festoons from the branches around. It was a place of solemn beauty and repose, which could not be passed without our sitting down on ōne of the masses of

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stone, saying how strange it seemed that we, whŏ, in our childhood, read repeatedly, with a solemn interest, the ballad of the Wild Hunter, without a dream that we should ever be on the spot, were then actually upon it! We gazed with a still pleasure on the glistening green woods on the opposite side of the valley, then rose, and went on. The path proceeded along the wood, still near the bottom of the valley, but never descending intŏ it. Like the woods we had passed in the afternoon, we found this extensive; and the sun suddenly dropping behind the mountains, cast a shade throu it which was particularly solemn. We had again around us ōne wide vue of the silent and gray stems of trees, the green canopy abōve, the brown flōor of dead leaves belo. Here and thêre started up great rocks, half shrouded in trees, and all was silent as the tŏmb. As we went onward, that "brown horror," as Pope calls it, of the woods gradually deepened. We descended intŏ deep glens, ōnly tŏ ascend out of them again, and tŏ find ourselves still without vue of or outlet tŏ Rodenstein. We came at length tŏ a wild mass of rock belo us, called the *Wilde Weibchenstein*, or the Stone of the Little Wild Woman, from the legend that it is the haunt of a brownie in the shape of a little woman, whŏ at times cōmes out when sōme ōne is late with his harvest, and cuts the corn, or binds the sheaves after the reapers, with amazing rapidity, and astonishes them with the quantity of wŏrk that is dōne. The scene at that hour almost authenticated the legend tŏ our feelings; it was sombre and impressive in the extreme. Around us rose vast woods, belo us sank a deep and secluded valley. Here were the haunted rocks of rustic superstition, looking dark and fit for supernatural habitation; and on the ōther hand stretched the profound and shadōy solitude of the wood, which the melancholy note of a single wood-pigeon made ōnly more solitary. We pushed on, and descending rapidly intŏ the valley, all at ōnce amōng the tall trees, stood the ruins of **Rodenstein.** Thêy are in a spot thōroly befitting the legend. Thêy lie in a sort of cove in the side of the hill, whêre the deep and secluded valley becōmes sōmewhat wider, and

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leaves a space of meado-ground in the bottom. All around it tower beech woods which cōver the whole hill for miles. It stands in a hollo, shrouded by trees, yet not at the bottom of the valley. Still lōer, but hidden from it, stands the farm-house belonging tŏ it, and whêre in former ages the array of the Wild Hunter has been heard gōing out when war was approaching, or cōming in when peace was about tŏ return. The immediate vicinity of the castle consists of orchards and shrubbery-walks, and inclosed between close rōs of fir-trees, so that thêy are very secluded: and various flīts of rustic steps and winding ascents conduct you around the ruins, and lead you tŏ every side of it. The greāter part of ōne tower, and various walls remain. The lōer part of the tower is open on ōne side, and, like all such places in Germany, has a table and benches, so that parties cōming thither can have luncheon thêre, and can sit and refresh themselves whilst thêy enjoy a vue over the still meadōs belo and of the orchards behind, and the greāt woods all around. We passed under the arch of ōne of the dungeons, an arch of rude stones, the ends of which were left depending of various lengths, as thêy happened tŏ be, and then descended tŏ the farm, whêre an old man directed us tŏ Reichelsheim. It was not till we had descended the valley a considerable way that we could get a glimpse of the walls of this seat of ōne of the most singular and striking traditions of Germany amid its woods.

16. Reichelsheim, whêre we passed the nīt, is heavily built, ill paved, and dirty, as such places generally are. From this place we set out on the follōing morning in a peasant's wagon, with 2 heaps of straw, and 2 sacks stuffed with the same for seats; our driver occupying 1 sack and heap and we the ōther. In this way, however, we had a delītful drive tŏ Erbach, at about 15 miles distance, over a part of the Odenwald as wild as ãny we had passed, less cultivated, having larger patches of heath, and tracts of dark Scotch fir, with here and thêre a boy cracking his whip after his herd of swine. We passed the castle of the Graf von Fürstenau, near Michelstadt, a picturesq old

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place, and reached **Erbach** at noon. This place, independently of its pleasant situation in a more open and cultivated coŭntry, is celebrated for the castle of Erbach, in which the late count, with greăt exertion and expense, made a rare and valuable collection of arms, armor, and antiques. In õne large hall, called the Rittersaal, are the arms and armor of sõme of the most celebrated heroes of Germany. Amõngst the armor is that of Götz von Berlichingen, Wallenstein, Gustaf-Adolf, etc. These suits of armor are fitted on lay-figures, with faces painted as much as possible after the likeness of the respective õners, so that you seem tŏ have the actual men before you. Thêre are 16 of these, and various figures on horseback in the attitudes and habiliments of the tournament. Sõme of them with the most grotesq horns, wings, and õther beărings on thêir helmets; õne helmet, in fact, representing the face of a dog. The shields and swords of õther knĭts hung aloft with thêir escutcheons. The windõs of this hall are emblazoned with rich painted glass, and altŏgether it is õne of the most striking and complete halls of old romance which can be imagined. In a small chapel adjoining, are the tombs of Einhard and Emma, the [alleged] founders of the family. While we were in the Rittersaal, a cõmpany of ladies came in, and sate down for coffee. Thêy had, like all German ladies, thêir work-baskets with them, and seemed preparing for a pleasant afternoon of wŏrk and chat. Inquiring whŏ thêy were, the man whŏ shõed us the room said thêy were the Countess von Erbach and her friends. The countess was an old but an active and cheerful looking lady; and the simplicity of her life, taking coffee thus after a dinner at 1 o'clock, and sitting for wŏrk in this grand old Rittersaal, was very striking and amusing in its difference from English life.

17. From Erbach we posted in the evening to Eberbach on the Neckar, down the beautiful Gamelsbach-Tal; and thence the next morning ascended throu the woods of Emmensberg tŏ Katzenbuckel, the hĭest point of the Odenwald. The Katzenbuckel is a hill of no greăt hĭt, but it stands upon very hĭ ground, and has a tower built

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upon its summit which commands a very extensive vue, in ōne direction over Heilbronn tŏ the hīts of Waltenburg between Stuttgart and Tübingen, and in a favorable state of the air as far as the beautiful region of the Swabian Alps, a district of poets and poetry, which bounds the horizon, whilst the ŏther side is bounded by the Taunus and the hills of the Rhein. Around the tower is a picturesq scene of rocky ground and wooded thickets. The next moment the turn of the road brŏt us full in vue of ōne of those bowery seats which, with very good taste, the Germans always place in such situations, however remote, for the visiting of such spots is ōne of the greātest pleasures of the people. From the top of the tower, a magnificent vue is obtained over the far coŭntry. Belo, at sōme little distance, lies the valley of Hell, so called from the depth and gloom, and sombre dreariness of its general aspect. That, however, which struck us with most surprise was the sort of hidden, unexpected region which lies on these Odenwald hīts. We ascended out of the Neckar valley, and instead of finding that we had again tŏ descend tŏ an equal depth on the ŏther side of a ridge, we beheld ourselves on a hī table-land coŭntry; with its wide plains, its villages, and solitary woods and fields, in which peasants were getting in thêir harvests, and ragged boys were herding thêir goats, and wild girls, all health and activity, climbing aloft intŏ the peār and apple trees, and shaking thêir mello crops tŏ the ground. In these hī regions, however, the fruit-trees are not so numerous as in the valleys, and the fruit has a wild and dwarfish look.

18. A pair of good horses convêyed us along the still beautiful banks of the Neckar in the evening tŏ Neckarelz, passing on our way over a hī, cold and barren tract of land. It was almost totally destitute of soil, a region of blue, clay slate, with meagre crops; a wandering shepherd or twŏ with his flocks, and along the road-sides large tufts of black hellebore, and a tall thistle with a crimson flower, which was new tŏ us. A deep ravine, rent with the fury of wintry torrents, led us down intŏ the Neckar valley again at Neckarelz,

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whêre we found ourselves in a wide vale, surrounded by vineyards, with populous villages, and on the hill opposite tŏ our inn, the fine old castle of **Neuberg**. Our inn was ōne of those which by its exterior led us tŏ anticipate but indifferent entertainment; but the cleanness of all within told a different tale. We were received by a little, quick, plump young wōman, the landlord's dauter, and evidently the ruling spirit of the house. She shōed us a nice chamber, then opened a spacious eating-room, and inquired what we would have, and then flew off, full of good-humored vivacity, tŏ fetch it for us. She was ōne of those lively, good-natured, brīt-spirited, and occasionally arch creatures, who make all things pleasant about them. She surrounded us with all the cōmforts and luxuries of the house, arranged for our journey on the morro, and was ever at hand, and willing tŏ chat about the nêborhood, and tŏ tell us all we wished tŏ kno, as if it were her greātest delīt tŏ study our pleasure. Before we slept, a magnificent thunder-storm frowned darkly over the valley, and then, blazing out, līted the stern old castle on the opposite hill, and the waters of the Neckar. The singular sīt of large quantities of linen spread out tŏ whiten by the laundresses in meadōs before the house, and garded throu the nīt by watchmen and dogs, in huts of straw, for the purpose; the watchman with his horn blōing throu the nīt, and his rimed speech sung every hour; the wild, tempestuous glo of the morning throu deep shadōs on the hill sides, and the distant landscape, gave a character tŏ the place and the scene which was hīly impressive. The intense līt of brīt weather in which we had hithertŏ seen German scenery gave it an air of uniformity, a want of depth and tone, which in sōme degree had disappointed us. This was darkly grand and solemn as a landscape of Salvator Rosa. The next day's journey was still down the Neckar, still beautiful with its wooded hills and vineyard slopes, and as thickly studded with villages belo, and castles and old convents abōve (sōme converted intŏ secular dwellings), as on the Rhein. Amōngst these came first, the striking pile of **Hornberg**, the ancient seat of Götz von Berlichingen, whence, after the Peasants'

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War, he was ordered not tŏ remŏve; whêre he wrote his life, and whêre he died. It stands on the left bank of the Neckar, as you go up from Neckarelz, and just abŏve the village of Neckarzimmern. It is finely situated, and is a very picturesq and striking ruin. We left our carriage at Neckarzimmern, and walked up the steep road amŏng the vineyards, and entered the cŏurt-yard by an old gate-way house, upon which still remain sŏme armorial insignia, altho the main shield has been taken away. The castle is extremely interesting. Various outwŏrks with picturesq towers lead you tŏ the inner cŏurt, and the ruins of the Rittersaal. Part of the present ruins, by thêir date of 1572, appear tŏ have been built or restored by the successors of Götz. The entrance tŏ the eating-room of this date is a curiously decorated dŏor-frame, having ŏne side beautifully carved with different figures, but so curiously turned at the top, that the jamb has this carving outside, and the ŏther inside. The Rittersaal is a fine large room; the old kitchen, chambers, and chapel remain. In the lŏer, out-hanging towers are dungeons, ŏne of which is entered from abŏve by gratings, according tŏ the fashion of the time. A lofty look-out tower, square on the 2 inner sides, and the outer ŏnes circular, gives a vast prospect over the coŭntry. The whole is perched aloft, like an eagle's nest, and looks down grandly upon the Neckar, which makes a fine sweep belo it. In frŏnt, beyond the Neckar, the hills sweep away tŏ the distance of a mile in a variety of curves and recedings, leaving an undulating plain of considerable extent, cultivated in corn and vegetable plots. Tŏ the left of the plain rises a broken hill; and beyond that, at the point of meeting between 2 valleys, rises ŏne still hĭer, on which stand the castle of Guttenberg, and the convent of Hochhausen, the scene of the very popular and romantic German legend of the fair Nothburga.

19. Behind this castle of Hornberg, at a moderate distance, rise wooded hills, with roads pleasantly winding up them, and intŏ the woods A more lŏvely situation cannot be conceived; and the circumstance that from his unfortunate and compulsory participation in

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the peasants' war, the noble-minded Götz was for 37 years a close prisoner here, and employed his leisure in revuing and writing his life, gives a deep interest tŏ it. We cannot help seeing him in the bloom of his years and his fame, issuing forth gaily, with his follōers, tŏ slay the stag and the boar in the forests, which still seem so pleasantly tŏ invite you, or tŏ chastise sōme proud and lawless robber-knīt, and succor the distressed poor. We then see the peasants, by thousands, marching up from Weinsberg and Wimpfen—we see them cōme swarming up these steeps, mounting the ōne hill, which, projecting from the forests abōve, cōmes down intŏ the immediate nêborhood of the castle itself, and then holding parley with the gallant knīt, or threatening tŏ burn him out of his castle if he should not put himself at thêir head. We see his unfortunate compromise tŏ dŏ as thêy wished for a mōnth; thêir defeat; his captivity at Heilbronn; his remōval hither, and his solitary abode in his lofty fastness, gazing out, day after day, over the forests and the fields which were forbidden, on pain of death, tŏ his footsteps, and thence turning inward on his ōn past life, and sitting down, from day tŏ day, tŏ write portions of it. His castle, not māny years after his death, went intŏ the family of its present possessors—the family of Gemmingen, whŏ live at Carlsruhe; but in an adjoining building called the Mantelbau, which became the dwelling-house of the later ōners, is still kept a plain suit of his armor, his pilgrim-staff, his banner-staff, his sword; and at Jaxthausen, anōther house of his, at sōme distance, still live his descendants, and thêre is kept his famous "iron hand."

20. In this nêborhood lie numerous castles, as Ehrenberg & Minneberg, tŏ which striking and poetical legends are attached; we passed also Wimpfen-am-Berg, an old town, now a watering-place, pleasantly situated on the hīt abōve the Neckar, and Wimpfen-im-Tal. Thêy are now busy with greāt salt wōrks. These places lay in the very midst of the terrible scenes of that famous peasant war, which forms so remarkable a feature in German history; and near Wimpfen-im-Tal lies also the battle-field, whêre the Markgraf Georg Friedrich

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of Baden, fŏt against the Bavarians and the Spaniards in April 1622, and whêre he would have been totally defeated had not 400 of the people of Pfortzheim, under the command of thêir Bürgermeister Deimling, saved him at the expense of thêir lives.[20]

21. In time we reached the little town of Neckarsulm. Here we resolved tŏ stop, and recover our patience over an early dinner. But the dinner was bad; and the wine—red wine of the Neckar valley, famous rather for its acerbity than its goodness—was bad too. From the heavy and dirty town of Neckarsulm we posted on tŏ **Weinsberg,** a place not only notorious for the horrors committed thêre in the Peasants' War, but which in our youth was made of great interest tŏ us, by reading, in Addison's Spectator, the account of the Women of Weinsberg. Its situation is charming. It is in the middle of a wide, open, and well-cultivated coŭntry, with a clear, rapid stream running by it. All around, at the distance of a mile or twŏ, rise the woody and winding hills so peculiar tŏ this part of Germany, the sides of which are cōvered with vineyards. Here and thêre open between the hills vales running far away, in which you discern the white walls of villages. Weinsberg is a compact little town, and ōne of the neatest in that nêborhood. Just by it stands a hī, conical hill, clad on all sides with vines; and on its summit the ruins of the old castle of Weinsberg, still popularly called "Weibertreue," from this circumstance:—When the Emperor Conrad, in 1140, besieged the castle intŏ which the people had fled, and summoned them tŏ surrender, he would give no promise of quarter tŏ the men; but he allowed the women tŏ go out, carrying with them what thêy liked best. These terms were accepted; and tŏ the astonishment of the Emperor, he beheld the women cōming forth in a train, each carrying her husband, her brōther, or near relative. So popular has this act of feminine fidelity always been, that the fame of it has flōn intŏ all coŭntries; it has furnished the subject of ōne of Bürger's most spirited ballads; and a society of ladies still, headed by the Queen of Würtemberg, keep the ruins from falling intŏ decay, and have had the whole space within

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the old walls laid out as a pleasure-garden, for the recreation of visitors.* How peaceful and smiling are all these scenes now! Of the peasant war, in which 100,000 people perished, in which castles and convents were plundered, thêir inmates abused or murdered, and the coŭntry reduced tŏ a frĭtful desert, few traces remain except the traditions and written records. Weinsberg, which had thus its full share of horrors, is as neat and quiet as if it had never knōn an outrage. Nature has cōvered the old towers with her healing bows and blossoms; man has clothed the whole hill with vines; and all the coŭntry between it and the picturesq old city of Heilbronn, is ōne greāt garden and vineyard.

22. Afteĭ visiting the fine old cathedral at Heilbronn, with its rich carvings and old paintings, noting the curious old town-house with its grandly painted and curiously illustrated clock, and taking a vue of its picturesq streets and pleasant vicinage, with its poplar walks, and ample pleasure-gardens, we posted throu a well cultivated coŭntry back tŏ Heidelberg; the peasants, with thêir families out by the road-sides, busy collecting thêir apples, and ōthers of them as busy in thêir yards, crushing them for cider in thêir simple but effective mills for that purpose, making the whole very lively and pleasant. It will be seen that in this tour we passed a good way beyond the strict bounds of the Odenwald; and left in it, on the ōther hand, mănу a charming old district tŏ explore. It is, altŏgether, ōne of the most primitive pieces of coŭntry which we ever entered, and seems likely tŏ continue so. Altŏgether, the deep wooded valleys, the still waters here and there embōsomed in the forest, the clear streams in ōther places hurrying along the shrouded glens, the antique, lōly dwellings, and the simple people, made a deep and pleasurable impression on our minds, and will often recur with the feeling of a poetic dream.

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* It is hardly necessary tŏ say that the story has no foundation in fact.—*Ed. Travel.*

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[1] From "Howitt's Journal," Jan.-Feb., 1847.

[1] Paragrafs 1-6 are extracts from article by Walter Mitchell, in "Atlantic Monthly," Oct. 1869; paragrafs 7-22 are by W: Howitt, and are taken from "Howitt's Journal," 1847.

23. This tale has been shōn by later historians tŏ be a fiction.—*Ed.* TRAVEL.

EXPLANATION OF ACCENTS :— â = a in *are* (not as in "bāre") ; ă=a in *was* (not as in "has") ; ã=a in *any* (not as in "ant") ; ē as in *hear* (not as in "health" or "heârt" or "beār" or "ëarl") ; ê = e in *there* and *their* (not as in "hēre" or "wëre") ; ī = i in *lie* (not as in "lief") ; ō = o in *four* (not as in "our" or "yŏur"), or in *post* (not as in "cŏst"), or in *bowl* (not as in "howl") ; ô = o in *gone* (not as in "bōne" or "ōne") ; ö = o in *work* (not as in "pōrk") ; ŏ = o in *do* (not as in "so"), or in "*move*" (not as in "rōve," or "lōve") ; õ = o in *one* (not as in gône or bōne).

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MONT-DORE.

BY HAMILTON AIDÉ.[1]

1. Is thêre ãny more exhilarating way of travel than riding upon the 'banquette' of a diligence amõng picturesq valleys and over perfect roads? The tourist whŏ has the true tourist's instinct will always appreciate this means of locomotion, and the more as routes on which it may be enjoyed gro fewer. With each decade, almost with each new season, sõme diligence route succumbs tŏ the steady development of railroads—a transformation which, if it is not so rapid as with us, is quite as inexorable. Throuout France the steel-rail netwŏrk is gradually extending itself up the mountain valleys and over the upland plains; and wŏrst of all (at least from the picturesq tourist's point of vue), whêre the steel rail can gain upward no longer, the tunnel pierces the mountain, and you are given gross darkness, a Cimmerian whirl and roaring instead of mountain hīt, and stream, and distance. But in central and soŭthern France mãny of the old-time routes remain; and 2 of these, upon which the 'voiture' will not soon be abolished, are those which lead mountainward from Clermont-Ferrand and from Laqueville stations, on the new railway from Tulle, respectively tŏ La Bourboule and tŏ Mont-Dore in Auvergne.

2. The old route by Clermont-Ferrand is the longer, and probably finer even than the õne which I chose, the new route by Laqueville; a station which you reach by a long sweep around the mountains, 39 miles west of Clermont-Ferrand. At this point the Auvergne railway has wõn an elevation of sõme 2000 feet; already thêre is a sweet mountain wildness on the hills. The diligences set off at sunrise up the valley of the Dordogne; as you advance, the mountains rise sõmewhat sternly on either side, but with a wild charm. The hīer slopes are purple with long tracts of flowering heather, most beautiful of mountain vestments; the stream winds belo, between tracts of yello-

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green turf, more wōnderfully vivid in hue, last August, than ãny that I have seen elsewhêre, except, perhaps, at the lakes of Killarney, much earlier in the season. Thêre is every appearance of greãt fertility. The inhabitants claim, indeed, that this is the most fertile valley in France. Certainly it is õne of the most beautiful. The coŭntry could not well be more 'accidenté'. For 13 miles the road is tossed up and down amõng the hills; it passes throu La Bourboule, whêre the diligence lets off the morning contingent of visitors.

3. You cannot avoid being struck by the names of places; it is a coŭntry of queer names, sõme of them more Gaulish than Latin in thêir look. The friendly guide-posts of the Club Alpin Français point out the way tŏ the mountain passes from wild hamlets with still wilder names—Queureuilh and its cascade, Murat-le-Quaire, Banne-d' Ordanche (in the Gaulish tongue, *benna* meant a wagon), which is the name of the conical mountain, 4,970 feot hī, which looms beyond the valley tŏ the N. E. And what a land of patois! The curious local names are but the beginning of oddities; the local speech is a survival. Do not imagine that your pure Parisian French will help you tŏ understand the talk of the driver with his mate, or of the peasants at the relay stations. Thêy are speaking a language which was probably thousands of years old when Cæsar's veterans toiled up the same road. One wŏrd out of 4, perhaps, you can understand; the õther 3 are the rolled débris of the ancient Gaulish speech, the linguistic jetsam of these mountain shores, and here ōnly tŏ be found, tho the Celtic speech in Ireland is related tŏ them. These wŏrds, or mãny of them, so the filologists say, are the wōrds which Vercingetorix used in rallying his Arverni tŏ make thêir unavailing stand against Cæsar. The modern Auvergnat, however, is by no means restricted tŏ his patois. Speak tŏ him in French, or even in ãny American or Anglican version of that language, and he will answer you in French that is fairly good, tho rustic. But this French is not so much his native tung as his acquired accomplishment; the Gaulish dialect of Vercingetorix—which of cōurse is not a patois, correctly speaking, but a survival—is

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his native and preferred speech. I need hardly add that the speech of cultivated people in Auvergne differs no more from the French of Paris than the Bostonian's English differs from the Baltimorean's. It is a mistake tŏ think that outside of Paris a patois is generally spoken. This common error cŏmes from the American traveler's usual avoidance of the provinces in his journeys. It is true that every French province, almost every French commune, even, has its patois; but this is confined tŏ the uneducated classes. If a patois is spoken in the kitchen, good French is everywhêre the language of the drawing-room.

4. Half an hour beyond La Bourboule the diligence sets us in the bustling square of Mont-Dore, and upon the Dordogne River near its sōurce. We are at an elevation of 3,442 feet abŏve sea-level; excepting ōnly Carèges, Mont-Dore is the most elevated mineral spring in France. At first sīt the mountain village of Mont-Dore has a sŏmewhat severe aspect; the roofs of it are cŏvered with hewn stone instead of tiles tŏ resist the winter storms. Its 200 houses are huddled on the rīt bank of the upper valley of the Dordogne, still an infant stream, not far from its point of origin in the cascades of the Dore and the Dogne. Sŏme 1300 people live here all the year; the number of the summer guests is several times as large.[11] On either hand rise fantastically shaped mountains. The top of the Pic de Sancy, a few miles away, 6,181 feet hī, is the most elevated point of the mountains of Central France.

5. The climate of Mont-Dore is a true mountain climate, not dissimilar tŏ that of Davos or of S't-Moritz in Switzerland—that is tŏ say, it is cool in the morning and evening, and generally warm during the day, with variations of the thermometer almost but not quite as sudden and trying as those of New-York, Philadelphia, or Boston. But it is the tonic coolness and the agreeable warmth of the mountain air, without the seaside humidity. The season lasts from mid-June tŏ mid-September; July and August are perhaps the pleasanter mŏnths tŏ choose, tho the crowd is then greäter. Thêre are charming days

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in early September; but after the 15th, winter is apt tŏ leap down ăny nīt from the hīts of the Pic de Sancy.

6. It is strange that English people kno so little of the interior of France. I am struck with this each time that my steps lead me out of the beaten track tŏ sŏme corner better wŏrth visiting than half the places in Germany, whêre my coŭntrymen congregate year after year. Our fysicians, while sending thêir patients tŏ Bohemia, nay, even to Ischia, have, till lately, ignored măny of those potent springs nearer at hand, which were knōn tŏ the Romans, and the valuable properties of which the French faculty have recognised for the last half century. Amōng these baths perhaps the most notable is Mont-Dore, the very name of which is unknōn tŏ the greāt mass of English people, and will generally be productive of a puzzled look and a timid inquiry as tŏ whether it is not "sŏmewhêre in the South of France?" No, my friend, Mont-Dore is in AUVERGNE, and Auvergne is a district well wŏrth visiting, for ŏther than hygienic motives. Its volcanic range of mountains, its Druidical and Gallic remains, its Romanesq churches and Middle-Age castles, its pine woods and trout streams, desolate purple plains and lâfing lōlands, rich in vegetation, cannot fail tŏ fascinate every lōver of nature or art, be he geologist, archæologist, architect, or artist. But of ŏne thing it is fair tŏ warn you. Altho but 16 hours distant from Paris (6 of these being beyond the reach of rails), this district is more primitive than the wildest of those Bohemian baths you have toiled măny days tŏ reach. Adieu here tŏ luxurious hotels, fine raiment, bands of music, mundane pleasures of every description. [But see note 11.] Man is of little moment here. Nature, whether you wŏrship her as she sends her health-restoring stream boiling from the rock, or stand on the edge of an extinct crater and watch the twilīt drink away the golden sunset from the sharp basaltic pinnacles around, Nature is paramount in the Monts-Dore.

7. The drive from CLERMONT-FERRAND,[2] whêre you leave the train for a diligence, is an almost continuous ascent of 6 hours. The change is gradual from the fertile soil of the thickly-inhabited plain,

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whêre the wealth of apricots, carted away by the bushel, explains the cause of Clermont's celebrity for "pâte d'abricots," tŏ the rocky uplands, whêre nothing grōs but short fine turf and purple heather, and the ōnly living creatures are a shepherd and his flock. The vue from the summit is very beautiful. On the ōne side, the range of the *Puy de Dome*, with the richly-cultivated plain we have just left, at its feet; on the ŏther, 2 marvellous basaltic giants rising from a gorge, like twin fortresses garding the pass, backed by the rocky folds of the Monts-Dore, and the wooded slopes belo them. We now enter upon scenery not unlike Switzerland, minus its snōy peaks and toy châlets. The road winds amōng pine-clad hills, abōve which rise jagged walls of granite, until we reach the opening of the narro valley, in the centre of whŏse green basin of pasture land lies Mont-Dore. The first aspect of the place is decidedly repellant. The stern, serviceable little town, granite-and-gray-slated, possesses no variety of cōlor or folly of architectural irregularity tŏ seduce the understanding. It tells a plain unvarnished tale of sno and exile from the wŏrld during 6 mōnths of the year, with a "season" of less than 3, during which the efforts of every industrious inhabitant are devoted tŏ extracting as much as possible out of the visitors with the least possible outlay. No wōnder all is dear, for everything is dragged here in June and vanishes in September; doctors and inn-keepers disappear, shops are shut, the road tŏ Clermont becōmes impassible, the post cōmes on horseback from La Bourboulle, the carriages retire intŏ darkness for so long that thêy must blink when thêy meet the daylīt again, and the horses—chief sōurce of revenue in the summer—must eat thêir heads off until the follōing year. Let it be remembered, too, that living is very expensive and also that mãny articles of food have tŏ be brôt long distances, before we cavil at the hī rate of charges. By far the most aristocratic, and I belîeve the most cōmfortable, tho not the most agreeably situated hotel at Mont-Dore is that of Chabaury Ainé. In its small, unpretentious salon you will meet the best society in France, and for that privilege, with 2 meals and a tiny bed-

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room, you will pay from 13 tŏ 15 francs a day. The tariff of the "Grand Hotel" is hĭer, and its cŏmpany mãny degrees lōer. The ōther hotels are less expensive, and thêir accommodation fairly good; but the living here, at the best, is homely, and such relish as it may possess is mainly attributable tŏ that best of 'chefs,' the keen mountain air.[12]

8. The manners and customs of Mont-Dore resemble the politics which prevail at Mrs. Chabaury's table d'hôte; thêy are anti-revolutionary. Tŏ see the sedan-chairs hurrying tŏ and fro across the "Place," of a morning, escorted in sōme instances by a "running footman" or woman; tŏ see these chairs jostling and charging each ōther at full tilt upon the staircase of the "Etablissement," recalls the boisterous encounters between chairs hoop-and-powder-laden, of which we read in days when George II. was king. Very unlike our present squeamish refinement, too, is the spectacle of an obese gentleman, whŏ has just stepped out of bed, with a flannel hood upon his head, a pair of 'sabots' on his feet, and a dressing-gown folded round his stomach, walking leisurely tŏ the public well, and gargling his throat thêre, as composedly as tho he were in his dressing-room. In the "Salle de la Pulvérisation," sprays of all shapes and sizes are applied in certain cases of nasal, bronchial, and oral obstruction. It is seldom that the patient is condemned tŏ "aspire," and also tŏ be "pulverised." After 45 minutes of either process, swathed tŏ the eyes, he is hurried intŏ the sedan, made tŏ drink a second glass of water, and carried back tŏ bed, which the maid insists on heating with a warming-pan before ōne is permitted tŏ enter it. At the end of an hour ōne is again roused, again pushed intŏ a sedan, again hurried across the "Place." This time it is tŏ the ordinary bath. Here I am probably visited by the doctor, whŏ feels my pulse, speaks of the weather, and tells me tŏ continue dŏing as I did yesterday. On my return to my room, the maid appears again with her warming-pan. But this time I rebel; I scorn a third edition of bed; clothe myself, and stave off the agonies of hunger with a crust, awaiting breakfast

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which will not be ready for anõther hour and a half.[13] When it cõmes, I sit next a charming old marquis, whŏ takes snuff with the air of the Grand Monarque, tells an improper story with infinite delicacy, and stands bare-headed, hat in hand, for 10 minutes in the street, when he meets a lady. All the õthers at our table are equally Legitimists. "Je suis radicale blanche enragée," replies a fair lady, when I venture tŏ ask her politics. I have thus a fine opportunity of studying õne section of French society, with its hī-minded devotion tŏ a cause it recognises as hopeless—for the present. My nêbors converse most agreeably and without reserve. Whether thêy would dŏ so with a stranger of thêir ōn coŭntry—õne whŏm thêy found was not "bien pensant" I doubt. I observe that the White Lilies resolutely close thêir petals against the few Imperial Bees whŏ have strayed intŏ thêir parterre. Thêre was a private dinner amõng the 'crême de la crême' õne nīt, at which the King's health was drunk with enthusiasm, and the ladies, discarding the simple toilette which is the rule here, appeared in gala dress, with flowers in thêir hair, and roused the men tŏ transports of fiery loyalty with thêir songs. Had thêre been a band, I should have expected it tŏ strike up "O Richard, O mon Roi;" but alas! thêre is no band in Mont-Dore; ōnly a piano, which, like everything else, is a relic of the past—a spinet in disguise.

9. After breakfast the "Place" presents a curious spectacle. It is crowded with saddle-horses, donkeys, and õne or two rickety 'calèches.' This is the day's market; the greāt event of the 24 hours, for every ōner of a fōur-footed beast of burden. Thêre is no fixed price for ãnything, tŏ carry ãnybody ãnywhêre. The sound commercial principle of supply and demand regulates each morning's transactions. The horse you paid yesterday 12 francs for, you may get tŏday for 3. Sunshine is the motive-power that rules this Exchange-mart. The horizon is clear, not a cloud obscures the summit of the Pic de Sancy and Mont-Dore is full tŏ overflo; thêre is no limit tŏ the demands of the sturdy Auvergnese tŏ-day, and the man whŏ hesitates is lost: in half an hour not an animal of ãny description will be left

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upon the "Place." We return from our ride—or *should* return, if we dŏ our duty—soon after 4 o'clock. tŏ drink with Magdalene, gargle with Cæsar, and take a foot-bath with St. John. And not alone. alas! with the tutelary Saint of the Spring, but with 2 companions in the flesh, whŏ plunge thêir feet intŏ the same trŏf with me! Happily it is running water: let the fastidious be cõmforted by this reflection. (Nevertheless, whenever I can, I secure a position, like the wolf in the fable, at the *top* of the stream.) The "traitement" is now over for the day. We dine at 5:30, and drink our coffee on the Promenade. The music consists of a blind beggar playing upon his 'musette," the old Auvergnese instrument which suggested so mãny pastoral melodies tŏ the early French composers. Remember this, and curse not, when you hear the most hideous combination of sounds that perverse human ingenuity ever devised. Haply, you may find anõther link with the music of the past, if the peasants, on the evening of a fête-day, dance a 'bourrée' on the Promenade, as thêy sõmetimes dŏ. In the Reading-room, at 8 o'clock. a little comedy or operetta is played, without scenic illusion. by 2 or 3 actors, whŏse performance is good enuf tŏ pass away an hour, if the evening be not warm enuf tŏ prefer sitting out of dõors. By 10 o'clock everyõne is in bed. And this, with little variation. is the routine of life at Mont-Dore.

10. Stern and unlõvely as the first aspect of this little valley is, climb intŏ the woods. toil up the glades of hoary pine, tŏ the falling waters of the Plat-à-Barbe, tŏ the Scierie, tŏ the Capucin. or the Gorge de l'Enfer. you will find that the walks have infinite, tho' perhaps not much varied. beauty. The blue-green shade of undeciduous pines and firs, from whŏse lõer branches depend venerable gray beards of moss. gives place. here and thêre, tŏ open lawns, and heathery spaces, whêre the wild pink flushes of a deeper red. as we ascend. and the gentian opens its intense blue eyes on us. Thin streams of water. tumbling over rocks. an outlook from the summits necessarily bounded by the wall of the Pic de Sancy. and the folding mountains on every side save õne; these are the themes upon which Nature mod-

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ulates, with the genius of an Improvisatore, devising with the subtlety of semitones, and by a new combination of the old materials, tŏ produce fresh passages of harmony.

11. The **Pic de Sancy** must be ascended on foot or on horseback, and the laziest man will be repaid his troŭble if he selects a day when the jagged teeth of the Pic cut the blue sky sharply, and no fleecy hosiery clings tŏ the nēboring hīts. Half the visitors at Mont-Dore are probably also bound for the Pic, in which case no guide is necessary, unless you contemplate riding on tŏ the Lac de Pavin (an additional 5 hours' hour), or propose returning either by the 'Cratères,' or by the Puy de Cliergue, whêre, in sōme places, no path is indicated. The Pic is 6,186 feet abōve the sea-level, and is the hīest point in France until we reach the Pyrénées. Two hours' ride brings you tŏ a narro table-land, whêre your horses must be left; the remaining 20 minutes of steep ascent being performed on foot. The vue from the summit is glorious, and even tŏ the most ignorant of geology very interesting. You find yourself surrounded by extinct volcanoes, crater-lakes, fantastic peaks of basalt upon every side. Thêre, tŏ the north, is that long range of Domes, locally called "Puys," extending tŏ the north and south of Clermont.[14]

12. The excursion tŏ the Château de Murols itself, and on tŏ Saint Nectaire, is full of varied interest, and the coŭntry traversed is eloquent in proclaiming the marvels of its creation. About 2 miles from Mont-Dore the road branches off from the ōne tŏ Clermont and becōmes wild and friendless, not unlike certain moorland districts in Cumberland, but with sharper articulation of outlines. You cōme presently tŏ the back of that extinct crater, and the rugged wall of rock along whŏse summit we picked our way "delicately," like Agag, when returning from the Pic de Sancy. The form of the mountains is very fine seen from here, and the blue shadōs of ĕarly morning that define every fissure in the basalt, every seam that marks the cōurse of the burning lava down the crater's side, add greātly tŏ thêir beauty. By and by you see, tŏ the rīt, the smiling little lake of Cambon,

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studded with islands, which sōme believe tŏ be an extinct crater. tho it seems more probable that from the red lips of the awful "Tartaret," dominating it, the lava pōuring from the 2 mouths (still distinctly seen) arrested the waters of the little stream, La Couze, and bound them intŏ this basin. The first aspect of the castle of MUROLS is grand and startling, but it lŏses, as ōne descends intŏ the valley, out of which the black conical steep which the castle crowns rises so abruptly. The hill looks almost artificial, so unbroken is it by inequality of outline or surface, except such as is procured by terraced vines. It is as tho a Pyramid had been transplanted tŏ the banks of the Rhein, and thêre "utilized." I cannot think, with Mérimée, that "sous le rapport purement pittoresque" the Château de Murols is præeminent. Except from ōne point of vue, on the road tŏ Saint Nectaire, it is a subject no artist would select. But as you climb up, over loose ashes and scoriæ, tŏ the colossal fortress, whŏse complicated buildings of various dates cōver several acres; as you stand on the battlements, and the eye seizes the various details of the wōndrous panorama belo, thêre is no feeling of disappointment, for the spot has an interest and beauty of its ōn which the brush of no mortal painter could transfer tŏ canvas. Over against you rises the red scoriaceous "Tartaret," clad tŏ the very mouth in pines, out of whŏse lava the swarthy village of Murols[15] at its feet was hewn and built. Lava is on every side: the wall on which you stand is built of it, the valley is broken up with fantastic heaps of ashes, like the remains of a giant's fire that died out last nīt; loose blocks of basalt lie all around; the impress of the great convulsion which upheaved this coŭntry unknōn ages since remains as fresh as tho it had just taken place.

13. Two miles beyond Murols is ST. NECTAIRE *d'en Bas*, whêre your driver will stop, unless you insist on his climbing the additional mile tŏ St. Nectaire *d'en Haut*. Here are the ōnly objects of interest, and the ōnly good hotel. The church is a perfect example of the Auvergnese-Romanesq architecture of the 11th century; possessing a family resemblance tŏ Notre-Dame-du Port, at Clermont, and the

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churches of Issoire and Brioude. The apse is formed of 3 clustered chapels (Brioude has five), and is ornamented with exterior mosaics. It has an octagonal tower, perhaps of a later date; in ŏther respects the entire church seems tŏ have remained untoŭched since it was built. The carved capitals in the choir, tho rude, are wŏrth attention. Mérimée devoted sŏme time in trying tŏ discŏver the meaning of sŏme of these groups, and confesses himself puzzled. The position of this interesting church, at the edge of a rock-platform, on tŏ which the little village seems trying tŏ scramble, part of it having effected a foothold, part clinging tŏ the steep hill-side, is really picturesq, and recalls Italy, like mănу ŏther village-crowned hĭts in Auvergne. But the chief glory of St. Nectaire, and—excepting its mineral springs—its most productive sŏurce of profit, is the incrusting grotto, whêre everything, from a dead horse downwards, can be turned intŏ an *objet d'art* by being endued with a thick crust of carbonate of lime. The objects encrusted are supposed tŏ resemble ivory; tŏ me thêy look as if an ingenious school-boy had cut them out of soft-soap and composite candles. But Paris delĭts tŏ enclose the new-year sugar-plums in caskets made of the St. Nectaire incrustations, and pays largely for them. The baths enjoy a greăt local celebrity: thêir chief components are chalk, bicarbonate of soda, and chlorate of sodium: thêy are recommended in cases of gout, gravel, and ŏther internal disorders. The waters 'd'en Haut' differ from those 'd'en Bas.' I entered ŏne of the bath-rooms at the latter establishment, and I can ŏnly hope that, like certain estimable people, thêir valuable properties are in an inverse ratio tŏ thêir repulsive exteriors. A "whited sepulchre" would certainly be preferable tŏ the dirty stone sarcofagus I saw.

14. The drives about Mont-Dore are not numerous; the prettiest is that by Murat-le-Quaire tŏ Sainte Sauve, and back by La Bourboulle. SAINTE SAUVE is a prettily-situated village, on a vine-clad hill. Belo it, the river Dordogne has been driven, fork-wise, asunder by formation of what may really be called an "emerald isle"—all green sward and embowering trees; and the favored haunt of those jewel-winged

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insects whêrewith ladies deck themselves. The pale blue ōnes—the most esteemed—are found in abundance here up tŏ the middle of July, after which thêy all vanish. When I visited the island, the last scion of this blue-blooded race alone was left, dragging out an enfeebled existence at the bottom of a tumbler, with a make-belîeve of summer joys, in the shape of a little wet grass, provided for it by the old woman whŏ offered it for purchase. Seen on a golden day, this strange little islet, set in the midst of gleaming waters, and tenanted ōnly by emerald and azure moths, has sōmething fairy-like about it—as tho it mīt, not inaptly, be the scene of mythic tales, dear tŏ our childhood, and which we have grōn, alas! tŏ call "impossible!"

15. Returning tŏ the hī-road of prose—but a prose of beautiful periods—the drive tŏ La Bourboulle follōs the windings of the Dordogne, between rocks and woods, and small fields of "sarrazin" snatched from the slopes here and thêre, whêre a few roods of level soil admit of cultivation. The road is crowded with the donkeys and pedestrians of **La Bourboulle**— a youthful rival tŏ Mont-Dore. As you approach, it looks like an amateur sketch of a town, dōne with a blunt pencil, in which nōne of the lines are strait, and thêre is an absence of all "composition." An embryo Casino, the hint of a promenade, half-a-dozen bald hotels, a few planks across a stony river (drawing-master's style), nothing finished, nothing connected—these are the materials out of which a greāt Bath is rising rapidly intŏ notice. Its success seems absolutely assured, being the grōth of little more than 5 years; and already it is formidable and hateful tŏ Mont-Dore. For thêre is a certain resemblance between the waters, tho' with important differences; that of La Bourboulle, for instance, containing a far larger amount of arsenic. The French faculty esteem it hīly in cutaneous disorders, in certain throat complaints, and in mānу cases of neuralgia. Rut the preternatural dullness of the place hithertŏ has kept away mānу Parisians whŏ wĕre ordered here; sōme of them preferring even tŏ stay at Mont-Dore, and perform a double daily journey of 5 miles in an omnibus, for the baths and waters,

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rather than sleep at La Bourboulle! The air is much less bracing; and the season consequently begins a fortnīt ĕarlier, and ends a mōnth later, than at Mont-Dore, over which the Pic de Sancy sends its icy shado. The hotels are even dearer, and with less excuse; for La Bourboulle is more accessible, but the buildings, which are rising on all sides, will exercise a wholesōme influence on prices; and as it expands and strengthens year by year, La Bourboulle will no doubt be resorted tŏ by ōther nations than the French.

16. I fear I have already exceeded the limits accorded tŏ a notice like the foregoing; it is time I stopped. If these few words of mine should lead the wanderer in search of health or of natural beauty in little-trodden ways tŏ the mountain baths of Auvergne, his thanks, which I accept beforehand, will be my reward.

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[1] Paragrafs 1-5 (by T. M. Coan), are from "The Nation," 24 June, 1886; ¶ ¶ 6-16 from "The Cornhill Magazine" (abridged) Dec. 1874.

[2] The railway now extends tŏ Laqueville.

11. Early in the present century these waters began tŏ resume thêir ancient importance. The inflo of patients led tŏ the construction of new establishments. The new establishments in turn attracted new patients, convincing mānу doubting invalids that thêy could really afford the luxury of being ill. Hotels sprang up rapidly; and now, in place of the mountain rudeness, ōne finds at this station every convenience, and nearly every luxury, that the most determined and self-regarding invalid can desire, besides every means for the administration of the thermal waters. Baths, douches, "pulverizations," 'piscinœ,' and all the modern therapeutic bathing appliances are here developed tŏ thêir fullest perfection, and I need not attempt thêir description.

12. A few wŏrds as tŏ the history of Mont-Dore. Its waters were knōn and used by the Gauls, and, subsequently, by the Romans. Tŏ the former has been attributed a quadrangular bath, formed of square blocks of pine, and capable of holding fifteen persons, which was found in a state of perfect preservation in 1823. The Roman baths were spread over a much greater surface than that occupied by the present town; the largest fragments of thêir columns, tŏgether with sōme sculptured stones that clearly belong tŏ an early Norman church have been collected, and set up in a sōmewhat incongruous pile upon the Promenade. How and when the Gallo-Roman town was destroyed is not knōn. The baths, like most ōthers throuout Europe, seem tŏ have been forgotten in the Middle Age, and tŏ have been recalled tŏ the recollection of suffering humanity ōnly at the beginning of this century. The scheme of an Establishment was then conceived, and the buildings, still in

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existence, begun, tho thēy were not completed till 1823. Since that year little has been dōne tŏ advance the prosperity of the place, but, as the concession tŏ the present lessee of the baths terminates next year, certain imperative improvements are tŏ be looked for.

13. I cannot doubt the universal testimony of those I met whŏ had returned a second year, having derived signal benefit from thēir "first cōurse." "Not a single cold last winter." "For the first time for years I had no cōf last spring." I was told this repeatedly, and was made further acquainted by my French friends with all the intimate evils which these blessed springs had alleviated, and are on thēir road tŏ cure.

14. A friend of mine has an ingenious theory relative tŏ the "Puys," founded upon the facts as stated in Mr. Scrope's valuable wŏrk, which is wŏrth mentioning here, as I found it harmonize perfectly with my ōn unscientific observation. He supposes these "Puys" tŏ be bubbles of steam and mud, brōt tŏ the surface of the bed of an extremely deep and tranquil sea, the presence of which prevented them from expanding and bursting. See how the forms of those hills tŏ the north are flattened: thēy are all portions of the great balsatic plateau, formed by the lava which flōed from various craters over the flat bed of the ocean. These craters would be bubbles of a subsequent date, which burst when the process of upheaval had diminished the depth of the sea, and the consequent pressure, and were finally raised abōve the water, vomiting forth ashes and loose stones. Observe, with a strong glass, the Puy de Tartaret, tŏ the eastward, the black lava mound of Murols belo it, and the valley all tumbled about with scoriæ: how aptly it illustrates these vues.

15. The first mention of the castle of Murols occurs in 1223; but antiquaries agree that no portion of the existing buildings date earlier than the 15th century. Before the days of cannon its position must have been impregnable.

EXPLANATION OF ACCENTS:—ā = a in *bear*; â = a in *are*; ã = a in *any*; ē = a in *ear*; ê = e in *there*; ī = i in *pie*; î = i in *piece*; ō = o in *four*; ô = o in *gone*; ŏ = o in *do*; õ = o in *done*; ō = o in *work*.

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THE STELVIO.

BY H. B. PRITCHARD.[1]

1. In passing from East Switzerland, or North Italy, intŏ Tirol, the tourist traverses a district famous for its magnificent sno scenery. The Bernina range, almost as mīty as that of Mont-Blanc, and with glaciers equal tŏ those of Chamounix, and the Ortler-Spitz, the loftiest mountain in Tirol rising from a group of sno-crested peaks, are bōth close at hand. The grand pass of the Stelvio, or Stilfser-Joch, the hīest carriage road in Europe, a track which leads the traveler a thousand feet abōve the line of perpetual sno, by the side of blue crystal glaciers which sweep down tŏ the very edge of the thōrofare. is the finest feature of the route; and altho the road is scarcely passable for carriages in early summer, or in late autumn, it is safe enuf during most of the summer.

2. Cōming from the Itàlian lakes, Engadin, which is the Chamounix of the Bernina, lies a little out of the direct route, but ōne must not fail tŏ visit this charming valley. You take boat tŏ the upper end of the blue waters of Como, and go tŏ Chiavenna, whence the Engadin and the Stelvio are easily reached. The evening boat takes you tŏ Colico, and as the district has a repute for unhealthfulness, it is well tŏ push on the dozen miles tŏ Chiavenna. If you wish tŏ cross the Stelvio direct you pass on at ōnce tŏ Sondrio and Tirano, from Colico, throu the hot valley of Valtelino, whêre grōs ōne of the most generous of red wines; but if you can spare the time, the pretty Engadin valleys should be visited first over the Maloja pass, and the Valtelino can be reached, farther up the valley, by the Bernina pass. A series of tiny lakes stretch from the head of

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the Maloja tŏ the well knōn spa—St. Moritz—and constitute the valley, with its wooded slopes and green meado-lands, ōne of the most pastoral scenes imaginable.

3. The Engadin valleys are about 6,000 feet abŏve the level of the sea, but so sheltered are thêy by mountain walls on all sides that it is never bitterly cold. In summer the temperature is cool and bracing, and in winter the weather is so mild, notwithstanding the deep sno, that consumptive patients cōme here in hundreds tŏ pass throu the most trying season of the year. It is a greāt resort for English invalids, and in the winter thêre are skating and slêing clubs. Thêre are half a dozen spots whêre visitors congregate—Silvaplana, St. Moritz, Samaden, Pontresina, &c.; and at all of these thêre are first-class hotels. In the summer, the district is inconveniently crowded, and at St. Moritz the prices are hī. For lōvers of sno scenery thêre is no more charming resort than the pretty Engadin valleys, Pontresina being, perhaps, more favored in this respect than the ōther villages. The magnificent Roseg and Mortiratsch glaciers, with thêir sno crystals streaming down tŏ the black pine forests, are within easy mornings' excursions. Then thêre are famous peaks which give glimpses of hī Alp scenery, tŏ be reached by moderate mountaineers with little trouble, and brīt and rare Alpine flowers tŏ be gathered in the lŏfty valleys. Italian is not spoken, but Romansch, a language which is more allied tŏ Latin than ãny ōther. It is the language chiefly spoken in the S. E. portions of Switzerland; and 3 newspapers are published in it.

4. Good pedestrians may cross from the Bernina pass tŏ Bormio, at the foot of the Stelvio, by the magnificent Val Viola —a march of a dozen hours—but ōthers must make thêir way intŏ Italy again, over the Bernina, tŏ Tirano. As soon as you turn your back on Engadin, you bid adieu tŏ luxuries and grand hotels, and must be content henceforth with modest fare and ruf quarters. In sōme of the villages in the Tirol the priest,

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whŏ is often the only intelligent being in the nêborhood, receives guests, and acts as landlord, and very well dŏes the wŏrthy man perform the part. He is as good-humored, jovial, and full of anecdote as most friendly hosts, and plays cards and cribbage with his visitors, like the best of them. His house, the biggest in the place, is a Wirtshaus in everything but name; thêre is a common room whêre the peasants drink, while the tourist is shŏn intŏ the clergyman's homely apartment. Here he will receive you dressed sŏmetimes in full canonicals, his white flannel robe cŏvered by a short black surplice. He has no objection tŏ join you at table, will heârtily respond tŏ your invitation tŏ share a bottle of wine, and will aid his housekeeper in cooking your supper. Living secluded from the wŏrld, it is no little recreation for him tŏ have a traveler tŏ talk tŏ, and the warmth of his reception knŏs no bounds. He chats good-humoredly, tells you about the nêborhood, beats you at cards, and then goes off for an hour tŏ conduct service. It is with unfêined regret that he sees you depart, having settled a modest account with the Haushälterin, for it is ŏnly in the presentation of the bill that the priest differs from the landlord.

5. The *Val Viola*, as far as Isolaccia, is a grand Alpine valley, with not a habitation during its entire length, if we except a couple of mountain châlets, which are ŏnly occasionally inhabited by shepherds. The little town of BORMIO is at the end of the Val Viola and at the foot of the Stelvio; but travelers will dŏ well tŏ pass the nīt at the Baths, a little further on the road, whêre thêre is far better accommodation tŏ be got than in the dirty Italian town. The Bormio baths may indeed be described tŏ tourists as an oasis in the desert, for thêy afford capital quarters. Besides, those whŏ are going tŏ climb the Stelvio, by resting the nīt here are already a couple of miles on thêir journey. And as the Stelvio is sŏmething over 9,000 feet hī, and often ankle-deep in sno, thêre is always plenty of wŏrk tŏ be dŏne under ãny circumstances. If you cŏme throu

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the Val Viola, it is at Bormio that you first sīt the Stelvio road. As far as the head of the pass, and tŏ the Italian frontĭer, it is a marvel of successful engineering, the road being broad, solid, and exceedingly well made. The ascent is gradual and easy, by desolate mountain ravĭnes, and long tunnels pierced throu the solid rock, the way at times running along a mere shelf hewn out of the precipitous cliffs. At dangerous parts, the road is roofed over with solid masonry tŏ protect the traveler from avalanches. The romantic spot upon which stand the Bormio baths is already 4000 feet abŏve the sea level, and thêrefore thêre are 5000 feet more tŏ climb tŏ reach the head of the pass. The river Adda, ŏne of the most important tributaries of the Po, rises here, its three heads cŏming from the Val Viola, the Stelvio, and the Ortler-Spitz. It takes 3 or 4 hours' climbing up this magnificent incline, past the wildest of panoramas, before you arrive at the summit, whêre the sno is often so thick that a deep cutting has tŏ be made for the road. The Stelvio pass is only of recent date, but nevertheless it has played an important part in European wars. In 1859, and again in 1866, it was seized by the Italians, whŏ blew up a bridge and blockaded the road-way tŏ prevent the Austrians from forcing an entrance.

6. It is ōnly as you approach the summit that the white peaks and glaciers begin tŏ rise before you. The smooth rounded top of the Monte Crystallo grōs on your rīt, and its glaciers, like the ice wŏrk of a gigantic bride's-cake, sweep down tŏ within a few yards of the road. Then ŏther peaks of the Ortler group cŏme intŏ vue, and at last you stand at the big obelisk at the top of the pass which marks the boundaries of Italy, Austria, and Switzerland. Thêre is a ruf building at the top, ŏne of the series of refuges, called Franzenshöhe, but it is uninhabited now, and the dōor locked, so that travelers must not rely upon finding shelter thêre. At Santa Maria, an hour's march from the summit, and again a couple of thousand feet

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down on the Austrian side, thêre is simple accommodation tŏ be got, the houses containing each of them about a dozen beds and half a dozen stoves, for the latter are quite as important as the former in this district. Thêre is no "Hospice" on the Stelvio. The fact is, a habitation could not be built sufficiently strong tŏ withstand the elements, for thêre is no plain or basin at the top, as on mãny Alpine thõrofares. The Stelvio is a cutting between 2 rugged mountains, and õne would be always in peril from ēarth slips and avalanches. A climb of half an hour over a sno-bridge tŏ the rīt, which must be crossed with care, and up the rounded Crystallo glacier, brings you tŏ the top of the cŏmb, whence the *Ortler Spitz* rises abruptly, seemingly but half a mile distant, and certainly within 3 hours' journey.

7. It goes steeply down hill on the Austrian side, the road making as mãny as 50 zigzags before the little hamlet of Trafoi is reached for nīt quarters; thêre is a refuge õne stage short of this place, but the accommodation afforded is a degree belo homely. Just abõve Trafoi, and at the very base of the Ortler Spitz, is a grass-grōn plot, knōn as the Bärenboden, or Bears' Home, whêre Master Bruin, it is said, may frequently be seen, altho in winter he is apt tŏ go beyond bounds, and play pranks down near the villages. On looking back near Trafoi, as you descend throu the pine woods, thêre is perhaps the finest sīt of all before you, for the Ortler group, seen throu the trees, presents a sheer wall of dazzling white, standing out cold and clear in the failing līt of evening. Indeed, it is a question whether the pass is not more favorably vued cõming from Austria intŏ Italy than the way we have chosen—ōnly, under these circumstances the finest things are seen first. Soon we cõme in sīt of the fortress which gards this outlet of the valley—a stout building, so constructed that it commands the pass up and down for a long distance. Then we see, hī abõve us on the left, the little village of Stilfs, or Stelvio, from which the pass takes its name,

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tiny little cottages grŏing like fungi tŏ the steep, green slope; and soon afterwards the valley divides, ŏne route going northwards over the Fünstermünz pass, and the ŏther leading east tŏ Meran and the Brenner.

8. From Mals, which is but a couple of hours' walk from the bottom of the pass, tŏ Nauders and famous Fünstermünz defile is but a day's journey, past the tiny lakes of Graun and Reschen. Thêre is, however, no resting-place, except of the rufest character, between the 2 points. If going tŏ the Brenner line, the traveler journeys along the pastoral valley of the Vintschgau, past Meran tŏ Brixen. It is a glorious drive throu this luxuriant district tŏ Meran, mãny of the green hills being crowned with ruined burgs or little white chapels. The Zenoburg planted at the entrance of Meran is ŏne of the most picturesq spots in the vicinity, and is a characteristic feature of this favorite retreat.

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1 From "Beauty Spots of the Continent" (abridged), 1875.

EXPLANATION OF ACCENTS:— â = a in *are* (not as in "bāre"); ă = a in *was* (not as in "has"); ã = a in *any* (not as in "ant"); ē as in *hear* (not as in "health" or "heârt" or "beār" or "ëarl"); ê = e in *there* and *their* (not as in "hēre" or "wëre"); ī = i in *lie* (not as in "lief"); ō = o in *four* (not as in "our" or "yŏur"), or in *post* (not as in "côst"), or in *bowl* (not as in "howl"); ô = o in *gone* (not as in "bōne" or "ōne"); ö = o in *work* (not as in "pōrk"); ŏ = o in *do* (not as in "so"), or in "*move*" (not as in "rōve," or "lōve"); ō = o in *one* (not as in gône or bōne.)

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CAP D'ANTIBES.

BY GRANT ALLEN.[1]

1. I suppose it will be conceded by every candid and intelligent mind that Cannes itself, as apart from its surroundings, is about the most unpleasant and uncongenial place tŏ live in on the surface of God's universe. It is the avatar of plutocracy; the incarnation of the league between the kingdŏms that be; the chosen spot whêre principalities and powers, dukes and cotton-spinners, have raised aloft thêir meretricious villas tŏ bask in the sunshine of ōne anōther's presence. Here capitalism and landlordism 'thêir children have gathered, thêir city have built,' and built it, apparently, with Rococo, Baroque, and Co. for thêir architects and decorators. And here the universal snobdom of cosmopolitan Europe has follōed close on thêir heels in a hundred hostelries. The people whŏ like tŏ kno grand-dukes lie thick at Cannes as leaves in Vallombrosa. Tŏ them thêir ōn joy: tŏ us, the red pinnacled peaks and free porfyry crags of the jagged Esterels. For I was careful tŏ say abōve, with due reservation, 'apart from its surroundings.' I suppose every candid and intelligent mind will ălso admit—that, vued as a site, apart from the vulgar herd of plutocrats whŏ have swarmed tŏ defile it, the Bay of Cannes is ōne of the lōveliest and most gracious spots on this terraqueous planet. When Brougham first stayed his wandering wheels at the old town, Cannes must have been the gem of the Riviera. And that is just the wörst of that too populous coast: these lōvely nooks have ălways been seized by the wealthy and tasteless for thêir experiments in the science of comparative uglification. Now, thêre really seems no sufficient reason why the devil should have

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ăll the prettiest sites, ãny more than he should have all the best tunes. Thêre's Monte-Carlo, for instance: the most beautiful corner, tŏ my mind, on the round Mediterranean. Thinking thus, it was a delīt tŏ me in the annual cōurse of winter exile tŏ discōver the Cap d'Antibes, and tŏ find a place whêre the Bay of Cannes and the Esterels could be enjoyed in peace and quietness, amōng cultured society.

2. Now of cōurse I don't mean tŏ put forward the Cap d'Antibes precisely in the līt of an original discōvery. It is in evidence from Cannes on ōne side and from Nice on the ōther; a lông lo spit of land, projecting far intŏ the sea, and, with its dim flat outline, looking from a distance anything but interesting. That is the reason why it is still possible for the intelligent tourist practically tŏ discōver it. Dozens of times ōne may pass up and down that familiar bit of railway between Cannes, Nice, Mentone, and San-Remo—without ever even dreaming of turning aside tŏ explore that seemingly dull and monotonous headland. You would think thêre was absolutely nothing of interest tŏ repay the 'détour:' ōnly a lông flat expanse of land in the immediate nêborhood of much more beautiful and mountainous scenery. When you reach the Cape, however, you are surprised tŏ find yourself face tŏ face with the most glorious vues on the entire Riviera. It is Switzerland-on-Sea; that's the ōnly name I can find quite fit tŏ describe it. The lo flat promontory disappears ăltŏgether on nearer vue, or rather, becōmes a mere platform from which you look north, south, east, west, upon the circular panorama of sea and mountains. On the ōne hand, you have the Golfe Jouan and the Bay of Cannes, intersected by the pretty little spit of the Croisette, diversified by the islands of Ste. Marguerite and St. Honorat, and bounded in the distance by the wōnderful outline of the belōved Esterels. 'Well, that,' you say, 'ōne can see ãnywhêre from the Californie Hill.' Ah, yes, but wait a minute. On the ōther hand, you have in the

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same "coup d'œil" the bay of Nice, and the Villefranche point, and Monaco and Monte-Carlo, and the Mentone hills, and, away tŏ the east, the white gleaming houses of Bordighera rejoicing in the sun on thêir distant headland. 'And all that,' you answer, 'õne can look at ãny day from various spots about Beaulieu or the Corniche.' Ah, yes; rīt you are: but wait again. Besides the wõnderful combination of those 2 exquisite bays in a single peep, curving round tŏ rīt and left, thêre's anõther point in the scenery which you can get nowhêre else alõng the whole Provençal coast—a point which carries you away at õnce tŏ Meiringen or Mürren. Backing the rich picture, with its infinite variety of hill and town and bay and sea, you raise yŏur eyes suddenly tŏ the sno-clad summits of the Maritime Alps, glittering white with thêir virginal sheet in the Mediterranean sunshine; and thêre you see them for a hundred miles, clear cut and cloudless against the Italian sky, pale blue with shado in the early morning, or rose-pink with the after-glo on sunset evenings. It is the Riviera and the Berner Oberland rolled intŏ õne. Beat that if you can for December and January.

3. On Christmas Day, if you like, you can picnic in the open air on the little mountain summit of Notre Dame de la Garoupe, and look down upon smiling bays, and basking towns, and rose-clad villas, or up tŏ the eternal snõs of the Cime di Mercantourn and the Col di Tenda, according tŏ taste; with the flowery bowery gardens of Nice and Cannes for your nearer foreground and the greāt icy peaks of the French and Italian Alps closing your vue northward with thêir maiden sno-fields. Till I went tŏ Cap d'Antibes (after mãny winters' sojourn on the Provençal coast) I had no idea so grand and Alpine scenery was tŏ be found along the always beautiful but usually restricted Riviera ledge: certainly I should never have dreamt of looking for it on that long lo spit which divides the bay of Nice and Golfe [illegible] ct is, everywhêre else along the Riviera

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the lōer mountains, rising steep and sheer abōve the ledge-like shore, cut off entirely the vue of the greāt Alpine giants which rise inland tŏ 10,000 feet behind them. Here and thêre, tŏ be sure, as at the mouth of the Var, on the Castle Hill at Nice, or the valleys of the Roya and Nervia torrents near Ventimiglia, ōne catches throu sōme gap of the nearer mountains a glorious glimpse of the huge sno-clad range which lies sleeping beyond. But it is ōnly a glimpse. At Cap d'Antibes alone, the whole long panorama of the Maritime Alps unfolds itself at ōnce in its full glory, like the Monte Rosa chain seen from the Varese platform, or the Pyrénées from the castle terrace at Pau. Thêre alone can you get so far out tŏ seaward that the lesser mountains of the foreground cease tŏ hide with thêir bare and fantastic rocks the immeasurable calm of the greāt icy summits.

4. How dōes it happen, then, that so exceptionally favored a spot, lying within sīt of Nice and Cannes, should be so little knōn tŏ the vast race of tourists? The answer, I think, must be—because it is so little knōn. If ōnce visited, it is sure of a return. But I doubt not most people pass it, as I did, winter after winter, without an idea of how fundamentally it differs in its varied attractions from the rest of the sōmewhat monotonous and always over-crowded Rivieran resorts. The way tŏ get tŏ Cap d'Antibes is by the Antibes station on the old familiar (and hateful) Paris, Lyon, Méditerranée. (I have always thŏt it the most powerful argument in favor of future punishment that ōne can hardly believe the directors of that wicked line will get off in the end scot-free.) Everybody knōs the picturesq appearance of Antibes town, with its tower and līthouse, and its mōldering walls, as seen from the railway 'en route' for Nice. But that charming vue, quaint and old-wörld as it is, is yet by no means the best tŏ be obtained of the ancient Phokaian city. It still stands surrounded by its bristling fortifications, the wörk of Vauban, pierced by narro gates, and topped with fine ramparts. The Fort-Carré which crowns its seaward promontory, the rocky

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islets, and the 2 moles of the harbor (like a small-scale Genoa), all add tŏ the picturesq effect of the situation and prospect. Within, the town is as quaint as without, poor in memorials of the original Antipolis, but rich in Roman remains, including that famous and pathetic inscription tŏ the boy Septentrio, 'qvi Antipoli in theatro bidvo saltavit et placvit.' The general aspect of the place, however, is mediæval, or even 17th-century; and a flavor of Vauban pervades the town, with its obtrusive military air of a border fortress. For of cōurse, while the Var was the boundary between France and Italy, Antibes was necessarily a strategic post of immense importance. The inquiring mind bound for the Cape, however, leaves this Antibes town entirely tŏ the left, and, skirting its gray walls and sharp angular bastions, proceeds by a beautiful coastwise road, round tiny bays and mimic headlands, along the promontory of the Garoupe. A drive of 3 or 4 miles throu charming coŭntry, hoary with olives, green with holm-oaks, brings ōne at last tŏ the Hotel du Cap, on the whole perhaps the pleasantest and most home-like house ānywhêre on the Riviera. Here, the vues either way are unsurpassed. North and south, east and west, boxing the compass of admiration, thêy are all beautiful. The frōnt looks upon the bay and the islands, with the Esterels in the distance; the back sweeps at a single vue the whole range of the Maritime Alps. The sea prospect alone is far more extensive than at Cannes, for not ōnly dōes ōne see the nearer porfyritic peaks from Agay tŏ St. Raphael, but also, beyond, in the direction of St. Tropez, the Montagnes des Maures* jut out in the background—those dim blue mountains which derive thêir romantic modern name from the Saracen garrison of the Garde Freinet, whŏ held them as an intrusive fragment of Islam, wedged intŏ the very heart of Christendom, throu the troublous times of the 9th and 10th centuries.

5. But the greāt point of the Cape is its peacefulness, its

* *See No.* 21 *of* TRAVEL, "HYÈRES," *by same writer.*

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rugged cliff scenery, and its endless resōurces of coŭntry rambles. Seen from afar, indeed, the promontory appears tŏ be long and lo; and so it is when compared with the mountain coŭntry behind it; but when you actually get upon that jutting point, you find it is really a worn mountain stump, rocky and jagged, and ending towards the sea in beautiful honeycombed cliffs and rugged islets. It is very peninsular in tone. The coast scenery closely resembles that of the Lizard in Cornwall, with occasional reminiscences of Coboe Bay in Guernsey, or of the broken stacks and pinnacles round the harbor of Holyhead. A North African flora floŭrishes on the sun-baked surface; and a 'succursale' of the Jardin des Plantes at Paris, ably presided over by the well-knōn 'savant' Naudin, grōs sub-tropical plants by the hundred in a sheltered valley near the middle of the peninsula. The exact southern point of the Cape itself is occupied by the exquisite grounds of the Villa Eilen-roc, the property of an English gentleman, whŏ, tho rich, is not churlish, but, with generous recognition of the duties of landed proprietorship, permits all well-behaved persons the use of the paths and roadways of the estate at ãny reasonable hour of the morning or evening. Thêre you may wander alone, at your ōn sweet will, after the mere formality of inscribing your name in a visitors' book, along steep cliff-paths which mount and descend a hundred times beside tiny blue bays, or deep limestone caves, or precipitous gorges worn by the waves in the solid rock, whêre clear emerald-green masses of water shatter themselves at last in white curd-like foam against the immŏvable bases of the eternal crags. Beyond, tall pinnacles and needles of rock rise sheer from the sea, thêir crannied clefts gay with hardy sprigs of rue and rosemary, and thêir summits crowned by long trailing sprays of self-sōn mesembryanthemum. When the greāt purple flowers open thêir round discs tŏ the midday sun, and the music of the breākers resounds from the beaten walls belo, ōne could sit thêre for ever in the soŭthern sunshine, and forget

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entirely the bare existence of fog and strikes and school-boards in London.

6. Not that this charming spot has been spoiled in any way by the obtrusive and tasteless additions of that enemy of his race, the landscape gardener. Here the 'numen aquæ' has never yet been driven from his native haunts by the ungraceful abominations of set paths or terraces. All that has been dōne is just tŏ render the various points of vue barely accessible by the rufest and most natural of zigzag foot-tracks, or by rude steps just cut intŏ the face of the precipitous limestone. What little has been added in the way of decoration has been tŏ let the wild winds themselves carry flower-seeds on thêir wings tŏ the spots whêre thêy could root in the reft rock-sides and pinnacles. Elsewhêre round the promontory the coast paths are also delicious, tho nowhêre quite so romantic as at the Villa Eilen-roc. Just in frōnt of the hotel, which stands alone almost in the midst of woods, far from the busy haunts of men, a little minor wind-swept promontory projects intŏ the sea, knōn as the Plan de l'Islette. It is itself a bare and miniature copy of the main peninsula, joined tŏ the mainland by a mimic isthmus sōme 30 yards wide, and cut up intŏ endless bays and capes by the ceaseless dashing of those greāt curled white breākers. Its surface consists of naked white limestone, wōrn and hōneycombed like tufa by the angry spray; yet so varied is its outline that while ōne side is always exposed tŏ the beating waves, whatever way the wind blōs, thêre is yet always sōmewhêre a calm little haven, well sheltered from the breeze, whêre the fishermen can moor thêir boats for the time being, and the boys can sit on the ledges, with thêir legs dangling over, and angle for bream or for strange jelly-like sea-fruit in the still, clear water.

7. That is just the main charm of the Cap d'Antibes. The greāter part of the surface is still unenclosed, and devious coast paths entice ōne tŏ ramble by lonely routes, past endless tiny bays, and round interminable headlands. Sōmetimes the track

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leads ōne throu fresh-scented pine-woods, starred thickly underfoot with the pretty purple and white anemones. Sōmetimes it threads the olive groves and orange gardens, whêre stars of Bethlehem and violets carpet the red soil, and green tree-frogs lurk and croak amid the foliage of the myrtles. Sōmetimes it passes between tangled brakes of lentisk and juniper, whêre the locusts fly out whirring at every footfall, whêre the sha-greened lizards dart in wild alarm acrôss the tortuous path at the sound of man's approach, and whêre the voice of the cicada and the rustle of the genista leaves make music for the march of the processional caterpillars. Of cōurse, if your ideal of life is tŏ exchange the latest scandal with the 'flâneurs' of the Réunion, or tŏ discuss the dubious occupants of the līt victorias which whirl beside the clipped palms of the Promenade des Anglais, you won't be enchanted with these simple joys of the Cap d'-Antibes. But if you care little for the artistic adornment of the human cheek, or the artificial elevation of the human heel, and lōve rather wild flowers, blue bays, white rocks, and floating jelly-fish, then by all means go tŏ the "Grand Hotel du Cap" for spring or autumn.

8. The culminating point and most panoramic platform of the entire peninsula, however, is the pilgrimage hill of La Garoupe, crowned by the white līthouse and the still whiter oratory of Notre Dame de la Garde, that tutelary patroness of all the faithful amōng Provençal fisherman. Tho ōnly a little over 300 feet hī, La Garoupe, like the Līthouse Hill at Cromer, is none the less a veritable mountain. Indeed it is even more of a mountain in a way than that mīty East Anglian peak (since hīt in feet I hold tŏ be a vulgar mode of measurement), for it consists entirely of rugged weather-wōrn limestone, jutting out at an acute tilt along the slope in little crags and clatters, while its summit is composed of a veritable tor, whŏse greāter asperities have been cut down or wōrn smooth by age and worshippers, tŏ form a platform for the reception of the chapel and līthouse.[10]

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From the top of the pilgrimage hill the vue is undeniably ōne of the finest in Europe. On a clear day, it mīt almost compare with the Rigi, or even with the Appuldurcombe monument in the Isle of Wight. Northward you look down upon the narro isthmus that joins the Garoupe peninsula tŏ the mainland, impinged upon either side by 2 sweeping blue bays, each rich in turn with gray towns and white villages. Gray Antibes itself, with its fortifications and harbor spread map-like before ōne's eyes, occupies the foreground, and O, how different in scenic effect those varied Naubanesq angles, and embrasures, and bastions, from the lo flat wŏrks of our more scientific modern military engineering! The villa at our feet belongs tŏ Meissonier; in the yacht by the island, Guy de Maupassant lolls 'Sur l'Eau,' and paints wŏrd-pictures. Beyond, amōng the first slopes of the olive-clad mountains, Biot, and Cagnes, and Grasse, and Vence, and a dozen more crowded little Provençal towns, gleam white upon thêir hill-tops, while the Château of Villeneuve-Loubet frowns down upon the Loup, and St. Laurent gards the more distant Var valley. That long line of houses marks the promenade at Nice, and the Castle Hill and Old Town succeed tŏ westward; then Smith's Folly and the Villefranche point; and after them the familiar bluff of the Tête de Chien abōve Monaco, with the Roman tower of Turbia silhouetted dark against the morning sky; while last of all rise the further Italian Alps, closed in the distance by the Bordighera palm groves and the steep frōnts of the Capo Nero and the Capo Verde, which hem in San-Remo. Westward, the eye ranges over the Iles de Lérins, Cannes, the Golfe Jouan, and the purple Esterels; the unpeopled solitude of the pine-clad mountains of the distance on this side contrasting finely with the endless villages and towns of the eastward vue. Behind all stand the Alps, silent and shimmering, cōvered thicker and deeper with new-fallen sno in winter here than ōne ever sees them in July and August in Switzerland. And then, when you tŭrn southward, the penin-

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sula itself glides off by innumerable points intŏ the blue Mediterranean, with the squadron steaming rapidly round in long procession—ungainly monsters of the deep, on thêir way from the Rade de Villefranche tŏ thêir favorite roadstead under the lee of Ste. Marguerite. So magnificent a combination of sno-clad mountain and gracious smiling coast it would be hard tŏ match. We went tŏ the chapel almost every day of our stay at Cap d'Antibes, and always with undiminished admiration and pleasure.

9. One last word tŏ gard against the eternal foolish parrot-cry of Why proclaim it? Having found out Antibes, why not keep it tŏ yourself? Well, in the first place, thêre isn't the very slītest danger that the wrŏng sort of people will ever go tŏ ruralise on the end of the point. Thêre's nothing tŏ draw them. They will much prefer Cannes, Nice, and Monte-Carlo. It's nonsense tŏ talk about all the nice places being overrun. The vast mass even of the British Īsles still consists of unbroken solitudes. But, further, in the second place, ōne must always remember that along the Riviera no place is habitable for English folk until it has been properly exploited. Thêre are nestling seaward nooks by the dozen along the lōvely shore between Toulon and St. Raphael (I kno them all), far better adapted by nature for winter resorts than ãny of the open wind-swept towns which occupy the mouths of torrent valleys (like Nice and Mentone), and tŏ which alone invalids can now be consigned in ship-loads by impatient London doctors. But then, these spots have not yet been rendered habitable for English guests. Thêre is no hotel; thêre are no villas; drainage is unknōn; communications are non-existent; you can't get butchers' meat, or biscuits, or tea, or a match which will strike, or ãny ōther necessary of life, as conceived by the modern Caractacus in his cottage in Britain. The Riviera, in fact, in its unsofisticated state, grōs ōnly 2 things—olive oil and sour claret. It is grassless and cowless; its ōnly milk is goat's; its ōnly mutton tastes

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suspiciously hircine. In the towns all food is imported from afar: the butter cõmes from Milano and the Lombard plain; the chickens from Toulouse; the beef and mutton from the Loire. An Englishman could no more settle at Bormes or Cavalaire, for example—ideal health resorts as thêy are—tŏ shift for himself, than he could settle on a Pacific islet.* Thêrefore, õne must go tŏ Provence whêre hotels exist and supplies are organised. Now the hotel at Cap d'Antibes is õne of the best-managed and most home-like on the Provençal coast; and as it is naturally frequented ōnly by those foolish souls whŏ prefer the coŭntry tŏ 'trente et quarante,' and wild lilies tŏ the 'Bataille des Fleurs,' thêy are likely tŏ meet congenial society. But of cŏurse it can continue tŏ exist ōnly if the rīt sort of people are aware of its existence. I ŏt tŏ add as a final precaution—Cap d'Antibes is not the place for consumptives in an advanced stage of tubercular disease, nor for ãny, indeed, save the sturdy invalid whŏ can walk well and dõesn't object tŏ a toŭch of mistral. If a wholesõme north wind nips the blood in your vêins, you would better go tŏ Mentone, or Mustapha Supérieur, or Catania, or Luxor. But if all you need is dry rock tŏ sit upon and the luxury of sunshine, you can get them in perfection at Cap d'Antibes.

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[1] From "Longman's Magazine," (abridged) March, 1890.

10. Here, from time immemorial, must have stood the antique Hī Place of the native Ligurian cult, slōly superseded by the extramural temple of the Phokaian Antipolitans, and the Christian shrine of mediæval Provençal mariners. Here, too, the beacon-fire on the faros must always have flared tŏ guide the lateen-sailed vessels intŏ the landlocked harbor of the town of Antibes. A curious and very perfect Chemin de la Croix, adorned by an unusually fine series of whitewashed oratories, leads by zigzag steps, under the shado of pines and evergreen oaks, from the town tŏ the Hī Place on the hilltop. It is paved at present with cobble-stones, and marked out with kerbs; but long before Notre Dame, Stella Maris, ousted the Dioscuri, *lucida sidera*, from thêir Hellenic seat, the naked heels of still earlier Ligurian sea-

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* *But compare ladies' experience in such places on the Riviera* [TRAVEL, *No.* 53], *or in the Pyrénées* [TRAVEL, *No.* 40, ¶ 8.

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men must have wōrn that path deep in the solid limestone rock of the jagged hill-side, on thĕir way tŏ the altar of sōme yet more ancient and long-forgotten goddess. Faiths change, speech alters, but the Holy Place remains holy for ever. That forms tŏ my mind the great charm of the Mediterranean littoral; everywhĕre on the shores of the inland sea the roots of things push so far back intŏ the remote past that one stands face tŏ face at every turn with Phoinikian and Carthaginian, and the shy Iberian traffiicers of Matthew Arnold's immortal description.

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The editor would be pleased to learn the name and address of the author of any paper in this series published anonymously.

The editor will feel indebted, also, to any one who will kindly call his attention to any article, especially in newspapers, which the writer thinks suitable for re-publication.

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URBINO.

BY MARTHA CARELLI.[1]

1. We had long purposed a pilgrimage tŏ Raffaelle's birthplace, Urbino, but so spoiled is ōne by easy railroad traveling, that the short diligence journey had always prevented our visit tŏ the Apennines. This time we determined not tŏ be thwarted by so small an obstacle, in the wish to add so charming an item tŏ our collection of sketches and memories. Had we not achieved as much in going, for instance, tŏ San Gimignano delle belle Torri, in Tuscany, and could the inn and accommodation offer more discōmfort than on that occasion and ōthers which often recur tŏ our minds with a certain additional gusto, proceeding from the satisfaction of having overcōme difficulties and rufed it tŏ sōme purpose? Thêrefore, we continued on the Hadriatic Line from Rimini tŏ Pesaro, the most convenient point from which tŏ dŏ Urbino on that side. And having ōnce thêre secured the corners of the vehicle which daily leaves for this arduous expedition, all our dread and misgivings vanished tŏ make way for the pleasantest anticipation.

2. My first thôt was tŏ scan the countenances of our fello-travelers, in order tŏ obtain sōme clue as tŏ the nature of the rapports tŏ be hoped for during the 5 or 6 tedious hours of close companionship we had in prospect—knōing well how much, in such cases, ōne may learn of local interest and ōtherwise unattainable information. And in truth we had sōme pleasant and profitable talk while survêying the scenery during the first stages of our drive. I argued favorably from my rīt-hand nêbor, at ānу rate, and my judgment prŏved a rīt ōne, for, from his geological knoledge as a mining engineer, and his

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errand at Urbino, we lëarned for õne thing, that the district throu which we wëre passing is rich in the best sulfur Italy possesses. Anõther of the occupants of the 'diligence,' a 'carabiniero,' afforded us a good deal of amusement. Thêre had been, he remarked, 'un pittore' at Urbino, whŏ would have left sõme of his wörks tŏ his native place had the town consented tŏ besto on him a title, the denial of which made him transplant his talent. "What was his name?" I said, wishing tŏ acquaint myself with the contemporary wörthies of Urbino. "Fu un certo Raffaello," he rejoined; and a malicious look in the eye of our õther interlocutor revealed that on him also had slōly dawned the fact of whŏ the 'certo pittore' was. And yet the special circumstance of his approaching centenary made it difficult tŏ realize that ãny of poor Raffaelle's compatriots should be so hazy as tŏ his very existence! It is, however, fair tŏ say that this is not common in Italy, whêre all classes are so apt tŏ live on thêir greāt dead rather than on the present putting forth of thêir ōn effort and ability. And, in truth, we had sõme pleasant and profitable talk while survêying the scenery during the first stages of our drive. Meanwhile the ascent had becõme more and more steep, and our horses had been exchanged for sturdy oxen. It was not without trepidation we watched for the first glimpse of the city, especially as its peculiar associations had invested it, in our eyes, with so greāt a charm. We had skirted the Foglia and the Metauro. But the surrounding mountains appeared so bleak and barren that the landscape offered but a frowning aspect, while the devious turns in the road hid the town from vue, much tŏ our regret, tho this drawback was so amply compensated afterward. The day was drawing tŏ a close when we entered õne of the silent streets, under the very towers of the famous palace of the dukes. The gathering darkness gave them a forbidding look and made them all the more imposing. Fortunately we discõvered also, the next day, that the vue of Urbino was not from the Pesaro

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road, and that we had lost nothing by not descrying it tŏ advantage on arrival.

3. The feeling of a new place tŏ explore, on first waking, is too delicious tŏ describe! Of cōurse, our first thôts wëre for the grand old castle—"la Corte," as the natives still ambitiously style it, with that lurking remembrance of past grandeur which mīt be so wholesōme if it bore better fruit. The inner side of it is situated on a now deserted piazza, which in spite of a fine old church, in the portal of which is an exquisite Luca della Robbia, and the very elaborate frōnt of the modern Duomo, beārs a look of desolation about it, which, as in mãny anōther place, struck us with a chill of disappointment. But this was a very passing sensation. The very dilapidation and solitude around soon enhanced the beauty of that wonderful richness of detail which still makes the Palace of Urbino so unique a specimen of the Renascence. We had often admired at Naples, 'fac-similes' of the beautiful dōors and the tapestry which ōnce adorned the walls of the 'Sala degli Angeli.' It was a treat tŏ look upon the originals of the dōors and the magnificent chimney-piece of which the supporting angels give thêir names tŏ the room, now stripped, indeed, of its quaint tapestry and much fallen in ōther respects, but suggesting still more that was gone. The fireplaces are ōne finer than the ōther, so are the dōors and windōs. One or twŏ rooms still retain thêir pristine state in inlaid paneling and cieling and sōme of the frescoes which used tŏ cōver the walls. Our Pretenders lived in ōne of these. One wōnders how ãnyōne could dŏ so, so cōmfortless and cheerless are these ōnce splendid apartments. Sōme parts have been beautifully renovated, and we wëre told the government dōes much tŏ keep up the remains of splendor still tŏ be found in portions of the grand old pile, by the annual grant of a fixed sum for repairs. But ŏne deplores the lack of local resōurces in such cases, for how can the ōne central department dŏ justice tŏ Italy's numerous monuments?

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Thêre is a sense of pain also in beholding the lack of honesty or judgment, perhaps, exhibited in the manner the available mõney is used. This remark we made tŏ each õther on looking at the wörks now going on in the palace. The valuable libraries and collections õnce here, wëre, of cõurse, remŏved tŏ the Vatican; ōnly sõme ëarly Christian and õther ancient inscriptions and sculptures have been arranged in the upper corridors. It it impossible not tŏ pay a tribute tŏ the greāt Federigo di Montefeltro, as õne passes the noble staircase on which his statue is erected.

4. We tried tŏ picture those days* tŏ ourselves while walking about the now dead streets of the old Apennine city. Alas, it was difficult tŏ dŏ so, with such dilapidation all around and so miserable a population, and while witnessing the sad havoc which the intervening centuries of ignorant misgõvernment have effected. No place fell intŏ such sudden decay as Urbino. The Montefeltri had distinguished themselves in a most turbulent and oppressive age, as the benefactors of thêir people, by whŏm thêy wëre greātly belõved. But when thêir descendants failed and the last childless duke abdicated in favor of Rome, in 1626, it may well be said that this most cultured and favored corner of Italy ceased tŏ be, or, rather, in the hands of the Church, drifted tŏ a speedy ruin, and became the spoils and the prêy of a grasping priesthood. This dismantled feudal citadel of the Montefeltri, overlooking the town, gave us a fine vue of the surrounding region—the whole line of the Apennines, range upon range, stretching tŏ the far distance. We wëre pointed out the very remarkable rock of San-Marino, the seat of the little republic, as conspicuous-looking in shape as it is in its history, and in anõther direction the Passo di Fuelo, that greāt record of Roman energy which nothing could daunt in the matter of public roads, and of which the engineering diffi-

* *Described at length in No. 32 of* THE MONOGRAF,—"Ducal Urbino" *by Francis Bowen.*

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culties are still a wōnder for modern science. We congratulated ourselves on not having ascended the fortress in ōne of the gales of wind we had at Urbino, whêre, on ōne occasion, I had simply tŏ sit down by the dusty roadside, feeling lifted off my feet, and expecting every moment tŏ see my very substantial companion in mid-air, balloon-fashion—for he, of cōurse, man-like, would not succumb even tŏ the elements. I am afraid the exposed situation of Urbino, perched as it is on its barren cliff, is bleak at the best of times.

5. Raffaelle's house was naturally ōne of our most interesting subjects. From the market-place, near us, we could see the steep street in which it is tŏ be found. ōne of a ro, unfortunately. But the picturesq surroundings of the "Contrada Raffaello" at ōnce furnished us with a very good drawing. In these dead old towns of Italy, local wŏrks of the greātest merit are discōvered of which ōne had no idea before visiting them. Unfortunately, thêy all belong tŏ the *past*. The past of Italy is an inexhaustible mine. In Urbino, at ānу rate, ōne seeks in vain sōme present signs of life. Stagnation ōnly meets the eye, and the question of how the dwindled population—now less than 6,000 souls—exists. is hard tŏ answer. The solitary industry of the town seems tŏ be pin-making, supported by the ōnly family which appears tŏ confer ānу benefit on the place—the princely ōne of Albani, whŏse grand palace, surmounted by the papal keys, is in Via Bramante. The produce of this factory supplies all Central Italy. Nothing remains of that celebrated cunning in earthenwares for which that locality was so famous, and of which the rare specimens left find such eager amateurs. This art had been introduced intŏ Gubbio and Urbania (then Castel Durante) before 1500, and came intŏ full perfection about 1530. One of the dukes deprived his capital of a beautiful collection of this ware by his munificent gift of 300 fine pieces of it tŏ the Sanctuary of Loreto. We saw sōme very admirable plates and saucers in the Museum, but such as

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wëre possessed by private families have been gradually dispersed, thanks tŏ the mania of collectors and thêir readiness tŏ pay extortionate sums for this sort of majolica.

6. The excellent roads over the central chain of the Apennines are ōne redeeming point, and must certainly be a greāt boon tŏ these mountainous towns. That alone, it is tŏ be hoped, will open new channels and resōurces and save them from utter decay and oblivion. We never wearied of the splendid vues outside the gates, especially from the road, so-called, of the 'debitori,' because remote for the café-and piazza-lōving inhabitants, from which we took a sketch of the grandest side of the Palace and a picturesq bit of the old city, and which in anōther direction gave us the Cappuccini Convent as a foreground tŏ the magnificent line of mountain sçenery.

7 Altŏgether, our visit tŏ Urbino was most interesting. The nīt before our departure, the good people, whŏ had on the slītest encouragement scraped acquaintance with us, thôt it thêir duty tŏ cōme and bid us God-speed, and we found, tŏ our astonishment, that we had made mãny friends at Urbino. I can never remarkgratefully enuf on the kindness we always meet in these out-of-the-way places. Our stay had been most fruitful and enjoyable by day out of dōors, and the loan of an excellent history of Urbino by our student-waiter had formed the delīt ofour evenings. Thêre was much regret in our leave-takings. The diligence was leaving before daybreak. Southerners are early birds compared with Northerners. In spite of the advantage of starting betimes, the necessity of getting up in the dead of the nīt was not an unmixed pleasure. However, we soon recōvered this chilly feeling, enuf tŏ dwell very pleasantly on the past, and tŏ promise tŏ ourselves, God willing, a further exploration amōng the Apennines.

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[1] From "The Manhattan" (abridged) Dec. 1883.

[3] Of the 3 great names which shared the dominion of the Pentapolis at that

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time—Sigismundo Malatesta, at Rimini; Alessandro Sforza, at Pesaro, and Federigo Montefeltro, at Urbino—the latter certainly rose tŏ hĭest eminence and influence, first as condottiere and afterward as the patron of letters and art. The Montefeltro family had been more or less supreme at Urbino from the 13th century, but in Federigo, and Guidobaldo, his son, culminated the greatness of the "Itala Atene," of that great 15th century. It would be presumption tŏ seek tŏ add ănything tŏ all that has been said of the refinement and taste of the cŏurt of Guidobaldo (the second duke, Federigo having received that title from the Pope in 1474), and the accomplished Elizabetta Gonzaga, whŏ wăs so well knōn and so famous in England that it wăs truly said of her that "no greater praise was ever sung of ăny woman,"* while Guidobaldo, her husband, received the garter from Henry VII., Castiglione being the King's proxy; that Balthasar Castiglione whŏ wrote his "Cortegiano" at the brilliant Montefeltro cŏurt, whêre all the talent and genius and erudition of the period congregated—Bembo, the 2 Tassos, Polydorus Vergilius, and măny anōther. But, turning from the days of good fortune and splendor, how great wăs Elizabetta when adversities and reverses came upon Guidobaldo, throŭ the treachery of the Borgias, and how must she have gloried in the triumph of his restoration and of that visit of Pope Giulio II. and his pompous retinue tŏ the Court of Urbino, on which occasion he made the acquaintance of Raffaelle.

* Shakspere in his "Miranda," in whŏm he depicted Elizabetta Gonzaga.

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ALONG THE SEINE.

BY [T:E:] THEODORE CHILD.[1]

1. Paris in August has its charms, and yet, with the exception of a few fanatical "boulevardiers," everybody whŏ can hastens tŏ abandon the city and tŏ fly tŏ the seaside or the springs. The example is contagious, and, altho ōne knōs perfectly well that seaside "tables d'hôte" are a delusion and the boasted attractions of mountain-climbing often a snare, nevertheless ōne packs like the rest. It is admitted that Paris is intolerable in August. So, happening ōne day tŏ meet an old college friend on the Boulevard des Italiens, I proposed on the spot, remembering that he was ōnce the pride of our college "eight," that we should try an excursion on French rivers. The proposal was accepted, and we started thêre and then tŏ buy maps and hire a boat. The boat was not easily found. The French have not yet becōme a rōing nation, in spite of the persistency of Anglomania in France. The few decent boats that are tŏ be found on the Seine and the Marne are the property of private persons, mostly English (in the wider sense), whŏ have got them over from England. The craft which we finally had placed at our disposal by the courtesy of a friend was a half-outrigged, pair-oar, pine boat, roomy enuf tŏ enable us tŏ be at our ease even with our hair parted on the side—a boat that would stand a fair swell without shipping water, and yet lĭt enuf for 3 men tŏ carry. The boat was sent by train to *Montereau*, the point whêre the Yonne flōs intŏ the Seine, our plan being tŏ ro sōme distance up the Yonne and then tŏ go down the Yonne and the Seine tŏ Rouen.

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2. At Montereau, accordingly, we got intŏ our boat and started gayly up stream; but at the first lock an inspector asked whether we had an authorization. "What authorization!" "An authorization tŏ circulate." We had no authorization: in fact, we knew nothing about authorizations; we wëre foreiners, ignorant of the customs of the coŭntry. No matter; if we had no authorization we could not go up the river. Whêre could we get the authorization? Well, traveling as we wëre, we ŏt tŏ have applied tŏ the Minister of Commerce for permission tŏ circulate on all the navigable water-ways of France, in which case we should have been free tŏ pass all the locks in the coŭntry. The permission would cost nothing; it was a mere formality, As it was, the best and quickest solution of the matter was tŏ get a permission from the engineer of the first section of the Yonne, at Sens. This was irritating. Sens was 30 miles up the river. What was tŏ be dõne? An idea struck me. In the lock with us was a train of empty barges drawn by a to-boat. The inspector could prevent us circulating in the water, but he could not prevent us going tŏ Sens, provided we placed the bottom of õne of the barges between our boat and the water. An appeal tŏ the captain of the tug-boat was responded tŏ immediately. The boat was lifted on tŏ a barge, aud we jumped on tŏ the deck of the tug-boat,[12] and went on. It was a bad beginning, and we felt not a little irritated at this inopportune reminder that we wëre in a coŭntry full of remnants of paternal gõvernment.

3. We had a jolly time on board this tug, or *remorqueur*. The crew consisted of the engine-driver and stoker, whŏ remained invisible except when we wëre in a lock, and 3 men on deck. At the first lock we reached we all jumped ashore, and I "stood" drinks in the lock-keeper's house—5 glasses of strong cognac, at 2 cents a glass. All the lock-keepers turn an honest penny by the illicit sale of drink tŏ the watermen. No sooner had we got under way again than Eugène brŏt forth a wooden pitcher

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of red wine and poured out glasses round. Then Anatole insisted upon our tasting his cooking. The offer was so kindly made, and the hospitality offered us on board was generally so delicate, so polite, so sympathetic, that it was impossible tŏ refuse. And here let me remark the secret of the greāt social charm of the French—thêir quick sympathy and greāt human feeling. Here wëre these watermen, simple fellōs, intelligent withal—still, mere watermen—thêy knew nothing about us; we wëre perfect strangers; yet here thêy wëre conversing with us in the most agreeable manner and treating us with as exquisite attention as the greātest seigneur could display towards his guests, aud that, too, simply, naturally, without affectation, and out of pure human feeling.

4. Arrived at Sens, we sat down tŏ cold fowl and salad in the dining-room of the Tour d'Argent. The next morning we wëre up ëarly, called on the engineer of Yonne, obtained without ãny trouble an authorization tŏ "circulate," and, that being settled, determined tŏ spend the day at Sens. This is a picturesq and rambling old town, on the rīt bank of the Yonne, almost surrounded by undulating hills cōvered with vineyards, wood, and regular bands of varied culture, broken here and thêre by patches of dazzling white, marking the entrance of sōme chalk-quarry. The vue of the town from ãny of the surrounding hills is magnificent. The white houses, with thêir red-tiled roofs, worn by time and weather tŏ the softest tones, form an irregular oval intermingled with clumps of acacias and chestnuts and here and thêre a ro of poplars. In the midst rises the cathedral of Saint Etienne, ōne of the oldest and finest of mediæval churches, while the Yonne winds along the edge of the town, its banks planted with immense trees, and spanned by a gray old bridge surmounted by an iron crucifix. The panorama is extensive; and no more charming background could be imagined than the cultivated hills, with thêir parallel strips of different shades of green, broken here and thêre by a long white road running al-

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most in a strait line from the foot tŏ the crest. Unlike most French towns, Sens has no bad smells. The limpid waters of the Vanne River run perpetually along the gutters of all the streets, and render the town ōne of the cleanest and coolest in France. The picturesq old streets, with thêir babbling 'ruisseaux' and thêir beautifully clean paving-stones, are made still more charming by the aromatic perfumes that rise from the rich gardens between and behind the houses. Around the town, follōing the lipe of the old fortifications, is a shady mall planted with immense elm-trees. The streets wind and zigzag about in the most irregular fashion, and each shop has a sīgn swinging over the dōor or painted on the shutters. The people are clean and well-looking, but tremendous gossips and passionate anglers. Nevertheless, Sens is a busy and prosperous town, dŏing business in whiting, cutlery, tanning, wine, etc. But the French very wisely refuse tŏ sacrifice everything tŏ business; thêy will take thêir lēisure and have thêir talk.

5. Our intention in starting up the Yonne was tŏ go as far as Clamecy throu the Bourgogne wine and wood coŭntry, but, ōing tŏ the 'chômage' of the navigation prescribed by the engineers for the sake of repairing the locks and weirs, we wëre obliged tŏ abandon that idea and content ourselves with rōing down from Sens. Our first stage was tŏ Montereau, sōme 30 miles, with 7 locks and a longish spell of strait and monotonous canal. On the left bank runs a line of lo chalk hills, and on the rīt bank are the vast and fertile plains of Lōer Bourgogne which supply Paris with large quantities of grain. The villages are few and far between, and, except the picturesq Pont-sur-Yonne, thêy offer no particular interest. Still, thanks tŏ splendid weather, we enjoyed our ro immensely. The distance was accomplished in 12 hours, from 8.30 A. M. tŏ 8.30 P. M., sōme 6 of which wëre spent in passing throu the locks,—a most wearisōme process. *Montereau*, whêre we stayed a nīt, stands at the confluence of the Seine and the Yonne: its full name is

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Montereau-fault-Yonne—Montereau whêre the Yonne fails and is absorbed by the Seine. The town is uninteresting; the old 13th-century church is ugly and in a poor state of repair. The ōnly fine thing at Montereau is the double bridge over the Yonne and the Seine,—a splendid old structure. This bridge was the scene of the murder of Jean-sans-Peur, Duke of Bourgogne, in 1419, in the presence of the Dauphin, afterwards Charles VII., during a conference between them, and in spite of the precaution which had been taken of erecting double barricades tŏ divide the suites of the 2 princes.

6. Our next stage was tŏ *Champagne*, throu a beautiful stretch of scenery—a short pull of 10 miles. The weather was fine, but a violent wind was blōing up stream and mounding the water intŏ waves so heavy that we could not make much progress, and all the time we shipped water over the bows. After 3 hours' wŏrk, we landed at the village of Champagne, and put up at the ōnly inn thêre. I suppose such a craft as ours had never been seen thêre before. We carried in our oars, sculls, rudder, and 2 valises, not forgetting the demijohn. And then, having tied the boat, we undressed and jumped intŏ the river. The curiosity of the villagers reached a feverish pitch. Thêre wëre more than 20 of them on the bank now, watching us swimming. It is a curious fact that the people in France whŏ live by the rivers never bathe, and very few of them know how tŏ swim. The watermen, too, rarely swim. Our bathing, thêrefore, excited the greātest curiosity all down the Seine. After the bath came dinner at the inn and a vue of the coŭntry by the līt of a brilliant sunset. Champagne is ōne of the lōveliest spots we saw. At this point the Seine runs between sloping hills which cōme down almost tŏ the water's edge. On the crest of the hills you see the immense trees of the forest of Fontainebleau, which cōvers the vast table-land over the hīts. It is in this coŭntry exclusively that are grōn the famous table-

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grapes called "Chasselas de Fontainebleau." The value of the grapes sent from Thomery annually tŏ Paris amounts tŏ upward of $200,000.

7. The next morning, after a swim and a cup of coffee, we pulled back up stream tŏ a small town called *Saint Mammes*, at the confluence of the Seine and the Loing. The Loing is ōnly navigable for about a mile and a half, as far as Moret, but just belo Moret it is joined by the Canal du Loing, which completes the communication between the Seine and the Loire, the Rhone, and the canals of the centre of France. Our boat being lĭt, we wĕre able tŏ pull rĭt under the walls of Moret and tŏ land in the cellars of the Hôtel de l'Ecu de France. Farther progress up the river is arrested by tan-mills and flour-mills. *Moret* is a delĭtful old place, and ōne of the very few towns existing whêre the mediæval fortifications still remain in an intelligible state of preservation. The town consists of ōne longish street, with an antique gate and tower at each end, and on each side of this main street a maze of narro lanes and passages, zigzagging in and out, with houses, stables, barns, etc., built at the most irregular angles. The houses are all white, with red-tile roofs and lĭt-green shutters. Rĭt and left of the main street the modern town, with its 2,000 inhabitants, has outgrōn the old lines of walls, but at either end, and particularly at the end of the town skirted by the Loing and its confluent the Orvanne, the old walls are in a fine state of preservation. Of the castle thêre still remains a huge 'donjon,' or keep, which has been carefully restored and converted intŏ a dwelling by sōme wealthy person of the nêborhood. The vue of the town from the bridge, with the church, the 'donjon,' the old gate, the battlemented walls, and the bastions, with the river running at the foot, forms a delicious picture. The church of Moret, very fine externally, was consecrated, it appears, in 1166, by Thomas Becket, and, like the cathedral of Sens, it preserves among its relics sōme of the vestments of the English saint. It is a beautiful specimen of

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pointed Gothic, but, it is almost falling intŏ ruins. In ōne of the windōs thêre is sōme splendid stained glass. The organ-loft is a singularly delicate piece of Renascence wood-carving. The day we wëre at Moret happened tŏ be market-day. The market is held around the church and in the street that runs in frōnt of it. As we stood within the edifice, admiring the graceful slenderness of the columns, the elegance of the vaulted roof, the apparent immensity of the church itself, due tŏ the beauty of its proportions, the sparrōs and swallōs wëre twittering in and out throu the broken windōs, while from outside penetrated the hum and buzz of the market and the yelping cries of the peddlers recommending thêir gay ribbons tŏ the coŭntry-girls. The stillness of the church seemed all the greäter amid this distant and subdued murmur.

8. After visiting Moret, we returned tŏ Champagne, and slept thêre. Modest as the inn and its visitors wëre, we found clean bedrooms, clean linen, and abundant and well-cooked food. Leaving Champagne, we roed down throu fine scenery, skirting the forest of Fontainebleau, as far as Melun, and then from Melun past St. Assise and St. Fargeau—the scene of Dumas's "Affaire Clémenceau"—Seine Port, the forest of Rougeau tŏ Corbeil, and from Corbeil tŏ Paris. This latter stage, with the exception of beautiful forest-scenery between Melun and Villeneuve-St. Georges, was without incident. Our journey throu Paris was interesting, because it enabled us tŏ consider the city in a new lĭt—as a port. A glance at a canal map of France will sho the immense importance of the port of Paris, and how Paris is accessible by water from all parts of France and Europe. By the Marne and the canal of the Marne you reach Strassburg and the Rhein. The Oise and the 3 canals of St. Quentin, the Sambre, and the Ardennes put Paris in communication with the Scheldt and the Meuse, by means of which the coal-mines of Mons and Charleroi send thêir products. In anōther direction, as we have seen, the Loing and the Yonne

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open tŏ Paris, by means of thêir canals, the basins of the Loire and the Saône, and complete the water-way between Paris and the Mediterranean.

9. Having met our third man, and bôt a capital map of the Seine from Paris tŏ the sea, we embarked at Auteuil for Rouen. Having now a man tō steer, we traveled more rapidly than we had dōne while we wëre ōnly 2. Our first stage was from Paris tŏ Chatou, throu Bas Meudon, Sèvres, Boulogne, St. Cloud, Suresnes, Asnières, St. Ouen, St Denis, Epinay, and Argenteuil —in short, throu the environs of Paris, for here the Seine twists and turns about so tortuosly that after rōing 6 hours you arrive about 3 miles by land from your starting-point. The scenery down tŏ Suresnes is, however, lōvely. From Suresnes tŏ Argenteuil it is abominable, and at St. Denis the water is as black and filthy as that of a Black-Coŭntry canal. At Argenteuil the vines reappear, and the large basin of Argenteuil is the head-quarters of the yachtsmen of the Seine. Chatou, whêre we spent the nit, is a charming suburban resort, full of pretty villas and inhabited by wealthy Parisian tradesmen. At the Hôtel du Soleil d'Or, an old-fashioned, rambling inn, dinner, beds and breakfast for 3 cost $9—which we thôt dear, particularly after our experience on the upper Seine, whêre even in the towns the charge for the same thing never exceeded $2. The next morning we got under way at 9, dragged the boat over the lock at Bougival, and rōed, throu splendid scenery, and with the terrace and forest of St. Germain on our left, down tŏ Maisons-Laffitte, whêre we breakfasted at the Restaurant du Petit-Hâvre, by the side of a fine old mill.. The walls of the inn, and of the kind of loggia whêre our table was laid, with vines trailing over the opening, wëre cōvered with paintings, as is the case with mãny inns in the environs of Paris, whêre often first-class artists have left sōme valuable souvenirs. Our breakfast consisted mainly of fried gudgeons. All down the river we ate excellent fish—eels, perch, 'gudgeon,' 'brochet,' and various small fish which

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made capital matelotte and 'friture.' After breakfast and pipes at Maisons, we started at 12.30, and, still skirting the beautiful forest of St. Germain, rōed throu a long stretch of delicious scenery by La Frette, Herblay, and Conflans Ste. Honorine, whêre we again met very ruf water, which broke unpleasantly over our bows. The whole coŭntry is like a garden: the hills are cōvered with vines, and the villages built in terraces up the slopes, with generally a pretty old church perched on the top. From Conflans we roed down tŏ *Poissy*, bathed, washed the boat, and put up fŏr the nīt at the sīgn of the "Esturgeon," whêre we dined admirably on a balcony overlooking the river. After dinner we went on tŏ the bridge—an immense old structure of 16 arches—and contemplated, by a brilliant moonlīt, a river-and-woodland scene, the broadest and finest we had yet beheld. The day's stage was 32 kilomètres. Dinner, beds, and coffee in the morning, $6.

10. The next day we wëre off at 7:45, and floated with the stream between a series of beautiful wooded islands, whŏse banks wëre literally ablaze with brīt-cōlored flowers. The hills along the river and in the distance presented an incredible variety of tints of green and a luxuriance of grōth quite remarkable. Nothing could be more lōvely than the river-banks, the sloping hills now variegated with vines and patches of miscellaneous spade-culture, the white rock here and thêre laid bare by the weär and teär of centuries, the scraggy poplars waving solitary on the crest. We passed Triel, Meulan, and Verneuil—whêre "bow," strong in history, remarked that the battle of Herrings was fŏt—and stopped for breakfast at Juziers. Thence tŏ Mantes-la-Jolie, whêre we landed tŏ visit the fine old church, and thence throu a stretch of poor scenery tŏ *Vetheuil*, whêre we put up at a mediocre inn, "Nouveau Cheval Blanc," in the village away from the river. However, we had a good dinner and wëre well treated. Our arrival in this village excited intense curiosity, and, while we wëre eating, a ro of natives drew

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up in frõnt of the dõor tŏ cateh a glimpse of 'les Anglais.' Our stage this day was 50 kilomètres. We left Vétheuil at 7:45 A.M. The coŭntry continued tŏ be fertile, with hills on õne side of the river and plains on the õther. At *La Roche-Guyon* we admired the ruins of a feudal castle. Thence throu charming scenery tŏ *Vernon*, whêre we breakfasted at an inn on the river-side. Our hostess was a fat, mõtherly person in a white cap, named "la mère" Rozé, whŏ served us a splendid breakfast, sat down at table with us tŏ watch us eat, and called us her little children. After breakfast we roed and sculled tŏ Petit Andelys throu delicious woodland scenery. Just before you reach Petit Andelys you pass King Richard's famous Château-Gaillard, a fine old ruin standing imposing on the hill-top and commanding an immense panorama of hill and valley. At *Petit Andelys* we put up at the Chaîne d'Or, a fine and quaint old inn, with a charming old hostess whŏ fed and lodged us splendidly. Our stage this day was 46 kilomètres.

11. The next morning we wëre off at 7:50, and roed for several hours throu perfectly idyllic scenery, hearing nothing but the plashing of our oars, the cooing of the ring-doves, the whirring of the wings of a startled water-hen, and the whispering of the poplars. Arrived at the village of *Tournedos*, we landed, and breakfasted at an inn which was at the same time the grocery-store, tobacco-shop, and newspaper-shop of the village. Our hostess was an old peasant, burned by the sun tŏ the cõlor of chocolate. With her head bound in a kerchief, she looked not unlike a mummy. She gave us an immense breakfast, in the consumption of which we spent nearly 3 hours. We did not get on board again until 3 o'clock. At the lock of Poses we wëre nearly crushed throu a barge swinging loose while the water was sinking. Then we had a hardish pull tŏ *Elbeuf*, whêre we arrived at 8:15 P.M., having been greãtly delayed and irritated by the locks. We stayed at the Hôtel de France, and wëre well treated. The town is old, but far from prosperous.

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Our stage this day was 46 kilomètres. At Elbeuf our journey was practically at an end, the distance from thêre tŏ Rouen being ōnly 22 kilomètres, throu comparatively poor scenery. Arrived at Rouen, we put the boat on board a steamer and sent it back tŏ Paris, while we put up at a fine hotel on the quay, whêre we spent a few days in hī luxury.

12. The whole distance we roed, from Sens tŏ Rouen, was about 400 kilomètres, or 250 miles. The number of locks, if I remember rītly, is 25. These locks are the greāt nuisance of the journey. Thêy are so immense that it takes at least an hour and a half tŏ get throu sōme of them; and the approaches tŏ mãny are so awkward that, unless ōne's boat be very līt indeed, ōne scarcely has the alternative of carrying it over the weir. I may say that pleasure navigation is hardly recognized on the Seine, and pleasure-boats have no privileges as thêy dŏ on the Thames. Thêy have tŏ take thêir chance; and a poor chance it is when thêy have tŏ pass a lock with 10 or 15 huge barges in it. However, all these little dangers and inconveniences dŏ not last long, and are soon forgotten. The trip is certainly wŏrth making, and with a līt boat it would be simply ideal. What more can be desired than exquisite scenery, kind and obliging people, abundant food, clean linen, and fine weather? All this we had, and more besides—that charm of novelty and of the unforeseen peculiar tŏ "foraine travell."

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[1] From "Summer Holidays" by T. Child, N. Y., 1889 (abridged.)

12. Let me explain the nature of the craft—the more so as I think boats of that description are entirely unknōn in America. The boat is neither a steam-tug, nor a locomotive, nor a dredger, but a sort of combination of all 3. It is an iron hulk pierced with pore-holes and looking not unlike a gun-boat. In this hulk is placed a clumsy-looking steam-engine, and on the flush deck 6 broad-grooved pulleys, fixed, in sets of 3, on 2 parallel axles. These pulleys are mŏved by big cog-wheels wŏrked directly by the engine. Now, along the bed of the Yonne, between Montereau and La Roche, thêre lies an iron chain with links about 3½ inches long. This chain is caut by a pulley at ōne end of the deck of the tug, wound round each of the 6 pulleys in the middle of the

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deck, and passed back intō the water over a pulley at the ōther end of the deck. The tug is round at bōth ends, and mōves up or down stream, pulling on the chain and dragging a string of 10 or 15 huge barges. The pace is not very rapid, but the dragging power of the tug is enormous. Of cōurse the tug cannot quit the chain; and when 2 trains of barges meet, ōne going up stream and the ōther down, thēy stop, the tugs exchange trains, and retrace thēir cōurse—the ōne that was cōming up going back with the down-train, and the ōne that was cōming down going up again with the up-train. The chain from La Roche tō Montereau is nearly 60 miles long. The same system of tōing is used on the Seine, ōnly with larger to-boats, between Montereau and Rouen, thēre being a chain from Montereau tō Paris, and anōther from Paris tō Rouen. The latter chain has an unbroken length of about 150 miles.

13. Sens was an important place before the Roman times. Quantities of Gallo-Roman antiquities have been discōvered thēre which have afforded an endless subject of discussion for the local antiquaries. One thing is certain, that mānу of the houses in Sens of tō-day have been built with stones that wēre used by the Romans in thēir buildings. Furthermore, as ëarly as the 5th century of the Christian era, Sens again became famous for its monumental aspect, and in the Middle Ages the town was full of churches and convents, and was surrounded by fortifications, towers, and ditches, or 'douves.' The ancient walls and gates of the city have been almost entirely demolished for the sake of the building materials, while most of the convents and sōme of the churches wēre destroyed during the Revolution. The consequence is that in modern Sens you cannot take 10 steps in ānу direction without remarking sōme relic of the past. Here is the Rue Brennus; here is the Café Drapès and the Place Drapès, named after an illustrious chief of the Senonian Gauls; here is a Renascence arch; here a portal; here a mullioned windo wōrked intō the construction of a comparatively modern house; here is a butcher's shop and slauter-house established in the cloisters of an old convent. Turn intō the cōurt-yard of this old inn, and you will find that the stable has a magnificent groined roof, while the coach-house dōors are adorned with fine 16th-century carved wood. All about the town are half-timber houses, and in mānу of the streets may be found fragments of late Renascence wood-carving. But the most curious house in the town is ōne at the corner of the Rue Jean Cousin, which must date from the end of the 15th century. The angle of the house, forming the street-corner, is ōne enormous piece of wood—a whole tree, in fact—cōvered with the most curious and delicate carving. It represents all the ancestors of the Virgin, from Abraham downward. Along the ōther main beams of the house are friezes of the most exquisite carving in lo relief, foliage and flowers intermingled with figures and grotesq animals. The cathedral of Sens need not be described here. In its 'trésor' are mānу curiosities, sōme magnificent tapestry, and sōme shabby vestments supposed tō have been worn by St. Thomas Becket what time he was taking refuge in the nēboring abbey of Sainte Colombe-lez-Sens. The archiepiscopal palace, too, must be

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visited, and the portal, with its exquisite tracery, must be admired long and closely. This portal is certainly ōne of the very finest specimens of Renascence architecture in existence and alone wŏrth a visit tŏ Sens.

EXPLANATION OF ACCENTS:— â = a in *are* (not as in "bāre"); ă = a in *was* (not as in "has"); ã = a in *any* (not as in "ant"); ē as in *hear* (not as in "health" or "heârt" or "beār" or "ëarl"); ê = e in *there* and *their* (not as in "hēre" or "wëre"); ī = ĭ in *lie* (not as in "lĭef"); ō = o in *four* (not as in "our" or "yŏur"), or in *post* (not as in "cŏst"), or in *bowl* (not as in "howl"); ô = o in *gone* (not as in "bōne" or "ōne"); ö = o in *work* (not as in "pōrk"); ŏ = o in *do* (not as in "so"), or in "*move*" (not as in "rōve," or "lōve"); õ = o in *one* (not as in gône or bōne.)

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The editor will feel indebted, also, to any one who will kindly call his attention to any article, especially in newspapers, which the writer thinks suitable for re-publication.

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BIRKENFELD AND IDAR.

BY SOPHIE WEISSE.[1]

1. The beauties of the Rhein are, I am told, a hackneyed topic. Personally, I have always thŏt it very moderately beautiful, at least in the hīt of summer. Of cōurse it has the merit of being full of water, and of rather beautiful water; and here and thêre a lōvely little triangular town flōs out of ōne of the deep side valleys which furro the mountainous coŭntry on either hand, and spreads itself along the curving bank of the greāt stream. Bŭt thêre is a certain staginess about much of the Rhein; its containing banks, however rocky, have a self-conscious, intentional look; and the cōloring is often distressingly ugly even in the best līt. We will leave it; I will not mention it more lest it becōme a weariness, and I trust it will not be rash if I take it for granted that the reader knōs its general cōurse, from whêre it begins its northward journey after it has plunged throu the Lake of Constanz and sharply turned the corner round the southern end of the Black Forest at Basel, tŏ whêre, after passing mãny an ancient city, Alt-Breisach and Strassburg and Speier and Worms, it reaches Mainz "the golden" and the northern limits of Germania Superior. Here it leaves the curious strip of plain in which it has been cōmfortably traveling due north between 2 ranges of mountains running parallel—the mountains of the Palatinate on the left, the Odenwald on the rīt—because it meets an obstacle in the Taunus, the westerly end of the forest-cōvered mountain-chain which towers in a greāt curve east and west across the centre of Europe, and thêrefore has tŏ turn westwards throu the Binger Loch, a deep gorge not wholly the wŏrk of its waters, towards the meeting-place of

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the rivers, "ad confluentum Mosæ et Rheni," as Cæsar has it, towards Coblenz.

2. The Mosel*—winding as the Greek Mæander, and tortuous, õne would think, with far better reason—rises nearly as far south as Basel on the western slopes of the blue Alsatian mountains (the Vogesen), while the eastern slopes send thêir waters directly tŏ the Rhein. It sweeps in a wide northwesterly curve round the goodly corner of hill and plain and coal-field and passing close under the walls of Metz, turns towards the N. E., and descends step by step and bend by bend, from whêre the Saar joins it abõve Trier, "Trevir metropolis, urbs amœnissima," tŏ its trysting-place with the Rhein. From a little abõve Trier, the left side of the valley of the Mosel is formed by the south-eastern slopes of the sõmewhat disorderly crowd of volcanic mountains knōn as the Eifel,** the rīt side by the northwestern declivities of a continuous range named in succession Hochwald, Idarwald, Hundsrück, and Soon. This range again, about 25 miles brôad as the cro flies across the hill and 60 miles in length, has its southeastern slopes also broken from time tŏ time by valleys or deep ravînes, and across the foot of these flõs, almost parallel with the Mosel, anõther and õne of the most beautiful tributaries of the Rhein, the Nahe. And on the left bank of the Nahe, reaching hardly half way up the hill towards the Mosel, lies our little State, the principality of *Birkenfeld an der Nahe.* Its area is about 160 square miles. You can easily saunter across it in 2 hours of even a warm summer's day, and walk from end tŏ end of it beween dawn and dusk. But it has a capital and õther cities; it has a gõvernment, even a privy council; it has national cõlors, possibly a national anthem, and a standing army; and it has, lastly, a real rêgning prince, whŏ cõmes from his home nearly 300 miles off in the bleak, hungry flats by the North Sea, regularly and officially,

* *See No.* 27 *of* TRAVEL, THE MOSEL.
** *See No.* 52 *of* TRAVEL, THE EIFEL.

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ōnce in every 5 years, like ānу Prince Peter in a fairy tale, tŏ dŏ a little rêgning in Berkenfeld—for a week! The whole thing was carved out of the archiepiscopal electorate of Trier, by the Congress of Vienna of 70 years ago, and given tŏ the duke of Oldenburg.

3. The railway which travels from Bingen up the valley of the Nahe, and on over the hills tŏ Metz and Paris, is a remarkably shy and discreet railway, and, particularly whêre it skirts the little territory of Birkenfeld, plays hide-and-seek in and out of numberless long tunnels, and round the corners of precipices and sharp edges of mountains—or whêre it dōes appear, hangs aloft on airy bridges, in the most becōming and delītful way. In less than 24 english miles it crosses and recrosses the Nahe on bridges 20 times, and threads its way throu 10 long tunnels pierced in the solid rock. No ōne could call a line of railway a disfigurement which subdues obstacles in as intrepid a manner as a Roman road, and which so constantly hides modestly from vue just after it has achieved sōme triumf over contumacious rock or evasive river-bank. On this very intermittent line, the most beautiful point is the station of OBERSTEIN, the largest town, tho not the "capital," of the principality. The line runs at a considerable hīt along the left bank of the Nahe—which is here a stony mountain-stream—for the space of about a mile, between the ends of 2 long tunnels pierced throu projecting edges of rocky mountain; and the river lies back far belo like the arc of a bo on the string. The little mountain town lies on either side of the river, facing towards hī noon, between the railway and the circling cliff. It is not silent nor desolate, but fresh and pleasant tŏ inhabit, and full of the hum of busy life. And its citadel was certainly ānything but peaceful.

4. The Nahe has from the outset ōne immense advantage over the Rhein in the extremely beautiful cōloring of its rocks. It has cut its way throu porfyry and sandstone of the most glorious red, and these stand beside its banks in crags and walls

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mãny hundreds of feet hī, which catch the morning or the evening līt tŏ thro it back in a fiery crimson glo, leaving deep plum-cōlored shadōs burning behind each rift and pinnacle—rich and dark still more by contrast with the dim soft blue of the swelling forest-crowned hills beyond. Everything about Oberstein suggests stones—stones cut and polished. The lōvely vue, from the station, of the town clinging tŏ the convex hills, its very church hewn out of the face of a perpendicular rock, and of the twin castles crowning all, resembles nōthing so much as a vast intaglio of exquisite wörkmanship and varied cōlor. As the train struggles panting up the river and emerges from the tunnel just belo Oberstein, about 1000 feet abōve sea-level, the first thing which meets the eye tò the rīt is a series of huge escarpments of rock, locally called Fallen Rocks, so fantastic in thêir ruin that a house has been built under ōne big fallen stone. Thêy are a series of edges, as it wëre, of a strange and interesting geological formation, knōn as "Das Rothe Todtliegende," which is found in Bavaria, for instance, in immense thickness, but which seldom cōmes intŏ vue abōve the soil as it dōes here, in perpendicular, even overhanging cliffs 300 or 400 feet in hīt. Altŏgether, tho you may have knōn nōthing of rocks and stones beforehand, tŏ be at Oberstein, if ōnly for a day, invests the science of geology with a romantic and fascinating interest. When the morning sun first toŭches the shining roofs of Oberstein, these red cliffs thrust thêir grim shōlders against the golden haze, edge behind edge, stern and sharp like the "flies" in sōme gigantic natural theatre, and the green fringe of vegetation which creeps whêrever it can and softens whatever it toŭches, is hidden in thêir shado.

5. The railway station is wholly outside, and is easy tŏ forget, as soon as the traveler begins tŏ descend from it on his way tŏ what is evidently not in the least a village, but an unmistakable little town with all the dignities which 5000 inhabitants can maintain. The river, wide and shallo amōng its stones in the

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summer time, now divides it nearly in half along its length: thêre was a time when it floed more tŏ the rīt; and comparatively recently the whole town was surrounded by a greāt wall with towers and turrets, and city gates. The turreted walls and gateways round the town have vanished since 1809, and instead of the old drawbridges the Nahe is crossed by 3 beautiful 3-arched bridges in red stone, exactly alike, with parapets of open stone-wŏrk which are a delīt tŏ behold. Bridges, at least bridges of moderate size, ôt always tŏ be amõng the beautiful things in nature. It is hard tŏ say what attracts the eye most as we pass the upper bridge on our way intŏ Oberstein. From looking up at the cliffs and the castles, or more properly citaadels, as the German "burg" is best rendered; from gazing at that most remarkable and indeed wholly unique object, a large gothic church with spire and belfry, hewn 200 feet up out of the rock, so that it dões not project but rather is embedded in the face of the perpendicular cliff,—the eye is suddenly distracted by the glitter and rainbo glo of piles of cut stones in the windõs of 2 large shops, õne at either end of the bridge—and these stones are the õther "unique" feature of the place. Castles and 'burgen' are plentiful as blackberries in these parts, tho thêy have on the whole a sterner and grander character than the inevitable "castle on the Rhein;" but the church and the agateware of Oberstein are its distinguishing features. Stone-cutting thêre varies from a black and white cameo no larger than a pea, tŏ a church, capable of seating 600 tŏ 800 persons.

6. Would not the reader, first, like tŏ go tŏ the 'Gasthof zur Post,' thêre tŏ take his ease in his inn? He will be sure of a welcõme from the wido and her charming dauters whŏ are the hostesses. He will dine, on a sunny day ëarly in September perhaps, at 12, and will find amõng the various dishes of an excellent dinner—german tho it be—õne of such venison, that tŏ partake of it marks an epoch in the life of even the least carnalminded. Which venison tells a tale of miles upon miles of

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mountain-forest of beech and oak and pine hard by, whêre herds of deer have roamed, probably, since as soon as ever thêy could get thither after the Flood. He will drink the golden wine of the lōer slopes of the Nahe valley, and he will breathe the strong sunny hill air, and for the moment forget his cares and perplexities by no ōther aid than that of harmless fysical cōmfort, and delīt from sun and sky and the beauty of the ĕarth. Having dined, and had coffee on the inn terrace, thêre is a lōvely walk tŏ the church and the castles, and down the winding road round the hill tŏ the town again. You pass from the Post tŏ the rīt down the main street, which is paved so very hard that the clatter and roar of Oberstein is quite respectable and city-like, and makes the fact that the streets being on different levels, the back windōs of the inn look out across the river and the valley, and are hī abōve this opulent noise, quite a cōmfort tŏ tired nerves. And the brīt river steals silently along.

7. The main street of Oberstein runs parallel with the river-houses, on either side. Excellently built, very pretty houses; often with brŏad black beams crossing sōme porous milk-white brick. Most of the houses have wide wooden 'loggias' and carved balconies projecting over the lōer story, often overhanging the river; and the pretty outside fan-līt shutters of wood, white or delicate green, which are so delītfully cōmfortable in the heat; and all have the same shining, silvery-green roofs, very hī-pitched, and broken by charming dormer-windōs. The end of the street widens intŏ the tiny market-place, and in this is the little old Stadthaus, whŏse sky-line of lōvely curves, with a pale-green painted molding edging the white frōnt, should make the joy and envy of ãny architect. From thêre the street climbs up by stairs in narro windings. Past a quaint little parsonage, tucked away on a ledge of rock, little gay flower-beds in frōnt, full of carnations and balsams and myrtles, amōng which stood a forein and prĭestly-looking, but perfectly

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Protestant, little gentleman watching us go by. Up throu a tunnel in the rock past more small old houses, with tubs of pink oleander or cactus glōing here and thêre. Cats sleeping in the hot sun; numbers of fowls, used tŏ dŏing nōthing apparently but looking down out of windōs. The vue from the church is excelled in beauty ōnly by that from the castles abōve, as that again is embraced in the wide and magnificent outlook from the comb of the mountain—the Hochwald—behind. In the hot afternoon sunshine, which brings out innumerable glittering and chirping creatures, whŏse rapture of motion and cōlor fills the air, while the birds are silent in the shade, we climb slantingly the face of the steep green slopes between the cliffs. First tŏ the old castle, of which thêre is little left but ōne rugged tower; a few minutes farther on tŏ the new castle, which, even after its partial destruction by the French, did not becōme wholly ruinous till it caut fire in 1855. The whole place, and all the slopes round it, are beautifully kept. The room with the oriel windo tŏ the west, overhanging the gateway of the keep, is in excellent preservation, roof and all. From its position, and that of sōme niches in the wall, I think it may have been a small chapel. The delicate stone shafts of its windo frame a living picture of surpassing beauty. The mountain air is warm and clear, and the red evening sunlīt fades from the river with its bridges, from steep gables and gleaming windōs, and from streets, tŏ us hī abōve, diminished tŏ a ribbon, whêre the townsfolk, mŏving tŏ and fro, "appear like mice." Then creeping upwards, still reddening as it draws nearer parting, it leaves in blue shado the vast hīland forests, and the little white and red villages scattered here and thêre on the distant slopes across the river. It slips from solid masses of rock and cliff, and from the red stems of fir-trees near at hand, till at last, immensely far up the wide valley tŏ the west, the sun sets in glory over the purple distance—which is France. So we lean out of the windo over the sheer descent, and watch the līts cōme out 400 feet

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belo, and I reflect that, excepting Edinburgh, I have never seen a town which lĭts so pretty. All the wŏrld is astir out of dōors in the cool of the evening, and numberless cries, chiefly of human pleasure, echoing clear against the rocks, float upwards in the dark still air.

8. The post for the mountain starts from the inn-dōor at 9 in the morning and carries the mails: a wōnderful, fearfully solid square box, mostly painted canary-cōlor outside, with an undoubted horse tŏ drag it, which in this region of female slave-labor in the shape of much-enduring cow is by no means a matter of cōurse: and a driver of cheerful countenance, perched on the minutest box, in a globular black hat. In this box, padded and cushioned with crimson plush, very suggestive of a red hot ōven, and apparently perfectly filled by ōne passenger of the smallest dimensions, I journeyed for 5 long hours of a hot summer's day. The Vale of Idar, up whŏse entire length the journey goes, is surely a happy valley. The good white road runs constantly ascending throu a green pasture, sōmetimes a very narro strip between the hills, sōmetimes a wider little bit of plain with a tiny lake set in its border of luscious grass. Round the corner, between Oberstein and Idar, at the mouth of the glen, thêre are bold crags and splendid fir-trees, from which the brĭt green cones hang like drops on a chandelier. Idar is anōther beautiful little mountain town, with about the same number of inhabitants as Oberstein, and it is perhaps even in a greater degree than Oberstein a seat of the peculiar art of the district. As you drive along, the large brĭt German windōs of mãny of the houses give you glimpses of rooms full of casts from the antĭque in the original size, from which very often the gems are copied. This town, too, is altŏgether charming, as it creeps up the hillsides and intŏ a steep side valley. The Idar brook brawls throu the streets, turning mill-wheels here and thêre as it goes; the gardens round the little villas are brĭt with a profusion of roses; acacias and myrtle, oleander

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and cactus, and tree geraniums, stand about the dōors and in the streets, and at every turn spreads the lap of the valley.

9. The road winds up the valley, bordered on both sides for miles with mountain-ash trees. Throu thêir screen of vermilion and dark green the oak-woods are seen rolling thêir yelloer green down the steep sides of the valley tŏ the purple and yello of the crocus-cōvered meadōs. The oak and the ash of the North Country would find it hard tŏ match the cōlor and wealth of these miles of mountain trees. The peerless blue of the summer sky strikes upwards from thousands of clusters of scarlet berries glistening in the hot sun, from the green hills near at hand, and from the dark heads of the Hochwald towering in frōnt. We drive throu *Hettstein*, a lōvely village looking like sōme brīt illuminated drawing, spread out amōng the meadōs, with plum-trees and apple-trees in full beāring round the quaint little farms. Before us the hills rise steeper and darker; *Obertiefenbach*, the next village, is at the foot of the forest-cōvered mountains at the head of the valley. Thêre is a quaint clean inn with wide settles under the windōs, and cans of wine for the asking. As we passed, the sound of part-singing was streaming from the open windōs of the village school, and groups of peasants in long blue smocks stood about the door of the "Post," with the crown of Oldenburg and the usual long curved post-horn painted over it. Beyond that, every step of the way grōs more and more beautiful. The river spreads out into little lakes, and mirrors the sky and the hills and the glo of the rowans, even the orange heârts of the purple crocuses on its banks. The mills stand closer together, each prettier than the last, and the water-wheels flash merrily in the sunny air. Gradually the oaks give way more and more tŏ pines and firs; on the upland slopes thêre are stooks of short oats; a woman, with an enormous bundle of sweet-smelling hay on her head, stands waiting at the cross-road tŏ Kirschweiler to get the mail-bags for sōme of the villages, whŏse church steeples and red roofs appear here and

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thêre amõng the forests on the crest of the mountain.

10. At last the meado has dwindled away altŏgether on õne side, and we drive along close under the mountain tŏ the rīt. The forest-trees are tall and stately; greāt beeches shade the road with thêir sweeping branches. The valley becõmes a gorge with a thousand feet of scree walling it in on either hand, a stony torrent of granite bōlders, rolling down the mountain-sides. Beech-trees gro tŏ splendid hīt and breadth seemingly on the bare sharp bōlders; gigantic pines climb, õne shōlder hī abõve the õther, tŏ the distant tops; and belo us the river cõmes leaping and plunging from its home in the hills, forced already tŏ turn a mill here and thêre, whŏse roofs gleam as we pass by on the road abõve. Suddenly we becõme aware that along the road sõmething familiar has reappeared; the mile-stones, and the far more frequent "Chausseesteine," õne at every few yards, are painted the too well-knōn black and white again: we have crossed our little state of Birkenfeld, and are õnce more in Prussian territory. At the head of the valley is the most lõvely spot of all. It is called the Katzenloch. Thêre is a group of white slate-roofed buildings, a forge, and a few poor dwellings, in the most perfect situation hī amõng firs, with that soft meado flōing down intŏ the valley in frõnt with the Idar hemmed in tŏ make a wide lake in it. The forest-cõvered mountain-tops are close at hand, the moor rises on õne side, and the scent of the warm līt air, the sense of sunshine and width and freedom, are passing beautiful. The village tŏ which we wëre bound lies in the very middle of the top of the mountains. Steep as the sides of the Hochwald are, the top, like that of mãny õther chains of hills about, is almost flat, even slītly hollo, for the hīest heads rise round it whêre it falls suddenly tŏ the valleys belo. We struck tŏ the rīt, leaving the little Idar and the Chaussée, up a steep bad road tŏ the west, the open moor tŏ the left with the sun blazing on it, the forest-cõvered mountain we had skirted tŏ our rīt. The road fairly

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climbed up the back of it; stretches of heather spread for miles tŏ whêre in all directions the sombre virgin forests stood waiting. Mountain flowers dear tŏ eyes that saw them first in Scotland, bluebells and bedstraw, mountain scabious and eyebrīt, wëre at my feet, and in spite of the heat the air grew keener at every step. Looking back upon the spot we had just left, we saw the roofs and the lake and the brook glistening far belo, and thousands and tens of thousands of tall pines, like soldiers in serried ranks, seemed marching down tŏ it throu a wörld of līter green, as if tŏ gard its sweet seclusion.

11. It was, I daresay, an hours's climb and drive, part of it on a flat ruf road in the blazing heat, tŏ our goal, õne of the red-roofed hamlets which swam intŏ our ken as soon as we fairly reached the top. Thêre seems no special reason why the village of Kempfeld should have taken root on the particular spot it occupies more than on ãny õther: it is not very near either forest, or water, or sheltering hill; it lies in the midst of its fields, as if dropped by accident on the wide upland plain. It consists of õne long winding street, rufly paved on the slope from bōth sides toward the middle, whêre thêre is a gutter. In frõnt of sõme of the houses are very sufficient reasons for the existence of that gutter—opulent heaps suggestive of rural pursuits. But on the whole the little place is clean enuf, and thêre are several trim houses. At the entrance of the village is a lõvely little 'Oberförsterei'—a master-forester's neat square house, tinted buff cõlor, with green lattice shutters, and with sets of stags' skulls and antlers over the porch. Further on tŏ the rīt thêre is anõther delītful little house, of which I shall speak presently. Thêre are plenty of mello red roofs, and an air of warmth and peace and home resting on everything. What took us tŏ this remote and unassuming hamlet was this. Amõng the mãny stones and jewels which fill the bazars at Kreuznach, a watering-place farther down the Nahe, whêre I was staying, wëre sõme good cameos and intaglios, cut, I was told, by the

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wörkmen in the Vale of Idar. On further inquiry I lëarned that thêre wëre mãny good engravers; that the best õne, however, cut nõthing for the open market, but õnly tŏ order, and was a peasant living at Kempfeld on the Hochwald. With that unsuspecting lĭt-heârtedness which urges sõme of us, I made up my mind, after having watched õne or two of the Oberstein engravers at thêir wörk, tŏ pay this peasant a visit, and see the engraving in stone at its best; more especially as I had heard trustwörthy accounts of the beauty of the drive tŏ his mountain home. Hence the original journey in the "Post."

12. Mr. Fuchs dined with us, and then set us on our journey as far as the Wildenburg. This is the site of a baronial castle on the mountain's head about 2 miles off. The road strikes across the moor from Kempfeld, and enters the forest by a solemn aisle of dark pines gradually ascending. Then it winds round the summit, throu beeches chiefly, and again throu pines, and finally brings you out on the bare rocky top. We left the carriage at the Forsthaus, and climbed up throu the westering sunshine. It is a delĭtful thing tŏ be on the summit of a mountain, if õnly because nõthing but the clouds can cast a shado between you and the sun. But the summit of the *Wildenburg* is a spot of peculiar beauty, of peculiar lustre. The nêboring hĭts seem tŏ send a greeting from thêir dark glistening fellõship of firs. Strait in frõnt, as far as Oberstein, rolls the Vale of Idar, looking more lõvely the more minutely the eye follõs its fair green track, while õther valleys open belo us, dotted like ôurs with peaceful, red-roofed villages. Beyond, on the õther side of the Nahe, rise the austere hĭts of the *Winterhauch*—a noble môuntain-forest. Beyond the Winterhauch spreads the long chain of the greãter *Haardt*; tŏ the S. E. rises the blunt majestic head of the Donnersberg—the Mons Jovis of the Romans—and behind it the eye travels far across the hidden valley of the Rhein tŏ the faint blue lines of the Odenwald and Spessart, and rôund tŏ the north, beyond the solid

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mass of the Hunsrück, tŏ Taunus and Westerwald. Tŏ the east spreads the glorious upland coŭntry of the Bliesgau, from whôse slopes the waters flo north tŏ the Nahe, south intŏ France. And behind lies the comb of the Hochwald, its villages spread out as on a map, and its dark heads rising against the cloudless sky. Erbeskopf, Idarkopf, Hüttgeswasen—these are thêir names: and tŏ thêir familiar society, and tŏ his peaceful beautiful toil, our friend returned; while we, after mãny a kindly farewell, passed down the forest-cõvered mountain-side tŏ the valley of Idar belo.

[1] From Blackwood's Magazine (abridged), July and Aug., 1890.

EXPLANATION OF ACCENTS:— â = a in *are* (not as in "bãre"); ă=a in *was* (not as in "has"); ã=a in *any* (not as in "ant"); ē = e in *hear* (not as in "health" or "heârt" or "beãr" or "ëarl"); ê = e in *there* and *their* (not as in "hēre" or "wëre"); ī = i in *lie* (not as in "lîef" or friend); ō = o in *four* (not as in "our" or "yŏur"), or in *post* (not as in "côst"), or in *bowl* (not as in "howl," or in *rove* (not as in "lõve," or "mŏve"); ô = o in *gone* (not as in "bōne" or "õne"); ö = o in *work* (not as in "pōrk"); ŏ = o in *do* (not as in "so"), or in "*move*" (not as in "rōve," or "lõve"); õ = o in *one* (not as in gône.)

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ALONG THE EASTERN APENNINES.

BY THEODORE BACON.[1]

1. The middle of March found me at Naples, with the necessity of being in May at Paris, whither I proposed tŏ go by way of Ancona and Venice. But between Naples and the northern sea, stretching for mãny leagues from the frontier of the Ecclesiastical States, along the Apennines, lay those 3 provinces of the old Sicilian kingdom—almost untrodden by modern travel, infested tŏ a proverb with banditti and vermin, and no less barren of all the cõmforts of modern civilization,—the rugged, picturesq Abruzzi. Yet dissuasions and warnings, pictures of a coŭntry without inns, of inns without food which could be eaten or beds which could be slept in, or, graver yet, of hīways untraveled by peaceful strangers, in regions whêre every peasant was a brigand, and whêre the 'gendarmerie' wëre wörse than banditti,—all these but confirmed me in my thirst for exploration. But tho dissuasions wëre of no avail, those whŏ dissuaded wëre nõne the less earnest in offering such õther services as seemed tŏ them next in value. My bankers, tŏgether with the ponderous silver dollars alone current in the Abruzzi, handed me letters tŏ gentlemen upon the line of my projected journey, assuring me that in the Abruzzi a document of that sort was not merely, as elsewhêre, a "ticket for soup," but entitled the beãrer tŏ board and lodging on presentation. Thus abundantly equipped, õne lõvely morning saw me at the railway station, and, an hour later, at the gates of Capua. A bold hill juts from the Appennines intŏ the plain on which the town is built, tŏ within a mile of its walls; and it seemed then, as I looked at it, the topografical fact on which depended the failing strength

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of Capua. Three mŏnths later came,—Garibaldi and his red-shirted multitude.

2. It was not yet 11 when, my knapsack slung, my passport submitted tŏ examination again at the opposite city gate, I trudged rapidly across the bridge over the swift Volturno, and was on my way tŏ the Abruzzi. For 4 miles the road was the same over which I had cŏme from Rome, until at Lo Spartimento (The Forks) my new cōurse left the Roman hīway, going off at a rīt angle tŏ the left, strait toward the mountain range which rose distinct, tho distant, in frŏnt. But tho mountains faced me, on either hand the road was flanked by a dull, flat region, grŏn lifeless under the extortionate tyranny of the Farnese Bourbons. The hīway itself, tho a principal ŏne, was a ruf, broken bed of hard clay, which, in the winter rains, had been by the few passing wagons cut intŏ ruts and clods, and now was baked by the vernal sun intŏ the rugged form left by the last wheels which furroed it; while no green 'banquette,' as along the magnificent causeways of France and England, offered relief tŏ the pedestrian's feet. After the torment of a walk of near a dozen miles in a pair of cruel Neapolitan shŏes, which I had bŏt just before leaving the city, I beheld as welcŏme a vision as ever a sail tŏ shipwrecked mariner,—an open wagon, with but ŏne occupant, and going my way. We crossed 2 or 3 times the line of the projected railroad from Rome tŏ Naples, whŏse massive embankments lay incomplete, and unvexed by the tread of laborers. It must have been 1 o'clock when my friendly 'roturier' deposited me at a roadside inn, whêre I was first tŏ test the truth of my Neapolitan advices concerning the entertainment which my route would afford. Small cŏmfort so far! A small, square house of white stucco, with a broad archway in its frŏnt giving access for vehicles tŏ the enclosed cōurt-yard about which it was built, and for guests tŏ the interior of the tavern itself,—cōurt-yard and archway deep with all imaginable filth,—the rooms of the house almost unfurnished,

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dilapidated, offensive tŏ every sense,—it was unhappily a fair type of the Italian 'locanda' in districts unfrequented by foreign travel. A bit of coarse bread, with a knife incrusted with ancient evidence of its former uses, and a tumbler of muddy red wine, wëre the best means of refreshment the house afforded. But even this fare gave me strength tŏ stumble along over a few miles more of broken road, with the help of anŏther hour's lift in the wagon of a party of farmers. Near nītfall, I cŏme in sīt of what, as I have already learned by inquiry, must be my shelter until morning, unless I can go several miles farther, with no danger indeed of "faring wörse," but little hope of dŏing better. It is a nameless den, standing almost alone by the roadside; so nearly alone that the place, knōn in the nêborhood as *Pietra Storta*, is not even mentioned in Murray. Nameless, as I have said; but over the broad archway in frŏnt is nailed a withered, leafless bow, which cheaply indicates, all over Europe, the lo tavern, and which is so apt tŏ verify the adage tŏ which it gives rise, "*Good* wine needs no bush." The house is larger than my noonday resting-place, but even more squalid than that; the solitude of the spot brings up rather too plainly the varied warnings of my friends against robbery and murder; but thêre is no alternative; my tortured feet will carry me no farther. An ill-cooked omelet at last furnishes all my dinner, and I lock myself intŏ a greāt, desolate barn of a room, and fīt with vermin until morning.

3. Tuesday, a breakfast like yesterday's dinner, and an ëarly start. Getting well intŏ the mountains tŏ-day. The coŭntry is charming; the 17 miles of it that I make abound in varied and sŏmetimes striking scenery. The road passes several villages, all of them too squalid tŏ offer even the poor refreshment with which I should gladly supplement my slender breakfast. Tŏday anŏther companion, traveling also on foot, —a wörkingman bound tŏ San Germano. At noon, as we sit by the roadside tŏgether, resting and chatting,—it is hard if my

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Italian, bad as is, is wörse than his!—he draws from his wallet a loaf of dark-brown bread, and cheese as white almost as sno, and will take no answer but that I shall share them with him. Then we jog on tŏgether, until, sŏme hours before sunset, he leaves me at the inn, outside the town of *San Germano*, which beārs the imposing title of "Villa Rapido." Not so bad a place either; for this town has been not without attractions tŏ foreign visitors. Here is at least ŏne good dinner on my route, despite all prognostications; but it is not my place of halt for tŏnīt.

4. Just back of the little compact town, towering hundreds of feet abŏve it, and looking out far and wide over the level plains of Campania, rises that lordly eminence, the **Monte-Cassino.** Orf its lonely summit, more than 1300 years ago, 3 years before the Emperor Justinian laid, at Constantinople, the corner-stone of that gorgeous cathedral which he dedicated tŏ the Holy Wisdom, the saintly Benedict, overturning the heathen altars of Apollo, set up instead his loly monkish oratory, and founded the mŏther house of the great order of Benedictines; and here, after all the successive pillage of Lombards, of Saracens, and of the ruthless Gauls of this 19th century, still endures the grandest monastic establishment in Europe. The inn-people furnish convêyance tŏ the convent in the shape of a scrubby donkey, with a hardly better-kept boy for propulsive power. I bestride the uncŏmely beast, and the driver attaches himself by ŏne hand tŏ his tail, while with the ŏther he incites progress by means of a sharpened stick; and so we trot throu the crooked streets of San Germano, and commence the tortuous ascent. It was a delītful hour's ride. Belo, cŏvered with the soft haze of sunset, spread the broad valley of the Garigliano, bounded, sŏme 8 miles beyond, by mountains of ragged and picturesq' outline, and stretching away beyond the Papal frŏntier. Intŏ this valley projects like a promontory, from the mass of the loftier and snŏy Apennines close behind it, the mountain we wëre climbing; and at its summit, visible in sŏme-

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thing like palatial majesty for mãny miles on either side, is the greãt mõther house of the Benedictines. My arrival was, on õne account, sõmewhat inopportune. It was the eve of St. Benedict's day; and the convent, notwithstanding the stupendous extent of its cõurts and quadrangles and corridors, was so full of visitors, attracted either by religious zeal or by the free hospitality of the holy fathers, that when I entered throu a lo passage tunneled in the rock up intŏ a noble court-yard with a fountain, the servitor whŏ met me told me I could hardly be received. Fortunately, a Neapolitan friend, had given me, unasked, a card addressed tŏ the prior. On receiving this, the servitor disappears for a moment, and returns, beãring the commands of the prior that I should be conducted intŏ his presence. He received me with greãt dignity and courtesy, and shortly led me tŏ a large, fine room, well furnished (a far different apartment from the narro cells which served tŏ lodge the good fathers); and, stealing a few moments for the rites of hospitality from the unusual burdens of this anniversary time, sat and talked, in French and Italian, of the news of the outer wŏrld, which seemed tŏ reach him but seldom. Soon an attendant served in my room such frugal but wholesõme dishes—an omelet, a salad, bread, butter, but no meats—as the rules of a convent allowed; and with very thankful and kindly feelings toward my entertainers, I turned tŏ a pleasanter sleep than that of the nīt before. For an hour or more, after anõther ascetic, tho delicate, repast of eggs and lettuce, I rambled throu the labyrinthine structures of the convent, lingering longest and most reverently, and most loath tŏ leave it, in the greãt abbey-church, tŏ which nothing in Italy, still less ãnything out of Italy,—not the church of the Annunciation at Genova, not the metropolitan church of the wŏrld at Rome,—can be remotely compared for wealth of decoration in mosaics and paintings and rich marbles.

5. But I have far tŏ go tŏ-day. I cannot call away my courteous entertainer from the solemn services of the anniver-

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sary; so, leaving a little contribution for the charity fund of the convent, the ōnly acknoledgment I am permitted tŏ make for its hospitality, I pass out again throu the tunnel, and down the mountain throu the olive groves. I turn tŏ the rīt around the base of the mountain, and soon have struck intŏ a good, swinging gait, along the brŏad hī-road which leads up the valley of the Garigliano. The hīway is as pleasant as an English rural lane, passing as it dōes throu vineyards and rich plantations with grand old elms and oaks; but before noon the renewed torture of those accursed shŏes, reducing tŏ a wretched limp the exultant stride of the outset, rendered grateful beyond expression the succor of a springless and most cōmfortless wagon, in which a party of peasants helped me a dozen miles on my way intŏ the hills. The nīt was near when, having walked several hours after lŏsing the aid of my rustic friends, and having gône far intŏ the hills up the narroing valley of the Liris, I arrived at the village of *Isola*. Amōng my letters from Naples was ōne tŏ this place, introducing me tŏ Mr. de Montgolfier, a gentleman whŏse abode in these inhospitable wilds was compelled by his important office as manager of the most extensive paper-mills in South Italy Calling tŏ mind all I had heard at Naples regarding the comprehensive meaning of an introduction in the Abruzzi, I presented myself, dusty and halting from the march, without apology, at the 'cartiera.'

6. It was the declaration of the classical Mrs. Blimber, that, "if she could ōnly have seen Cicero in his villa at Tusculum, she should have died contented." I think, if that gifted woman could have shared with me this afternoon's walk, it would have gône far tŏ reconcile her tŏ the pangs of dissolution. The readers of Mr. Forsyth's entertaining "Life" of the greāt lawyer and politician will recall the minute topografical sketch of the favorite ancestral villa of Arpinum. Its site, as accurately ascertained by the comparison of existing landmarks with the date in his correspondence with Atticus, lay just in my way

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tŏday. Under the guidance of a truly venerable father from the conventual church of St. Dominic the Abbot, which stands upon the site of the heathen filosofer's coŭntry-seat, and is built with broken columns, capitals and triglyfs, inscriptions and bas-reltefs, Mrs. Blimber mīt have traced out, as I did, the "island" formed by the "cold Fibrenus," just before it "falls headlong intŏ the Liris." Less than an hour brôt me tŏ the inn at Sora, which mīt have been endurable but for contrast with the Eden of Isola.

7. By 7:30 next morning all preliminaries wëre concluded with the ōner, and I set forth in a shaky ōne-horse vehicle; for the day was a little rainy, aud the distance tŏ anōther resting-place altŏgether too greät tŏ be accomplished on foot, with all which must be dōne besides. It was the narro valley of the Liris, up which, almost tŏ its head, I was still pressing. The ascent was constant; the mountains, barren even of trees, grew nearer tŏgether, hīer, and more rugged, yet without being picturesq. Thêre wëre occasional squalid villages, the poverty of which was abject, and seemed universal. It was past noon when, follōing the road by a sharp turn tŏ the rīt, and climbing throu a narro gorge, we came out upon a scene which seemed, in the raw mist of that March day, the very abomination of desolation. It was a very level plain; its breadth, as we faced it, mīt have been a coŭple of miles; on our rīt the mountains closed upon it, while tŏ the left it stretched away in fearful solitude sōme 8 or 10 miles, until the mountains appeared tŏ shut down upon it,—all unvaried by tree or shrub or dwelling, or ãny sign of human occupation except the road along which we wëre traveling, and almost bare even of the commonest herbage. Opposite tŏ us, all along the northern edge of this plain, a gray, bald mountain rose sōme 1500 feet abōve the considerable elevation we had already attained, beyond which, and at about the level of the Campi Palentini, over which we wëre passing, lay the brôad, shallo Lake **Fucino**, deeply set in a crater-like

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basin of the mountains. Under this Monte Salviano in frõnt of us, under the plain we wëre traversing, more than 1800 years ago, the Emperor Claudius, with 11 years labor of 30,000 men, had pierced a tunnel from the lake throu tŏ the valley I had just left,—a tunnel 3½ miles in length, 10 feet hī, and 4 wide. It was carried all this distance throu hard rock and argillaceous ëarth, for the beneficent purpose—which, no less than its grandeur, commended the wörk tŏ an enlītened despotism—of keeping down tŏ thêir ordinary level the waters of the lake, which, having no natural outlet, had often inundated its fertile borders. The grandeur of the conception, the vigor of the execution, the splendor with which the completed task was celebrated, wëre all alike wörthy of a Cæsar. But it is õne thing tŏ create, and quite anõther tŏ maintain. Whether from unskilful engineering, or faulty construction, or from whatever cause, the issue from the lake soon ceased; the greāt Emissary was choked, and the water spread destructively, as before, over the mãny thousands of acres õnce open tŏ tillage and habitation. From that time on, monarchs of mãny names had striven tŏ renew the achievement of Claudius; roman Cæsars, german Kaisers, even Farnese Bourbons, had essayed the task, and abandoned it. What emperors and kings vainly attempted had been, a few years before my visit, õnce more undertaken by the capital and skill of a modern joint-stock company. A roman banker, prince Torlonia, had contributed most of the capital; french engineers had supplied the science and skill; and the wörk of restoring, on new and better plans, the Claudian construction, was now going bravely on. It was by the wish tŏ visit these greāt wörks, the ancient and the modern; tŏ see the boldest enterprise of this character that roman art had ever attempted, the proper companion and complement of those achievements which I had already marveled at,—the Pont du Gard in Provence, the wall of the Theatre at Orange, and the Flaminian and Appian Ways; tŏ see set face tŏ face, in unflinching com-

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parison, the old and new science,—that I had been attracted, more than by ănything else, intŏ this wild region.

8. I have called the plain upon which we had entered a solitude. All that impaired the completeness of the solitude was a cluster of lo temporary buildings just in frŏnt. My 'vetturino' having pointed out just at the rīt of the road a lo, irregular pile of stones, then, sŏme distance forward, anŏther, and yet ŏthers, until thêy reached in a strait line a little way up the mountain in frŏnt, told me that these rude well-curbs garded the mouths of the ancient 'cuniculi,' or air-shafts, and set me down, a little after noon, at ŏne of the better of the "shanties." It was a rare good fortune which had brŏt tŏ that place, at that moment, Mr. Bermont, at ŏnce contractor and engineer-in-chief of the wŏrk, tŏ whŏm I bore a letter. My reception was cordial, and a coŭntrywoman of his made us, in the two-roomed cabin we had entered, an omelet, *clean*, for I saw the process, and french. Then folloed an inspection with Mr. Bermont of his wŏrkshops, of his stables, whêre a hundred fine horses wëre kept, I listening meanwhile tŏ the information which he freely gave concerning the history and the details of his wŏrk. Claudius employed 30,000 laborers tŏ dŏ his wŏrk. Torlonia and Bermont had under pay a number varying from 1200 tŏ 1400, besides the 100 horses. At the engineer's cabin, remŏving outer garments, we wëre fitted out with ruf suits, including hats and boots, which certainly defied injury from ăny ordinary stains, and set out upon our explorations.

9. Turning directly toward the mountain, we folloed, on foot, the line marked, as already mentioned, by the piles of stones indicating the original 'pozzi,' or shafts for līt and air, and stopped tŏ glance down intŏ the dark abyss of 1 or 2 of them. Half a mile brŏt us tŏ the base of the mountain. Before a lo excavation in the side of the rock, my guide stopped. The engineer entered; I folloed, and found we wëre in a passage tunneled downwards at the utmost slope which allowed the

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possibility—I dŏ not say the facility—of walking with the help of our pointed staffs; the grade may have been of 30 degrees. Its dimensions wëre perhaps sŏmething less than those of the wŏrk tŏ which it led; say sŏmething more than a man's hīt, and wide enuf for 2 tŏ pass. Down this painful avenue, which was ŏne of the mãny throu which the Roman task-masters had driven thêir 30,000 slaves in gangs tŏ and from thêir ill-requited wŏrk, we stumbled on, without much discŏurse, and perhaps with inchoate doubts in the mind of ŏne of us whether it had been best, after all, tŏ cŏme throu the Abruzzi.

10. Before a tall aperture, which opened out of the side of the tunnel tŏ the rīt, my conductor paused, and, with a special admonition tŏ step carefully, entered it, and began at ŏnce tŏ ascend. It was anŏther 'conicolo,' not upon an inclined plane like that by which we had entered, but very steep, and built in long and difficult steps. These wëre cut in the rock, and, whêre that failed, wëre laid in the same thin Roman bricks. Often thêy wëre broken and ruinous, and everywhêre wëre wŏrn hollo by the tramp of the 30,000 wŏrkmen of the old Emissary; thêy wëre slippery with running water; and the very darkness became a help in climbing, by saving a weak head from dizziness. After a long and weary pull, thêre was a glimmer of līt ahead, and in a moment we wëre in the glaring day, out upon the naked Campi Palentini, but, tŏ my surprise, close by the company's wŏrkshops, half a mile from whêre we had gône underground; having been 2½ hours in the bowels of the ëarth, and under the summit of gray Monte Salviano, with 1800 feet of solid rock overhead.

11. It was a pleasant drive which Mr. Bermont, as the sun was sinking, took me in his chaise up that gray Monte Salviano, whŏse foundations we had been exploring. At its summit we paused tŏ look out upon the broad expanse of Lake Fucino, deep set belo us; at the white villages, so fair from afar, so foul and sordid on near vue, which dotted its borders; at the

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grand snōy Apennines beyond; and then slōly folloed the windings of the well-made, but ill-maintained road, tŏ the grimy town of *Avezzano*, whêre graceful hospitalities again cheered my solitary journey. Anŏther short drive in the morning enabled me tŏ complete the survêy of the Claudian Emissary, by taking me around the shore of the lake tŏ the point of outlet. Here the mountain cŏmes down, almost a precipice, tŏ the very shore, leaving but a few yards of level tŏ the water's edge. The Roman tunnel, still untoŭched at this upper end, is sunk 15 feet belo the bottom of the shallo lake. Up the steep mountain-side, marking sharply the line of the subterranean channel, rise, ōne abŏve anŏther, the mouths of 3 of the 'cuniculi' which gave access tŏ the wŏrk, the space left between the roof of each inclined gallery and the flōor of the ōne abŏve being ōnly those few yards of rock needed tŏ insure the safety of bŏth. Down ōne of these we descended, not mãny yards indeed, until our advance was stopped by the water which filled all this upper part nearly tŏ the level of the lake, and from which the operations belo wëre protected, perhaps by that very obstruction which had frustrated the hopes of the first builders.

12. Reaching out from the water's edge at this point of outlet, and enclosing, in an area of mãny acres, the site of the original mouth of the Emissary, now obliterated by the deposits of centuries, is an enormous double dike, shaped like the letter U, its extremities resting upon the shore. This, a most essential device of the new engineers, affords the means by which thêy will control, or at thêir will even cut off entirely, the flo of water from the Emissary; for none will be admitted but throu strong floodgates at the tō of the horseshoe. Already the dikes had served tŏ lay bare, within thêir enclosure, objects which should have attracted sŏme part of the antiquarian research and reverent pilgrimage so freely bestoed upon the recent exhumation of the ruins of Uriconium, in Shropshire. When the wŏrk of Claudius had availed tŏ reduce greãtly the superficies

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of the lake, the entrance tŏ the Emissary seems tŏ have been chosen as a site for a little town. Efemeral must have been its life; written history preserves no record so much as of its name, which yet may be imperfectly preserved in the local tradition which still calls that spot, whêre is neither town or house, *Incile.* Perhaps before that disastrous day when the Campanian cities disappeared under the stroke of õne devouring element, the slo encroachment of anõther had usurped those pleasant habitations which now, after 18 centuries of submersion, wëre laid bare tŏ the gaze of the degenerate clowns whŏ wëre raising those embankments, but of not õne intelligent observer, save those French engineers and the solitary and accidental traveler whŏ now inspected them. The streets, the foundations of the houses, thêir flõors, dõorways, and partitions, wëre laid out more distinctly than upon an architect's ground-plan. In õne part, in a house of special elegance, was a little bathroom, with its white tessellated pavement, and even the leaden discharge-pipe set in the bottom of the bath;—all fresh and clear as at Pompeii, and all tŏ be destroyed within a few weeks in the progress of the wŏrk.

13. In this state wëre the operations upon the new Emissary in the spring of 1860. It had been begun 6 or 7 years before, upon an estimate that sõmething more than $1,000,000, and 5 or 6 years of time, would be required for its construction, and that from 7 tŏ 8 years more would be needed tŏ drain its 36,000 acres and restore them tŏ cultivation. The wŏrk has not been uninterrupted, it is true. Within a few weeks from the time of my visit, the sovranty which protected it passed by violence from the house of Bourbon tŏ the house of Savoy; and the region of the Abruzzi was at times abandoned tŏ the disorder of brigands and reactionaries. But last year it was stated in the English papers that "Prince Torlonia's colossal undertaking of the drainage of the Lake of Fucino had recently been entirely centred in his õn hands by the dissolution of the original company, and

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his purchase of all its shares, which are now twice the amount of the original estimate. On the 9th of August, 1862, the Torlonia Emissary was opened for the first time, and in 15 mõnths it had drained 2,000 hectares (5,000 acres) of land. On the 28th of August, 1865, the Emissary was opened again, and will continue in operation about 2 years, during which period 5,000 or 6,000 hectares (12,000 tŏ 15,000 acres) will be drained. All that will then remain tŏ be effected will be a canal in the basin of the lake, which will drain 8,000 hectares more of most fertile land."

14. Thus has a Roman prince of the 19th century accomplished what a Roman prince of the 1st century essayed in vain. When the ëarlier õne had completed, tho so imperfectly, his audacious enterprise, and the waters wëre tŏ be let intŏ thêir unaccustomed channel, gorgeous beyond example was the display with which the pedantic tyrant celebrated his peaceful conquest. The pages of Suetonius, of Tacitus, of Dion, glo with the brilliancy of the festival. The elder Plinius deems it wörthy of mention, long after, (Hist. Nat., XXXIII. 3,) that in his youth he too had been present on that memorable day, and had seen the no less memorable Agrippina, clad in military robes, and sitting by her august consort's side, as he presided over the greāt spectacle of the naval fīt with which this unwarlike victory was inaugurated.

15. With aspirations as large as his means, prince Torlonia determined tŏ accomplish what the Cæsars had contemplated; and, tŏ go still further, and drain the entire lake. For the fulfilment of this project, he sŏt the advice of the most eminent of hydraulic engineers, Mr. de Montricher, whŏ had just completed the greāt wörks by which Marseille obtains its water. Mr. de Montricher spent a year in studying the hydrometric and pluviometric condition of the coŭntry, and then placed 2 schemes before his client: õne based on the repair of the Claudian emissary, restoring and carrying out the intentions of the Roman

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engineer, by which the bed of the lake mĭt be kept almost dry; the ŏther proposed widening and deepening the tunnel until its sectional area was double that which the old engineer had proposed, so that the entire lake could certainly be drained. Of cōurse the latter was much the more costly, but, without hesitation, the prince adopted it, and in March 1856, the wŏrk was begun. For 22 years since, it has been uninterruptedly carried on, and upwards of £2,000,000 have been expended upon it. Difficulties of the most unforeseen character had tŏ be encountered, for the infiltration intŏ the old tunnel rendered its restoration and enlargement far more hazardous in mãny places than the construction of a new ōne would have been. How these difficulties wĕre met and overcōme, and how special methods wĕre adopted for thêir conquest, is well told by Messrs. Brisse and de Rotrou; but thêre wĕre even greāter difficulties than these tŏ overcōme. Men, food, and materials had tŏ be brŏt from long distances over what could scarcely be called roads; houses, stores, and wŏrkshops built; and, wŏrst of all, first Mr. de Montricher fell a victim tŏ fever, and then his immediate successor, Mr. Bermont, died from disease of the heârt, brŏt on by his long and anxious duties. Then came the political disturbances in Italy, but in spite of these the wŏrk went on. At the beginning of 1862 the wŏrks had so far advanced that it became evident that a partial drainage of the lake mĭt speedily be attempted, and it thêrefore became necessary tŏ mark out the boundaries of the property tŏ be acquired; a matter of no slĭt difficulty whêre the littoral margin was subject tŏ so spasmodic fluctuations, and the lawyers wĕre for the time almost as arduously employed as the wŏrkmen. At length a boundary line was determined, and statues of the Virgin wĕre erected along it in each of the surrounding communes. On August 8th of this year anōther festival was held on the bank of Lake Fucino, differing in form and in spirit, but for the same purpose as that held by Claudius thêre 1,808 years before. In the pavilion of the prince, which replaced that of

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the emperor, a mass was said and sung, the sign of the cross was given in benediction, the flood-gates wëre ōnce again raised, the waters flōed, and in place of Ave Cæsar rang out loud cries of Evviva Madonna, Evviva Italia, Evviva Torlonia. For 417 days did the waters run thêir cōurse, interrupted occasionally for a few repairs of the tunnel and from the fears of the people whŏ lived along the Liris, fears soon prŏved tŏ be false, and during these days 123,436,500,000 gallons found thêir way tŏ the sea, reducing the depth of the lake sōme 14 feet. Along the land thus gained, the mouth of the tunnel was still further protruded, and the lake again tapped in August 1865, when the waters wëre allowed tŏ flo until May 1868, and in November 1869 the tunnel was finished. Nearly 7,000 yards it runs before it reaches the Liris, and for more than half that distance it is lined with hewn masonry in hard limestone, which is a veritable marble. Thêre still remained tŏ be finished the regulating wŏrks at the head of the tunnel, and the canalisation and surface-drainage of the bed of the lake; wŏrks, tho abōve ground, almost as remarkable as those buried under the mountains, and demanding special inventions for thêir execution in the oozy slime of centuries of deposit. Then folloed the wŏrks of reclamation, and of the extent of these sōme idea may be formed from the fact that more than 130 miles of roads have been made round and across the new found land, with 62 miles of canals and drains and 402 miles of ditches. By these means a cultivable estate of more than 32,000 acres has been added tŏ Italy and tŏ prince Torlonia's property. This now is divided intŏ farms of rather more than 60 acres (25 hectares), with farmhouses and buildings of the best arrangement for each. Churches and schools have been built, and whêre ōnce was desolation and disease, now fertility, industry, and health abound. Fifteen years ago the labor of the coūntry wanted land, and emigration from this district was an annual occurrence. Now the inhabitants of the plains cōme tŏ cultivate the land thus wrested from

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the waters. Vued in the lĭt of a merely commercial undertaking, perhaps the drainage of Lake Fucino can hardly be said tŏ be a success; the same amount of capital would certainly purchase a larger tract of already cultivated land almost ănywhêre in Italy, but looked upon from a patriotic point of vue it is hardly possible tŏ estimate the value of Prince Torlonia's undertaking.

16. When the time was cŏme for building the Valerian Way, almost due eastward from Rome, across the mountains tŏ the Hadriatic, the Consul Valerius went about it with a soldier-like directness. Having determined that the deepest notch in the mountain range was cut by that pass, strait beyond Lake Fucino, which is now called *La Forca Caruso*, he sent forth his simple mandate, and forthwith the grand thŏrofare began tŏ ascend the steeps with sinuous 'tourniquets,' tŏ twist throu the bleak summits of the Apennines, and tŏ find its way downward, on the opposite slope, tŏ the Hadrian wave. Throu this pass, along this route, I trudged alone, towards evening, late in March. Not a trace is left of the pavement of broad, smooth stones with which the Consul cŏvered it; not a fragment of the columns marking the increasing distances from the Golden Milestone in the Forum; and tho a principal hīway of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies the deep sno which buried the road was broken ōnly by the sharp hoofs of an occasional mule. From *Popoli*, the first town beyond the pass, the road descends, at first rapidly, throu a narro valley; and not until its 40 miles of distance tŏ the sea are nearly accomplished dŏ the enclosing mountains recede enuf tŏ suffer the torrent, which the road has follŏed, tŏ disport itself over a sandy plain of no greāt width, before it is at rest in the Hadriatic. Just whêre this broader opening is entered, salient intŏ it like the bastion of a fort, a single mountain springs forward and upward, detached almost from the rugged mass, weāring on its very summit, for a mural crown, the provincial capital, *Chieti*. Up its steep sides—so steep that the battlements which enclose the city are not half so rigorous a

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limit tŏ its expansion as is the abrupt plunge of the mountain-sides from the city walls—twists and zigzags a brôad road, with splendid engineering, tŏ reach the town with hardly a sharper grade than that over which a horse may trot easily. As the summit was neared, a turn in the road brôt suddenly intŏ vue a vast blue expanse, whŏse edge was very near; and, looking backward from this first and glorious vue of the Sēa of Hadria, the majestic range of the Apennines, now quite left behind, presented itself in a 'coup d'œil' more magnificent than ãny that I kno, excepting the vues of the Alps from Torino and from certain points in Lombardy. From the stupendous mass of La Maiella, near the left of the scene, the greāt chain of snōy peaks stretched away for 50 miles tŏ the N. W., until the tall pyramid of Monte Corno—well deserving its commoner name of The Great Rock of Italy (Gran Sasso d'Italia), and shooting its slender point more than 10,000 feet abõve the blue sea so near its base—hides all meaner summits from sīt; while all over thêir lōer slopes, and sprinkling the valleys which opened here and thêre amõng them, innumerable white towns and villages dotted the green. From Genova around tŏ Pæstum (what may be farther than Pæstum I cannot say) thêre is no such vue of the Apennines as this from beyond them.

17. From this hill-city, next morning, by a 3-hours' walk, I reached the shore of the sea whêre the odd little walled and bastioned town of *Pescara* bestrides the shallo river at its mouth. From this point the route was tŏ follo closely the unbending shore tŏ Ravenna. The mountains, crowding with thêir huge bulk upon the sea,—not sheer cliffs, as sõmetimes along the Gulf of Genova, but rugged and broken, and sending down at frequent intervals terrific torrents from thêir snōy reservoirs,—would suffer a hīway almost as well along thêir summits as a half-mile inland from the water's edge.[30] Near the gate of exit from Pescara an advantageous bargain with the ōner of an open wagon gave me half the seat, of which the õther part had already

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been engaged for 5 miles' distance. Less agreeable was the ride in a rude 2-wheeled cart with sōme stolid clods of peasants, with which the day's walk was further varied. So long as wheels wĕre available, the question of crossing rivers was easily solved. But in the afternoon I reached, alone and on foot, a flood of portentous width, without bridge, ferry, or ford apparent,—the river *Tordino*. Within reach was no man nor habitation; beyond was a humble house or two. No resōurce presented itself but that of the captive Hebrews by the rivers of Babylon,—tŏ sit down and weep. But fortunately thêre came up just then an indigene, in similar case, whô leisurely commenced baring his feet and pulling up the garment which was nearest like trousers, sending forth meanwhile ōne or two vigorous shouts. A speedy result was seen on the opposite bank, in the descent tŏ the water of a muscular native, whŏ proceeded by devious ways tŏ wade across tŏ us, and put himself intŏ an attitude tŏ be mounted. This dōne, the legs of his passenger well twisted around his neck, he cautiously retraced the perilous path he had cōme by, the bare feet of the rider dripping at times in the flood that came breast-hī, and returned for his next fare. Three or 4 of these torrents, before the line of the Papal States was reached, could be crossed ōnly in this extraordinary fashion;—this on a royal post-road of the first class, and the sole connection of these provinces with the capital. The streams north of the Tronto are not different in character from these; yet on crossing that frontier intŏ the territories of what I had been accustomed, until I was in "the kingdom," tŏ regard as the meanest of European despotisms, I found all admirably bridged; sōme indeed with trestle-wŏrk, which presents less surface of resistance tŏ the flood, but several more solidly, and all *well*.[31]

18. It was grōing dark as I entered the town of *Giulia Nuova*, set upon a hill a mile back from the hīway. Part of the next morning's walk was in the casual company of a gen-

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d'arme off duty. At noon, crossing the bridge of boats over the Tronto, I entered ōnce more the States of the Church, whŏse frontĭer I had passed on my southward cōurse at Terracina. Almost instantly the change already adverted tŏ was not ōnly obvious, but striking. The road was charming, tho very hot. Not ōnly wĕre villages frequent, but the hillsides wĕre sprinkled with gentlemen's coŭntry-seats, mãny of them elegant, and sōmetimes approaching the stately splendor of the villas with which Rome and Naples are surrounded. Orange-gardens loaded the air with thêir exquisite perfume, while the half-tropical effect of the near scenery, and of the sun's ardent brilliancy, was hītened by the vistas often opened by sōme short valley, of the snōy mountains at the left. Thêre was no more borrōing the aid of a cart, or of the friendly shōlders of a 'contadino,' tŏ cross the mountain streams,—all wĕre well bridged; while everything in the appearance of the coŭntry and of the people shōed a difference so decided that it mīt almost be called a contrast with all that was visible south of the frontĭer.

19. So, after a day or 2 of walking and wagon-riding along this pleasant coast, I climbed the steep from which thêre shon afar the goal of so mãny ōther pilgrimages, the holy city of LORETO. It was doubtless rather curiosity than veneration which had made me look forward with sōme earnestness of desire tŏ this visit; yet it was a disappointment that it should be so difficult tŏ arouse an enthusiasm of whatever kind, even in the sanctuary, which, if its walls did not in very truth enclose the sublime events of the Annunciation and the Incarnation, has yet been for mãny centuries the object of the ardent faith, the reverent pilgrimage, and the sacrificial offerings of monarchs and pontiffs, and of thêir subjects by tens of millions. Facing a brŏad piazza upon the utmost hīt of the hill city, flanked by a stately palace and a convent in the magnificent style which marks the date when the Papacy, tho in the decline of its strength, was efflorescing in corruption, stands in like

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profuse splendor the church of the Santa Casa; and within the church, small, black, and dingy, yet at ōnce the centre and the cause of this assemblage of church, palace, and city, the Holy House[32] itself.

20. Charming, but with sōmething ōther than a true Italian beauty, is the region over which I looked that evening from the walls of Loreto, and throu which I walked in the cool and cloudy morning: 'Il Giardino d' Italia,' as ōthers call it than those whŏ live thêre; 'La Marca,'—the March, or Marquisate, of Ancona. Undulating, and tŏ a degree of irregularity sōmetimes that ōne should almost say mountainous, it is yet under hī and thōro cultivation tŏ the tops of its hiest hills; while hills and vales and the winding roads and lanes are dotted or shaded by the yung foliage of innumerable trees, which would alone have served tŏ dispel the illusion tŏ which I was tempted, tŏ fancy myself in the valley of the Connecticut. Almond-trees wëre blossoming in peachy fragrance; blue violets peeped from the grass along the road; un-Yankee boys in white smocks and caps, from the crowns of which hung gay cōlored tassels, looked from thêir wŏrk, and helped tŏ sho that this was not New-England: but, amōng them all, the 18 miles seemed tŏ have been no long walk, when at 1 o'clock I passed by the town of *Ancona*,—by houses, on the landward side, in whŏse walls wëre imbedded Austrian cannon-balls, fired in its 26 days' bombardment in 1849, when revolution was suppressed for the Pope's benefit,—around tŏ the ōnly entrance of the town, whêre its north wall joins the port. Along the little strand, within the town, beside which my road led, wëre mãny squads of soldiers hard at drill. It was ōnly a few weeks later that these same blooming fields throu which I had just walked wëre reddened by the blood of the hirelings whŏ wëre now exercising or carousing about me; when Lamoricière had collected his 20,000 mercenaries about that very hill of *Castel Fidardo*, which I had looked at with its little village on its crest, ōnly tŏ

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be overwhelmed and routed by Cialdini, and tŏ see this stronghold of Ancona pass for the last time from the hands of the Roman pontiff.

21. Perhaps this Mount of Ancona, in a nook or "elbo" (ankōn) of whōse northern base nestles the town, may be set down as the exact point whêre the Apennine range, pushing down from the northwest, fairly strikes the sea, and from which it presses against the sea, with its lofty side along all that coast over which I had cōme. From here tŏ the north, the coast road no longer has tŏ struggle for a narro footing under the base of the steep mountains. If it siill keeps close tŏ the shore, it is ōnly because the shore is strait, and is the shortest line between the towns upon it. As I set out at noon in the lumbering diligence, the mountains at ōnce receded on the left, and, instead, a range of lo, monotonous hills accompanied us at a little distance. At no more rapid rate, including frequent stoppages, than if I had been afoot, the melancholy vehicle trundled along throu the afternoon and all the dismal nīt. Past *Sinigallia* whêre the gloomy palace frowned over the road, whêre Mastai-Ferretti began that life which he was tŏ end, perhaps, as the last Pope with temporal dominion, past *Fano*, with its triumfal arch of Augustus; after nīt had fallen, throu Pesaro, and suffering long delay at the post-station of *La Cattolica*, which marked for the time the extent of Piedmontese aggression, and whêre the gray Sardinian uniform looked pleasant ōnce more under the līt of the lanterns by which we wëre inspected; and in full daylīt tŏ Rimini, having accomplished 60 miles in 17 hours of painful travel. Here wëre thousands of the new invaders from Cisalpine Gaul, whŏ had crossed the Rubicon but a few miles back, and had passed intŏ *Rimini* over a noble Roman bridge, and under a magnificent Augustan arch of triumf, on thêir way toward the Rome at which thêy arrived, but whŏ wëre now busy in building greāt modern ëarthwŏrks, as if thêy meant ōnly tŏ keep what thêy had got. From the

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ramparts, looking westward, thêre meets the eye, conspicuous across the plain, a dozen miles off, a long black cliff, the hīest, apparently, in sīt, its upper outline broken against the sky with towers, its summit and sides streaked all over with sno, which is all the territory of the Republic of *San Marino*, with its army of 40 men, and its population of 7,000.

22. If the coŭntry was now flat and uninteresting, yet even in such a region the late torment of the diligence was not better than freedom and independence on foot. So in 2 or 3 hours next morning I reached the little stream which even now is called 'Il Rubicone,' flōing "ruddy" with clay between hī banks, and spanned by a wooden bridge, it may be at the very spot whêre Cæsar, on his way from Ravenna tŏ seize the important fortress of Rimini, made that plunge upon which the fate of the wörld was tŏ turn. The sea was near enuf tŏ the road, but hidden behind lo mounds of sand. Thêre wëre 2 or 3 little towns; *Cervia*, surrounded by a turreted wall, a square city of 2000 people, throu which, in its precise centre, the hīway passes brôad and clean, and just 3 minutes' walk from gate tŏ gate. Then, for 10 or 12 miles, the road skirts the *Pineta*,—the grove of umbrella pines stretching along the sea in a narro belt of wilderness. But at last the Pineta falls intŏ the rear; the land spreads out intŏ an utterly desolate lo marsh, without house, stick, or stone tŏ breāk its monotony, out of the midst of which rises, in solemn isolation, 3 or 4 miles before are reached the gates of RAVENNA* and quite as far from the sea, the noble basilica of *San Apollinare in Classe*,—stupendous monument of that Gothic empire and that Arian heresy which came near tŏ universal sway over the souls and bodies of Christendom, and of which Ravenna was the Rome, the glorious metropolis and capital. In this character alone, aside from all ŏther claims, this lonely, half-deserted city, within the ample circuit of whŏse walls are streets overgrōn with weeds and lined with vacant

* *Compare No. 26 of* TRAVEL,—"RAVENNA" *by H: James.*

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palaces, could never fail tŏ excite the reverent enthusiasm of ãny õne tŏ whŏm ecclesiastical or simply historical antiquities are of interest, if ōnly he should place himself within the circle of its attraction. Yet this is not all; for before the Goths Ravenna was greāt; and after orthodoxy had restored the unity of the Western Church, it needed mãny centuries of combined natural and ecclesiastical and political causes tŏ reduce it from a splendid rank amõng the cities of Christendom. Before Venice rose upon the islands which cluster about the head of the Hadriatic, but a few miles tŏ the northward, Ravenna was Venice. This inland town, from which the sea is distant by 7 miles of dreary marsh, sat like Venice upon its clustered islands; the sea, as in those of Venice, was "In its brôad, its narro streets, ebbing and flōing;" countless bridges maintained communication between its isolated quarters; like Venice, its walls wëre impregnable and unattainable by the strong defense of the lagunes that encompassed it; while all the wealth of the East, which afterwards built the palaces of Venice, floed intŏ its lap, tŏ be distributed by its merchants over all Western Europe.[33] In that grand process which never ceases, however imperceptible tŏ our vision, by which the mountains are being brôt lo and the valleys exalted, the Alps and the Apennines have been robbed of thêir substance tŏ raise these miles upon miles of firm land from the bottom of the sea. No natural landmark points the successive stages of this vast but silent and constant change; ōnly the names which faithful tradition has kept impressed upon the local topografy serve tŏ sho how gradually the Hadriatic retreated from the steps of the throne of its queen. When Rome was a republic, and Ravenna a town in its province of Cisalpine Gaul, the ships of Alexandria and Joppa discharged thêir cargoes in her streets. Two miles from her walls, the lonely church of *Sta. Maria in Porto* shōs by its name that at sõme ëarly time, which cannot be fixed, the harbor had retired so far from the city which had been built upon it; and the square līthouse,

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which then had guided the mariner tŏ his destination, was mãny centuries ago turned from its ludicrous inutility tŏ pious uses as the bell-tower of the church. At nearly twice that distance from the gates thêre is nothing but the name of the magnificent church of San Apollinare *(in Classe)* tŏ sho that its site was õnce that of the suburb whêre the imperial "Fleet" lay moored; while between it and the sea are now 4 miles of black and dreary moorland,[34] or of "Ravenna's immemorial wood, rooted whêre õnce the Adrian wave flõed o'er."

23. Of all the monuments of that schismatic faith and that barbaric empire, hardly õne is more impressive than this lonely basilica of *San Apollinare* in that dismal moorland, which was õnce the busy suburb of the Fleet. More than 1300 years ago, the thin, flat bricks—as Roman in thêir shape and the fashion of thêir putting tŏgether as if thêy had not been laid by those Goths whŏse name imports all that is brutal and destructive—rose intŏ its arcaded sides and clerestory, and its lofty circular campanile. Within, it is green now with damp and mold, and its lõer chapels swamped in water. No wŏrshipper kneels before its altar; a sickly looking priest or twô, caring for the unused utensils of church service, are the ōnly living things tŏ be seen by the visitor, except the spiritual life of 13 centuries ago, petrified intŏ the deathless cõlors which cõver the greāt tribune and the spandrels of the arch before it.[35] If we enter the silent city, its almost vacant streets offer still richer jewels tŏ our gaze. Here is that õther church of the same name (San Apollinare *Nuovo*), which, yet half a century ëarlier, the greāt Theodoric himself built as the metropolitan cathedral of the Arian wŏrld.—that church which mīt have been tŏ-day what St. Peter's is, had Chlodwig, instead of Alaric the Visigoth, fallen upon the plain of Poitiers while its walls wëre rising, and the wŏrld becõme a universal Gothic empire, and Arian heresy becõme Catholic orthodoxy. Not merely the extremity of this "Church of the Golden Roof," but the walls of its nave from end tŏ end,

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and up tŏ the glided cieling itself, are cōvered with these pictures in stone whŏse cōlors never fade. On ōne side a single gigantic composition shōs the city of Ravenna of that day, in which are conspicuous the structures which still remain tŏ us; opposite, that suburb of the Fleet, with harbor and ships, which now is vanished,—ships, city, and port; bōth rising from the round arches of the nave, which rest on columns borroed by the Gothic king from that Constantinople tŏ which he oed so slīt an allegiance, up tŏ the windōs of the clerestory; while every space between those windōs, and abōve them tŏ the roof, contains its separate subject. If it is thŏt strange that a period of Gothic domination should be commemorated by such structures as these, how much more marvellous is it that the most gorgeous wŏrk of Christian art, tho far from being the greātest of the ëarlier centuries, should have been going steadily on throu precisely those years when the struggle of Barbarian and Byzantine for final domination had burst out afresh, and was raging with a fury unknōn in the first invasions, and when Ravenna itself, as well as Rome, was held alternately by the contending hosts! Yet such was the eventful infancy of San Vitale.[36] "Barbarians" the wŏrld has agreed tŏ call them, and tŏ name "Gothic" whatever is base, brutal, unspiritual, and wantonly destructive. Perhaps the wŏrld's nomenclature mīt have been different, had the fortune of war been ōther than it was with Belisarius in the East and Chlodwig in the West. 'Les vaincus,' like 'les absens, ont toujours tort.' Looking back these 1300 years, throu the false medium of a literature made by the victors, it is yet not hard tŏ see that these barbarians had in them much of all in the wŏrld at that time that was good, that was generous, that was liberal, that protected and promoted art, lëarning, jurisprudence, and religion.[37]

24. It was pleasant tŏ visit now, at the centre of that imperial power of Theodoric, the fabric which the hero built for his final resting-place, as if conscious that those whŏ should cōme

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after him would be unwörthy tŏ make his sepulchre. Beyond the noise of the then busy city, in the midst of fruitful fields a mile without its gates, "upon the side of the north," as if the conqueror would return at least so far toward the birthplace of his nation, he built his tŏmb in his lifetime of massive blocks of Istrian limestone, brôt from beyond the sea intŏ this land of clay and bricks. Long ago a pious fervor has expelled and scattered the remains of the greāt heretic whŏ protected the wörship of his Catholic subjects, and the sepulchre is now a chapel of the orthodox *Santa Maria della Rotonda.* The sole remaining example, except the mausoleum of Galla Placidia, of the Funeral Chapels of the ëarlier ages, it rises in 2 stories, an equal-sided decagon, from a base which, altho lately uncōvered by excavation, is left by the unceasing rise of the land several feet belo the general level. Each of its 10 sides is occupied by a round recessed arch, of which the members are curiously notched and fitted intŏ each ōther; and around the whole runs a continuous molding throu the imposts of all the arches, which brôt at ōnce tŏ recollection a similar feature in the Terracina palace. But crowning the structure, as if tŏ exhibit tŏ the feebler races whŏ should cōme after, and whŏ should use the name of "Goth" in scorn or derision,—a feat beyond thêir power tŏ imitate, the mīty architect has placed a roof which the resōurces of 19th-century engineering mīt be inadequate tŏ construct;—ōne single block from the Istrian coast, 40 feet in its diameter, a rounded dome abōve and concave vault within, its thickness varying from 4 feet at the centre tŏ sōmething less at the edges, and its wêt 200 tōns. A mountain cōvered the grave of Theodoric, as a river floed over that of Alaric. Equidistant about the side of this mass are 12 projections pierced with holes, which the peasants of the nêborhood have called by the names of the 12 apostles, as if thêy had ōnce furnished support tŏ thêir statues; but no statue could have stood upon thêir downward-sloping tops. Perhaps the greāt architect left them thêre

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tŏ aid our imagination as tŏ the method by which this mass of 200 tŏns was mŏved tŏ its position, Thêre, at all events, it stands, and has stood these 13 centuries and a half, as firm and level as when the Gothic builder loered it tŏ its place, defying time, defying the puny assaults of modern men. Orthodox fanaticism has availed ōnly tŏ desecrate the tŏmb and scatter the kingly ashes. No feebler force than the lītning has rent in 2 parts, which yet remain unmŏved in thêir places, the wŏrk of that hero whŏse empire was at least coextensive with that of Carl the Greāt, and whŏse glory deserves tŏ be no less.

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[1] Reprinted, with the author's consent, from The Atlantic Monthly Apr. 1867, and Dec. 1868 except ¶ 15 which is (abridged) from The New Quarterly Magazine, 1880.

26. That square inch or two of mosaic, madam, which your cousin brôt you from Florence, you value enuf tŏ weär, set in gold, at your throat; and ritly. What think you, then, of a church, greätly larger than Trinity in Broadway, whŏse whole interior surface—roof, walls, columns, altars, and chapels, save such space as is cōvered by the paintings of Bassano and Luca Giordano—is encased in Florentine mosaics, larger in pattern, indeed, but scarcely less delicate, than your cherished ornamant,—while even the brôad acres of its pavement form ōne harmonious device in mosaic of such beauty and richness as the most undevout visitor would rather kneel than tread upon?

27. It would be pleasant tŏ paint, from the experience of the 20 hours at Isola, the attractive picture, which those born tŏ speak English are apt tŏ deem impossible, of the graceful home and fireside life of a refined, cultivated french family. But the frank and cordial hospitality with which, upon no stronger claims than those of being a stranger, a traveler, and an American, with a formal commendation from a common acquaintance, I was admitted tŏ this home imposes obligations which cannot be disregarded. No duty, however, is violated in saying that here, in the very heârt of the Apennines, whêre I had thôt myself perhaps the first visitor from over the sea, thêre greeted me the familiar face and voice of a house clock bearing the trade-mark of "Chauncey Jerome, New Haven, Connecticut"; that in the great cluster of buildings—turned from thêir ancient service as a convent tŏ the secular uses of a paper-mill—thêre was, what thêy said Europe could not supply the place of, an american "pulp-machine"; and that even tŏ this sequestered valley the fame of at least 2 coūntrymen of ours had cōme. One was the historic, almost mythologic Washington. The likeness of the ōther, with wŏrds of admiration,—rather of veneration,—as of an apostle and martyr, thêy brôt and set before me. It was the grim, Puritan figure of him whŏ, ritly or wrôngly, was tŏ them, as tŏ Hugo, the greatest of modern Americans,—of "ce pauvre

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Jean Brown."—of that crazy enthusiast whŏm the Virginians had hung as a felon at Charlestown, and made an end of, tŏ be sure!

28. What compensation the ancient wŏrkmen had, if indeed thêy were not unrewarded slaves, can hardly be told. The skilled laborers, the mechanics and miners, receive now from half a ducat tŏ a ducat, or from 40 tŏ 80 cents in silver, a day; the common laborers, from 35 tŏ 45 'grani,' or from 28 tŏ 36 cents of our coin. "Cheap enuf, we should call that in my coŭntry, M. Bermont?" "Yes, or in France; but I should rather have Frenchmen at double the wages. These Neapolitans are lazy and stupid, and are not tŏ be trusted out of sît. Before I lëarned tŏ take precautions against them, I lost, from thêir thieving, tools, stones, even things which could hardly be of the slitest value tŏ them, however important tŏ me. Why, sir, thêy would almost steal the shoes from the horses' hoofs! 'Mais," with a shrug of resignation, "il faut toujours payer son expérience!"

29. After what seemed a 10 minutes' journey, and was at ăny rate ōne of măny hundred feet, ōther lamps than ours flickered before us, voices of wŏrkmen wëre hëard, and we wëre in the Claudian Emissary. That is, we were whêre the Claudian wŏrk had been; but it was the engineer's purpose, he explained, tŏ sho first his completed wŏrk, and let me compare afterwards the architecture of the Roman Cæsar. At the point of our entrance, whêre excavation in the rock was all that needed tŏ be dōne by either builders, the contrast was in little more than dimensions; but by this contrast how sadly belittled was the imperial wŏrk! Instead of the sŏmewhat irregular perforation, measuring in hît now 7 or 8 feet, now a dozen, or even more, and in breadth from 4 tŏ 6 feet,—the discharging capacity of the tunnel being, of cŏurse, however the architects may have forgotten it, rigorously limited tŏ that of its smallest cross-section,—instead of this, a spacious gallery, uniform and symmetrical, of that nearly elliptical shape which modern science has pronounced tŏ be best adapted tŏ sustain the peculiar pressure tŏ which such structures are subjected, and which is especially familiar from vues of the Thames tunnel. This was its shape whêre we entered; and throuout its length, whêre completed, from the lake at Incile tŏ the river at Capistrello, it was the same; while a cross-section would give a maximum width, just abōve the centre, of 14 feet, and a hît of 20. This difference alone would have multiplied the discharging power of the old wŏrk by 4 or 5; and as we went on, new elements of imprŏvement made the discrepancy still more striking. Of the 5,000 'mètres'—as nearly as possible 3½ miles—of the entire length of the Emissary, about 3,800 were at this time finished upon the new plans. Throu nearly the whole of this completed wŏrk, throu much in cŏurse of construction, and finally throu much of the untouched Claudian wŏrk, we made our way by staff and lamp, stumbling along the track of railroad with little gravel trains drawn by horses, and often in a rapid current of 8 inches of water. Soon we had passed out of the rock-cutting, and were encompassed by the magnificent masonry of cut stone, with which the tunnel is carried throu the

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earth excavations which make a large part of its cōurse. A little farther we came upon the most active operations; passed throu swarms of wōrkmen with thēir lamps, and found the passage blocked by great solid frame-wōrks of timber, here and thēre already crushed by the mass of earth which it was thēir office tō support in the interval between the remōval of the excavated portion and the completion of the splendid masonry which formed the finished wōrk. Over and under and throu these massive frame-wōrks we had now tō scramble and climb, not withont nervous respect for the silent energy which mīt again be exercised upon those broken timbers before we were well out of them. The timber structure came tō an end; in frōnt of us was a bare surface of earth, and in the midst of it the oblong aperture of the Roman tunnel. Every step in this hitened the contrast with the modern wōrk. The masonry was of the famous Roman bricks, in that shape of broad, flat slabs, not more than 2 inches thick' which seems tō have been, at least from Britain tō Calabria, thēir unvarying form throuout the Empire. Thēir position, it is true, had put them tō no gentle test in the 1800 years since thēy were set; but it was no assumption of profetic vision tō foretell that the grand French wōrk throu which we had passed would be, saving the respect due tō Mr. Miller and Dr. Cumming, in better condition after the next 1800 years than thēy were then. Here and thēre the Roman masonry had altōgether fallen in. Elsewnēre. the substance of the bricks was disintegrated and washed away, tō the depth of an inch or two from the face of the wall, while the grand cement with which thēy were joined, utterly unimpaired by all its exposure, stood out firmly from the receding bricks, defining thēir joints in bold relief. Now, too, by the help of the engineer's explanations, thēre became apparent certain points of superiority of the new wōrk over the old, ōther than the increase in size, the reform in cross-section, and the improvement in masonry. We were mōving southwardly throu the tunnel, in the direction, that is, of the flo of the water from the lake tō the river; when thēre appeared before us an abrupt *ascent*, sōme 3 or 4 feet hī, not ōnly of the flōor, but of the whole tunnel; climbing which, we found the downward slope tō be resumed ōnly at the same gentle gradient as before. Here the ancient engineers, wōrking towards each ōther from different 'pozzi,' had preserved indeed with marvellous exactness the just alignment of the wōrk, but had on ōne side or bōth, made that prodigious error in thēir leveling discōvered ōnly at the meeting of the 2 gangs, and then left unrectified. Again, at anōther point of meeting between 2 shafts, the level was fortunately nearly enuf identical; but this time such a defection from the true alignment had occurred, that the parties had actually passed each ōther underground; and the traverse gallery by which communication was opened between the 2 sections had been cut throu, with an astonishing defiance or ignorance of the laws of flōing water, not so favorably as at rīt angles tō the general cōurse, but at an *acute* angle, so that the current was compelled tō turn sharply upon itself twice before it could pass on tō its outlet. The differences in level the new wōrk had gradually disregarded, and mōved on from lake tō river in ōne fixed and gentle descent.

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30. This coast-road, therefore, is the only means of communication between this part of the latter kingdom of the Two Sicilies and its capital, or with the rest of the kingdom and the rest of the world, unless 2 or 3 such sno-buried mule-tracks as I had just traced over the mountains, or the open sea at hand, should be reckoned as traveled roads. Nor did the Bourbon-Farnese government fail to recognize the primary importance of the road. Yet of all the violent streams which teär across the road between Pescara and the Pontifical frontier,—streams which after a rain, and especially at the season of this journey, are swollen to such torrents as to be absolutely impassable by anything without wings.—not more than 1 or 2 have anything resembling a bridge. At such times, therefore, all communication with the rest of the world is suspended, whatever necessity for it may exist, even for 10 or 12 days together.

31. It may not be unreasonable to attribute this, and some other like fenomena of difference which one observes in comparing the Trans-Apennine provinces of the two powers, not so much to the greater beneficence as to the greater weakness of the priestly administration. In these Hadriatic possessions of the Holy See there has always been a semblance of local autonomy, of provincial life, which the priestly administration was not strong enuf to extinguish as the royal and Bourbon has done, and which dōes thêrefore some few things like these for the provinces, in spite of the central government.

32. Black, I have said; yet of its outer surface no one can speak but by conjecture or inference; for tho you face the sanctuary, in whatever of the four arms of the cruciform church you stand, if only you look inward from the entrance (for the House is at the intersection of them all), yet so closely incased is it in a glittering crust of sculptured marble, that the undevout visitor may well forget the doubtful miracle within for the sure marvels which are outside. The architecture of Bramante, and the patient sculpture of such as John of Bologna and Sansovino, and whatever thêre was greatest in thêir art throu the first full third of the cinque-cento, hove hidden from sīt the simple structure of Judæn shepards, while they represent in wŏrk almost divine the events of which the House itself was witness, or the wōnderful passages of its later history. That history, too, in minute detail including the migration from Nazareth to the coast of Dalmatia, and at last, in 1295, to the spot where it now stands, is inscribed on stone tablets in various parts of the church, in different languages, that pilgrims mīt be built up in the faith that brôt them here; yet the only languages which considerable sëarch discovered were English, Welsh, and what purported to be *Scotch*. How justly this last is published as a language distinct from the English may be judged from the heading; "The Storie of the Marvellous Flyttynge of ye Holy House of Our Ladye of Loreto." Within, a simple curiosity, not sharpened by faith, is soon sated. A mere cell, or cabin, of ruf irregular brick, less than 28 feet long, not half so hī, and narrōer than its hīt, is black and grimy with the smoke of six centuries' incense. A single door gives entrance to human-

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ity; ōne windo, tŏ all the lit but what is furnished by the silver lamps which hang burning nit and day before the shrine. Over a little altar is ōne, perhaps the most famous ōne, of those hideous images in black wood of which St. Luke, evangelist, fysician, and sculptor, has the unenviable credit, which have been deemed the most precious treasures of more than one Italian town; and tŏ no ōne of which can this Lady and Child, of half life size, be reckoned inferior, whether in ugliness of feature or in splendor of vestment. But weatever be one's incredulity in respect to the cabin and the doll, there is no room to doubt the genuineness of the jewels which adorn the ōne, or of the treasures, in the form of votive offerings, which fill the other; nor, better yet, of the wide vista over land and sea which the declining sun was toŭching with a more splendid glory when I left the shrine of superstition, and looked forth from the lofty ramparts of the town.

33. When Rome was shaking under the successive shocks of Northern invasion, the degenerate Cæsars fled hither to establish the still splendid cŏurt of the Western Empire. But its greätest magnificence was under the sway of that extraordinary people, that blue-eyed, fair-haired race whŏse name is a synonyme for savage brutality, whŏ yet conquered the conquerors of the wŏrld, and whŏ from this capital, which they made to rival in splendor the city of Constantinus itself, exercised a dominion reaching from the mouths of the Donau to the extremity of the Italian peninsula, and to the Pillars of Hercules and the Bay of Biscay.

34. Thus, when the queenly city had been abandoned by her handmaid the sea, her commercial greätness fled to upstart Venice, or was shared by Venice with Genova and Pisa; while, the Gothic sceptre having passed from the giant arm of Theodoric to successors as puny as the latest Cæsars, imperial power and ecclesiastical primacy were transported to the Rome which had so lately lost them, or went wandering or divided to Saxony or Franconia, to Paris or Aachen. But tho her dominion is long ago departed from her, Rome herself has not to-day such monuments of the period from Constantinus to the death of Justinianus, a space of 2½ centuries, as Ravenna possesses in unimpaired magnificence. Compare these dates, for example, of all existing works in mosaic, up to the time last named: in Rome at Sta. Sabina, but almost wholly destroyed, A. D. 425; part of the mosaics at Sta. Maria Maggiore, 432; SS. Cosmo and Damian, 530;—at Ravenna, at the tŏmb of Galla Placidia, 440; at San Giovanna in Fonte, 451; at San Vitale, 546; at Sta. Maria in Cosmedin, 553; at San Apollinare in Classe, 567; and at San Apollinare Nuovo, 570; while the superiority of these to the few Roman works is far greäter in extent and splendor than in mere number. Sŏmething, perhaps, of this inequality is due to the fact that the returning power and wealth of the Roman episcopate made possible a lavishness of reparation and improvement which left little but the name to many a venerable relic of the ëarlier centuries, while deserted and declining Ravenna had hardly the vigor even tŏ destroy; but it cannot be doubted that the period in question was that which came

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nearest to a total eclipse of Roman splendor, and during which the heretical supremacy and the barbarian invasions which were oppressing her wëre building her Trans-Apennine rival into a gorgeous seat of empire.

35. Here, with reverent boldness, the sacerdotal artist has essayed the wonderful scene of the Transfiguration. From the apex of the half-dome which roofs the tribune, the hand of the Almity, issuing from the clouds points to the head of Christ, in the centre of a great gemmed cross just belo. Above the cross in Greek letters is the wörd ICHTHUS; near its arms the Alpha and Omega; and at its foot the wörds *Salus Mundi.* Resting on clouds on either side of the cross, and pointing tŏ it, are the figures of Moses and Elias, thĕir names inserted near them in strong roman characters. Belo, on the green earth (and how brilliantly and perennially green that landscape is, after these 13 centuries, no one who has seen it can ever forget), the apostles Peter, James, and John gaze upwards in the guise of sheep, surrounded by flowers and rocks and pines and cypresses, Belo the cross is the saint under whŏse invocation the church is dedicated, in his ancient archbishop's robes, his arms raised in the act of preaching, his congregation symbolized by a flock of sheep surrounding him. Near by, upon anŏther wall of the presbytery, the greăt mystery of the Atonement appears under its several Hebrew types,—the sacrifices of Abel, Melchizedek, and Abraham. Abŏve the arch of the tribune, upon the brŏad wall which looks down the nave, are still ŏther and various subjects,—archangels, evangelists, symbols of Christian faith and hope, and the cities of Bethlehem and Jerusalem, with processions of believers, typified, as before, by flocks of sheep issuing from the open gates. Such are the themes which, in representations splendid in cŏlor and colossal in grandeur, are spread over the whole surface of that altar-end of this deserted church, which alone has preserved its treasures tŏ this day.

36. It is rare that the date of so ancient a wŏrk can be determined so precisely as may that of this singular structure from the marks it beärs upon itself. The most brilliant of all historical records in the mosaics cŏvering the chair and tribune, and representing the consecration of the church, fix the time of that event as nearly as may be at the year 547. On opposite walls stand the Emperor Justinianus and his wife Theodora, "whŏse vices wëre not incompatible with devotion," attended, the former by the consecrating archbishop St. Maximian and a splendid retinue of cŏurtiers and officers, the ŏther by a train of ladies from the Byzantine cŏurt, all in such vivid distinctness of costume and feature that ŏne dŏes not think of questioning thĕir likeness, while the identity of every principal figure is established by the bold lettering of a name near it. As the disreputable actress, turned empress and devotee, died in 548, the limit for the completion of the church is fixed at ŏnce. For its commencement this strange, Oriental-looking octagon could have been suggested by no ŏther than that magnificent temple which the same Emperor had begun at Constantinople in 532, and 6 years later had dedicated tŏ the Eternal Wisdom; even as San Vitale itself, after 2½ centuries, suggested tŏ

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Carl the Greät the ideal which that greäter than Justinianus executed in the octagon Chapel which gave a name tŏ his capital and afforded him a sepulchre. Nothing, thêrefore, seems so probable as that, when Belisarius had recŏvered the Gothic capital in 539 for his imperial master, he should at ŏnce have begun, a votive offering for his success, the gorgeous monument which 8 years later was completed. Rarely, in ăny age, have the arts of architecture, sculpture, and painting (if that may be called so which uses ŏnly fragments of cŏlored stone as the vehicle of its expression) combined tŏ make so splendid a memorial of triumf or devotion. Unlike as it is in shape tŏ the basilica or the later church, yet the analogy tŏ the nave, aisles, and side-chapels of the latter is closely maintained. Abŏve the 2 tiers of circular arches, resting on superb monolithic columns of Grecian marbles whŏse capitals are cunningly undercut with vine-wŏrk and reticulation and strange devices, bespeaking far more the vigorous play of a yung and grŏing art than the decline and corruption af an old art, rises a clerestory and a dome; while such parts of the inner fabric as are not cŏvered with costly marbles and sculptures blaze with the profuse and varied pictures of the wŏrkers in mosaic, as brît and clear and perfect in cŏlor as well as design, as on the day when St. Maximianus first read thêre the prayers of consecration. It would be a wearisŏme task tŏ reproduce from note-books a catalog of all the subjects which glitter on the walls of San Vitale, or of ăny ŏne of the greäter churches of Ravenna; a sufficient idea of thêir character and diversity has already been given by examples. Whatever external splendor these structures may have (and sŏme of them are extremely imposing) is in spite of the simplicity of thêir material; for this, upon that greät alluvial plain, whêre not so much as a pebble can be found, is almost uniformly the brŏad, flat, Roman brick, an inch and a half in thickness. But the most distant quarries have contributed thêir wealth tŏ tne adornment of thêir interiors; while these mosaics, which glitter in such vast extent upon thêir inner walls, whether thêir subjects be historical, symbolical, or dramatic, are not merely inestimable studies of the costume and the whole life of the 5th century, but as wŏrks of art are immensely superior, in cŏlor, in action, in expression, and even in composition. tŏ those of the 13th and 14th centuries elsewhêre in Italy. If it had been attempted tŏ give a summary of the attractions of this Gothic capital tŏ a student of ëarly Christian art, it would still be incomplete. Overreaching in antiquity the final Gothic conquest, the mausoleum built by a roman empress, whŏ had also been a queen of the Goths, as her ŏn sepulchre and that of an emperor whŏ was her brŏther, and anŏther whŏ was her son, is on sŏme accounts of singular value. Constructed at least before the death of Galla Placidia in 450, it is, with a single exception, also at Ravenna, the sole example remaining in Italy of the 'Memoriæ' or funeral chapels which ŏnce cŏvered the coŭntry like the Santons' tŏmbs in Turkey, the origin of which may be traced, if not tŏ Byzantium itself, tŏ the sepulchral cells of the Catacombs, and which seem tŏ have given place long ago tŏ the mortuary chapels that wëre annexed tŏ churches and cathedrals. Its 3 im-

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perial tŏmbs are, perhaps, the ëarliest specimens of Byzantine sculpture now remaining; the mosaics which cōver its cupola are not ōnly peculiarly beautiful, but constitute, with the strict harmony of its architecture and its sculpture, what has been called by ōne of the most filosofical writers on Christian Art (Lord Lindsay) "by far the most perfect and interesting exāmple" of the ëarly Byzantine symbolism. Yet this monument, too, the sepulchre of a Gothic queen and of that Roman Emperor whŏ diverted himself with cock-fīts behind the walls and ditches of Ravenna while Alaric was taking Rome, helps tŏ remind ōne of those barbarians under whŏse rule Ravenna was at its greātest.

37. The code of Justinianus in which culminated 12 centuries of Roman juridical lëarning and a national life devoted in some measure to the arts of peace, is no more remarkable monument of enlītened legislation than that Visigothic code which was struck out by these Tuetonic organizers, before Justinianus' century, in the ferment of incessant campaigning and amid the daily clash of arms. Under the undisputed dominion of the East Goths, Saint Benedict, who was a heretic to them, was suffered to found on the Monte Cassino that monastery which was for centuries the very fountain-head of all manner of lëarning, and Cassiodorus established, in his graceful retirement at Squillace from the office of prime minister of the Gothic Empire, the first great library in Italy; while the monarchs themselves invited from all the wŏrld whoever excelled in art or science, and promoted the cultivation of science and arts among thêir subjects by a liberal system of rewards. Dio Cassius could no better express the wisdom and refinement of these barbarian rulers than by comparing them favorably with the Greeks themselves. Accustomed, whêrever they wëre subject to orthodox rule, to the relentless persecution by which orthodoxy was sure to vindicate itself, no sooner did these gentle barbarians establish thêir domination than they shōed tŏ those whŏ had "despitefully used them and persecuted them" the new virtue of full toleration for differences of religious opinion; so that during the great Theodoric's reign of 33 years it was said that no Italian Catholic had adopted, either from compulsion or choice, the religion of his monarch. Then, first and last in all the centuries from the time of Constantinus almost to our day, did a Christian gōvernment protect even the Jew from the superstitious or avaricious fury of the mob, and, by a refined justice which only our latest American statutes have expressed, levied upon the community responsible for the outrages a proper compensation for the injuries inflicted. What a different Europe it mīt have been, had barbarism like that controlled it for the past thousand years! "But surely the Goths and Vandals pillaged Rome?"—*Capture* Rome no doubt thêy did. So have British troops in our day taken Pekin and Delhi and Magdala, and, not long ago, Washington. But when we read how our cousins plundered and sacked and desecrated temples, and destroyed public monuments,—and call them Goths and Vandals, we dŏ the barbarians a wrōng. Thêir enemies have told their story; yet their enemies have recorded that

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Alaric protected the churches of Rome, and all who mît take refuge in them, and the consecrated vessels, even in the fury of a capture by assault; and that even the public edifices suffered rather from the inevitable damage of the occasion than from wanton destructiveness. Augustinus compares the moderation of the heretics with the wanton barbarity of the Romans in the wars of Marius and Sulla, as each party in turn gained possession of the imperial city; and a later historian confidently affirms that the ravages of these barbarians were less destructive than those of Carl V., "a Catholic prince, whŏ styled himself Emperor of the Romans." Orthodox piety had already suffered the monuments of paganism tŏ fall tŏ decay; and it was reserved for the Gothic Theodoric to protect by positive edict, by the appointment of an efficient architectural commission, and the appropriation of large annual revenues, the public edifices, the statues, whatever was valuable for antiquity or art, from the ravages of time and the depredations of Roman citizens. As Rome grew rich and greät again, her ŏn princes completed the ruin of her most glorious monuments, content tŏ see thêir ŏn evil wŏrk charged upon the Goths whŏ wëre thêir betters; so that, in a stronger sense than Pasquin meant it, may it be said in Pasquin's wŏrds, "Quod *non* fecerunt barbari, fecere Barberini."

EXPLANATION OF ACCENTS:— â = a in *are* (not as in "bāre"); ă = a in *was* (not as in "has"); ã = a in *any* (not as in "ant"); ē as in *hear* (not as in "health" or "heârt" or "beär" or "ëarl"); ê = e in *there* and *their* (not as in "hēre" or "wëre"); ī = i in *lie* (not as in "lief"); ō = o in *four* (not as in "our" or "yŏur"), or in *post* (not as in "côst"), or in *bowl* (not as in "howl"); ô = o in *gone* (not as in "bōne" or "ōne"); ö = o in *work* (not as in "pōrk"); ŏ = o in *do* (not as in "so"), or in "*move*" (not as in "rōve," or "lōve"); õ = o in *one* (not as in gône or bōne.)

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NIAGARA.

BY HENRY JAMES.[1]

1. My journey by a morning's sail from Toronto across Lake Ontario, seemed, as regards a certain dull vacuity in this episode, a kind of calculated preparation for the uproar of Niagara—a pause or hush on the threshold of a great sensation; and this, too, in spite of the reverent attention I was mindful tŏ besto on the first-seen, in my experience of the great lakes. It has the merit, from the shore, of producing a slīt perplexity of vision. It is the sea, and yet just not the sea. The huge expanse, the landless line of the horizon, suggest the ocean; while an indefinable shortness of pulse, a kind of fresh-water gentleness of tone, seem tŏ contradict the idea. What meets the eye is on the ocean scale, but you feel somehow that the lake is a thing of smaller spirit. Lake navigation, thêrefore, seems tŏ me not especially entertaining. The scene tends tŏ offer, as ōne may say, a sort of marine-effect 'manqué.' It has the blankness and vacancy of the sea without that vast essential swell which, amid the belting brine, so often saves the situation tŏ the eye. I was occupied, as we crossed, in wōndering whether this dull reduction of the ocean contained that which could properly be termed "scenery." At the mŏuth of the Niagara River, however, after a 3 hours' sail, scenery really begins, and very soon crowds upon you in force. The steamer puts into the narro channel of the stream, and heads upward between hī embankments, From this point, I think, you really enter intŏ relations with Niagara. Little by little the elements becōme a picture, rich with the shadōs of cōming events. You have a foretaste of the greāt spectacle of cōlor which you enjoy

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at the Falls. The even cliffs of red-brown ëarth are now crusted, now spotted, with autumnal orange and crimson, and laden with this ardent boskage plunge sheer intŏ the deep-dyed green of the river. As you proceed, the river begins tŏ tell its tale—at first in broken syllables of foam and flurry, and then, as it wërę, in rushing, flashing sentences and passionate interjections. Onwards from Lewiston, whêre you are transferred from the boat tŏ the train, you see it from the cope of the American cliff, far beneath you, now superbly unnavigable. You have a lively sense of sõmething happening ahead, the river, as a man near me said, has evidently been in a row. The cliffs here are immense; thêy form genuine 'vomitoria' wörthy of the living floods whŏse exit thêy protect. This is the first act of the drama of Niagara; for it is, I believe, õne of the commonplaces of description that you instinctively harmonize and dramatize it. At the station pertaining tŏ the railway suspension bridge, you see in mid-air beyond an interval of murky confusion produced by the further bridge, the smoke of the trains, and the thickened atmosfere of the peopled bank, a huge far-flashing sheet which glares throu the distance as a monstrous absorbent and irradiant of lĭt. And here, in the interest of the picturesq, let me note that this obstructive bridge tends in a way tŏ enhance the first glimpse of the cataract. Its long black span, falling dead along the shining brow of the Falls, seems shivered and smitten by thêir fierce effulgence, and trembles across the field of vision like sõme mĭty mote in an excess of lĭt. A moment later, as the train proceeds, you plunge intŏ the village, and the cataract, save as a vague ground-tone tŏ this trivial interlude, is, like so mãny õther goals of æsthetic pilgrimage, temporarily postponed tŏ the hotel.

2. You see a multitude of hotels and taverns and shops, glaring with white paint, bedizened with placards and advertisements, and decorated by groups of those gentlemen whŏ

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flourish most rankly on the soil of New-York and in the vicinage of hotels; whŏ carry thêir hands in thêir pockets, wear thêir hats always and every way, and, altho of a sedentary habit, yet spurn the ëarth with thêir heels. A side-glimpse of the Falls, however, calls out õne's filosofy; you reflect that this is but such a sordid foreground as Turner liked tŏ use; you hurry tŏ whêre the roar grōs louder, and, I was going tŏ say, you escape from the village. In fact, however, you don't escape from it; it is constantly at your elbo, just tŏ the rīt or the left of the line of contemplation. It would be paying Niagara a poor compliment tŏ say that, practically, it dōes not hurl off this chaffering by-play from its cope; but as you value the integrity of your impression, you are bound tŏ affirm that it hereby suffers appreciable abatement. You wōnder, as you stroll about, whether it is altŏgether an unrīteous dream that with the slo progress of culture, and the possible or impossible grōth of sōme larger comprehension of beauty and fitness, the public conscience may not tend tŏ ensure tŏ such sovran fases of nature sōmething of the inviolability and privacy which we are slo tŏ besto, indeed, upon fame, but which we dŏ not grudge at least tŏ art. We place a greāt picture, a greāt statue, in a museum; we erect a greāt monument in the centre of our largest square, and if we can suppose ourselves nowadays building a cathedral, we should certainly isolate it as much as possible and subject it tŏ no ignoble contact. We cannot build about Niagara with walls and a roof, nor girdle it with a palisade, but the sentimental tourist may muse upon the chances of its being garded by the negative homage of empty spaces and absent barracks and decent forbearance.[7]

3. Tho hereabouts so much is greāt, distances are small, and a ramble of 2 or 3 hours enables you tŏ gaze hither and thither from a dozen standpoints. The õne you are likely tŏ choose first is that on the Canada cliff, sōmething abōve the bridges. The greāt fall faces you, enshrined in the surging

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increase of its ōn resounding mists. The common feeling just here, I believe, is ōne of disappointment at its want of hīt; the vision grasps less in quantity than it had been prompted tŏ expect. My ōn sense, I confess, was absolutely gratified from the first; and, indeed, not the bulk and volume of the matter, but its exquisite *expression*, seemed tŏ me paramount. You are, morever, at sōme distance, and you feel that with the lessening interval you will not be cheated of your chance tŏ be dizzied with pure size. Already you see the world-famous green, baffling painters, baffling poets, clear and lucid on the lip of the precipice; the more so, of cōurse, for the clouds of silver and sno intŏ which it drops transformed. The whole picture before you is admirably simple. The Horseshoe gleams and glares and boils and smokes from the centre tŏ the rīt, drumming itself dim with vapors; in the centre, the dark pedestal of Goat Island divides the doŭble flood; tŏ the left booms and smokes the minor thunder of the American Fall; and, on a level with the eye, abōve the still crest of either cataract, appear the white faces of the uttermost rapids. The circle of weltering froth at the base of the Horseshoe, emerging from the dead white vapors—absolute white, as moonless midnīt is absolute black—which muffle impenetrably the final crash of the plunge, melts slōly intŏ the powerful green of the lōer river. It seems a mīty drama in itself, this blanched survival and recōvery of the stream. It stretches away like a tired swimmer, struggling from the snōy scum and the silver drift, and passing slōly from an eddying foam-sheet, toŭched with green līts, tŏ a cold stony green, streaked and marbled with trails and wild arabesques of foam. This is the beginning of that air of unforgotten troŭble which marks the river as you meet it at the lake. The ultimate green I speak of is of admirable hue—the clearest, the greenest, the coldest of all greens—a green as sombre and steady as most greens are līt and inconstant. So it shifts along, with a sort of measured pride, deep and lucid,

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and yet of immense *body*, the most stately, the least turbid of torrents. Its mŏvement, its sweep and progression are as admirable as its cōlor, but as little as its cōlor tŏ be made a matter of wŏrds. These things are but part of a spectacle in which nothing is imperfect. As you draw nearer and nearer, on the Canada cliff, tŏ the rīt arm of the Horseshŏe, the mass begins in all conscience tŏ be large enuf. You are able at last tŏ stand on the very cope of the shelf from which the leap is taken, bathing your boot-toes, if you like, in the side-ooze of the glassy curve. I may say, in parenthesīs, that the importunities ōne suffers here, amid the central din of the cataract, from hackmen and fotografers and venders of gimcracks, are simply hideous and infamous. The road is lined with little drinking-shops and warehouses, and from these retreats thêir occupants dart forth in competition upon the hapless traveler with talk of thêir pigmy side-shōs.[7] At last you stand steeped in long looks at the most beautiful object in the wŏrld.

4. The pure beauty of elegance and grace is the grand characteristic of the Fall. It is not in the least monstrous. It is supremely artistic—a harmony, a conception, a masterpiece; it beats Michel-Angelo. One may seem at first tŏ say the least, but the delicate observer will admit that ōne says the most, in saying that it is *pleasing*. Thêre are, however, so mãny more things tŏ say about it—its multitudinous features crowd so upon the vision as ōne looks—that it seems absurd for me tŏ attempt tŏ handle details. The main feature, perhaps, is the incomparable lōveliness of the immense line of the river and its lateral abutments. It neither falters, nor breaks, nor stiffens, but maintains grandly from wing tŏ wing its consummate curve. This noble line is wŏrthily sustained by mīty pillars of alternate emerald and marble. The famous green loses nothing, as you may imagine, on a nearer vue. A green more gorgeously cool and pure it is impossible tŏ conceive. It is tŏ the vulgar greens of ëarth what the blue of a summer sky is tŏ our mundane

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azures, and is, in fact, as sacred, as remote, as impalpable as that. You can fancy it the parent-green, the head-spring of cōlor tŏ all the verdant water-caves and all the clear, sub-fluvial haunts and bowers of naiads and mermen in all the streams of the ëarth. The lōer half of the watery wall is shrouded in the steam of the boiling gulf—a vêil never rent nor lifted. At its core, this eternal cloud seems fixed and still with excess of motion—still and intensely white; but, as it rolls and climbs against its lucent cliffs, it tosses little whiffs, and fumes and pants of snōy smoke, which betray the furious tumult of its dazzling womb. In the middle of the curve, at the apex of the gulf, the converging walls are grōund intŏ finest powder, and hence arises a huge mist-column, and fills the upper air with its hōvering drift. Its summit far overtops the crest of the cataract, and, as you look down along the rapids abōve, you see it hanging over the averted gulf like sōme far-flōing ensign of danger. Of these things sōme vulgar verbal hint may be attempted; but what wŏrds can rendĕr the rarest charm of all—the clear-cut brow of the Fall, the very act and figure of the leap, the rōunded turn of the horizontal tŏ the perpendicular? Tŏ call it simple seems a florid over-statement. Anything less combined and complicated never appealed tŏ the admiration of men. It is carved clean as an emerald, as ōne must say and say again. It arrives, it pauses, it plunges; it cōmes and goes for ever; it melts and shifts and changes, all with the sound as of a thousand thunderbolts; and yet its pure outline never lapses by a bubble's value from its constant calm. It is as gentle as the pouring of wine from a flagon—of melody from the lips of a singer. From the little grove beside the American Fall you catch superbly—better than you are able tŏ dŏ at the Horseshŏe—the very profile of this full-flōoded bend. If the line of beauty had vanished from the ëarth elsewhêre, it would survive on this classic forehead. It is impossible tŏ insist too strongly on the prodigious *elegance* of the greāt Fall, as seen

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from the Canada cliff. You fancy that the genius whŏ contrived it was verily the prime author of the truth that order, measure, and symmetry are the conditions of perfect beauty. He applied his faith amōng the watching and listening forests, long before the Greeks proclaimed thêirs in the shining masonry of the Akropolis. Rage, confusion, chaos, are grandly absent; dignity, grace, and leisure ride upon the crest; it flōs without haste, without rest, with the measured majesty of a motion whŏse rhythm is attuned tŏ eternity. Even the roll of the white batteries at the base seems fixed and poised and ordered, and in the vague middle zone of difference between falling flōod and rising cloud you imagine a mystical meaning—the passage of body tŏ sōul, of matter tŏ spirit, of human tŏ divine.

5. Goat Island, of which every ōne has heard, is the greāt menagerie of lions, and the spot whêre your single stone—or, in plain prose, your half-dollar—kills most birds. The broad insular strip, which performs the excellent office of withholding the American shore from immediate contact with the Fall, has been allowed tŏ remain a very proper piece of wildness, and here you may ramble, for the most part, in undiverted contemplation. You approach from Goat Island the left abutment of Horseshŏe. The little tower which, with the classic rainbo, figures in all "vues" of the scene, is planted at a dozen feet from the shore, directly on the shōlder of the Fall. This little tower, I think, deserves a compliment. One mīt have said beforehand that it would never dŏ, but, as it stands, it is incontestably picturesq. It serves as a unit of appreciation of the scale of things, and from its spray-blackened summit it admits you tŏ an almost downward peep intŏ the green gulf. More here, even, than on the Canada edge, you perceive how the greāt spectacle is wrôt all in water. Its substantial flōods take on at moments the likeness of walls and pillars and columns, and, tŏ present any vivid picture of them, we are compelled tŏ talk freely of emerald and crystal, of silver and marble. But

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really, all the simplicity of the Falls, and half thêir grandeur, reside in the fact that thêy are built clean of fluid elements, and that no rocky staging or ëarthy commixture avail tŏ complicate and vulgarize them. Thêy are water piled on water, pinned on water, hinging and hanging on water, breaking, crashing, whitening in mutual masses of water. And yet for all this no solid was ever solid like that sculptured shōlder of the Horse-shŏe! From this little tower, or, better still, from various points further along the island-shore, it seems indeed a watery wörld. Before you stretches the huge expanse of the upper river, with its belittled cliffs, now mere black lines of forest, dull as with the sadness of gazing at eternal storm. Anything more horribly desolate than this boundless livid welter of the rapids it is impossible tŏ conceive, and you very soon begin tŏ pay it the tribute of your terror, in the impulse tŏ people it with human forms. On this theme you can spin endless romances. Yes, thêy are alive, every fear-blanched billo and eddy of them —alive and frenzied with the sense of thêir doom. Thêy see belo them that nameless pause of the arrested current, and the hī-tossed drift of sound and spray which rises lamenting, like the ghosts of thêir murdered brōthers. Thêy shriek, thêy sob, thêy clasp thêir white hands and toss thêir long hair; thêy cling and clutch and wrestle, and, abōve all, thêy *bite*. Especially tragical is the air thêy have of being forced backward, with averted faces, tŏ thêir fate. Every portion of the flōod is like the grim stride of a giant, wading huge-kneed tŏ his purpose, with the white teeth of a victim fastened in his neck. The outermost of 3 small islands, inter-connected by short bridges, at the extremity of this shore, places ōne in singularly intimate relation with this portentous flurry. Tŏ say that hereabouts the water leaps and plunges and rears and dives, that its uproar deadens the thunder, and its swiftness distances the lītning, is tŏ say all that we can, and yet but a tithe of what we should. Nowhêre surely in the wide wörld is water handled

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with such a masterly knoledge of effect.

6. The greāt spectacle may be called complete ōnly when you have gone down the river some 4 miles, on the American side, tŏ the so-called rapids of the Whirlpool. Here the unhappy stream tremendously renews its troŭble. Two approaches have been contrived on the cliff—ōne tŏ the rapids proper, the ōther, further belo, tŏ the scene of the sudden bend. The first consists of a little wooden cage, of the "elevator" pattern, which slides up and down a gigantic perpendicular shaft of horrible flimsiness. You obtain from belo—that is, on the shore of the river—a specimen of as noble cliff-scenery as the continent can afford. The green embankment at the base of the sheer red wall is by itself a very fair mountain-slope; and from this starts erect, rugged and raw, a grandly spacious lateral section of mōther ëarth. As it stands, Gustave Doré mīt have drawn it. He would have sketched with especial ardor certain parasitical shrubs and boskages—lone and dizzy witnesses of autumn; certain outward-peering wens and warts and ōther perpendicular excrescences of rock; and, abōve all, near the summit, the fantastic figures of sundry audacious minor cliffs, grafted upon the greāter by a mere lateral attachment and based in the empty air, with greāt lone trees rooted on thêir verges, like the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio. The actual whirlpool is a third of a mile further down the river, and is best seen from the cliff abōve. Thus seen, it seems tŏ me by all odds the finest of the secondary episodes of the Niagara drama, and ōne on which a scribbling tourist, ineffectively playing at shōman, may be content tŏ ring down his curtain. The channel at this point turns away tŏ the rīt, at a clean rīt-angle, and the river, arriving from the rapids just abōve with stupendous velocity, meets the hollo elbo of the Canada shore. The mŏvement with which it betrays its surprise and bewilderment—the sudden issueless maze of waters—is, I think, after the Horseshŏe Fall, the superbest thing in its progress. It breaks intŏ no small

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rage; the offending cliffs receive no drop of spray; for the flōod mŏves in a body and wastes no vulgar side-spurts; but you see it shaken tŏ its innermost bowels and panting hugely, as if smōthered in its excessive volume. Pressed back upon its centre, the current creates a sort of pivot, from which it eddies, groping for exit in vast slo circles, barely outlined in foam. The Canada shore, shaggy and gaudy with late September foliage, closes about it like the rising shelves of an amfitheatre, and deepens by contrast the strong blue-green of the stream. This slo-resolving basin resembles nothing so much as sōme ancient palace-pavement, cracked and scratched by the butts of legionary spears and the gold stiffened hem of the garments of kings.

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[1] From "The Nation" (abridged) 12 & 19 Oct. 1871.

7. I wish to ask a question about the Niagara Falls. A good many years ago I began to hear that business and manufacturing were clustering around these falls, attracted by the immense water power, and, at the rate things were progressing, the beauty and grandeur of the place would be vulgarized and destroyed, unless the government stepped in and put a stop to the encroachments. Still later, say 6 to 8 years ago, I was delited to learn that the governments of New-York and of Canada had bōt all the property, and established it free forever, as an International Park. Very lately I have seen that some great works are begun at Niagara Falls, and that this is the beginning of utilizing the falls for very large and important business purposes. Now, will you please tell me what this means, and if the governments have gone back on their International Park, and if, after all, this most wonderful spectacle on earth is to be made over into a "Great Mill Privilege"?—Ruskin would probably condemn a mechanical use of Niagara. But how far, in settling problems of modern civilization, we are to defer to the Ruskins, and how far not, is a delicate matter to decide. I have received the following information concerning my correspondent's questions, from a gentleman who is an authority on the subject: "The great works recently begun, are those of the Niagara Falls Power Company, which, without any possible defacement of the scenery or injury to the grandeur of the Falls, intend to utilize a portion of the tremendous power which has for centuries been running to waste. A tunnel, or tail-race, is to be constructed from a point at the water's edge belo the Falls, extending under the village to a point on the upper Niagara River 1½ miles above the Falls, where the power is to be developed by turbine wheels placed in shafts fed by a canal from the river. All the manufacturers will, therefore, be at least 1½ miles above the Falls. They will not encroach in any way upon the State Reservation, and, at the present rate of recession, will not be near enuf to the Falls to interfere with the grandeur of the scenery for at least 3,500 years. At a meeting of the Commissioners of the State Reservation, held in this city last week, the State Engineer reported that the diversion of water from the river throu the tunnel would have no appreciable effect upon the volume of water over the Falls.—Christian Union, 25 Dec. 1890.

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IN RHEINLAND.*

1. Rheinland! thêre is a charm in the name, a charm associated with rare beauties, spiritual imaginings of the past, strong in the true 'genius loci' which, tho invisible, casts gleams from the lĭts of distant ages across us. For in no spot in Europe perhaps has the past left its traces more visibly imprinted, than along the valley of the Rhein; and no scenery is better calculated tŏ inspire that poetical interest and enthusiasm which prompts the poet tŏ embody those ancient memories in verse, and the painter tŏ enrich his canvass with the picturesq scenes so abounding in historical associations. Mãny years have passed since I traveled along the banks of the Rhein; and as I drove throu the ancient, or as thêy have been well called, 'old-wŏrld' towns, which lie scattered on its banks, and are landmarks, tho unhappily decaying õnes, of the domestic architecture of the feudal age, and caut glimpses of the richly-wooded valleys, with thêir babbling brooks streaming Rheinwards, I thôt, tho returning from wandering amidst the fairest scenes of southern Italy, that here were spots fully as fair; and I straitway formed the intention soon tŏ devote a summer tŏ them. But, because the Rhein is very easy of access, did I postpone the execution of my plan, and years elapsed, during which I found myself repeatedly gliding over its waters, bound tŏ or returning from distant scenes, in common with the herd of tourists, without however pausing in Rheinland. This erratic propensity of tourists, and of English tourists in particular, is generally attributable tŏ the objectless nature of thêir tours. The majority set forth, having so much mõney in thêir pockets and so mãny days tŏ spend it in; and the greãtest amount of enjoyment is supposed tŏ have been attained

* *For an account of the Southern portion of the Rhein, see No.* 63 *of* TRAVEL, THE HEADWATERS OF THE RHEIN.

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when the greātest possible number of miles has been rushed over in the prescribed time. The tours of such people are at ōnce wide, discursive, and aimless, and can bequeath tŏ memory ōnly a mosaic-like impression of the scenes visited. Amōng the various classes of tourists, probably those whŏ sketch possess the greātest qualifications for enjoying a ramble. Be thêir performances ever so humble, the very nature of thêir pursuit necessarily causes thêir Lines tŏ fall in pleasant places, and tŏ make such acquaintance with the fair face of nature as endures throuout thêir lives. Then how independent dōes this pursuit render its devotee! He needs no companion, but with his sketching apparatus he makes familiar friends with witching scenes which entirely escape the notice of the ordinary tourist.

2. And now for the river! The tiled roofs of Bonn float away behind, and gradually, as we approach the "Sieben Gebirge" and the "Drachenfels," the pale delicate lavender hue deepens, until each ridge and valley, and "castled crag" grōs distinct. The long wavy outline which these hills presented, as seen from the south, changes as you get near them, and the whole group becōmes resolved intŏ a cluster of massive truncated cones, of the true volcanic type, and generally crowned with sōme church and convent, or "windy keep." Thêir sides, clothed in summer with leafy greenness, are now bare and purple-dyed. Here is the true gateway of the Rhein. On ōne side the Drachenfels lifts its gray warder tower from its frowning precipice, on the ōther, the Roderberg bends in on the river, ending in the ruf buttress of Rolandseck, with its ruined arch. From between these winds on the noble stream, like a vast avenue, walled in by wooded hills up tŏ thêir knees in vineyards,—sweeping past old quaint towns, noisy with happy bells, and everywhêre the rounded softness of the scenery broken by jutting crags, each beāring its stately ruin and hoary tradition. Let people say what thêy will, the Rhein stands alone in the wŏrld. The Rhone, at certain places, approaches it. Parts of the Donau may surpass it in grandeur—nay, sōme of our rivers, as the Clyde, far excel it in anōther kind of scen-

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ery. But whêre shall you find more beauty, combined with such a continual stream of human interest? With what songs and histories, with what old tales of chivalry or legends of wicked cruelty, is not each spot associated? Grim feudal castles, frowning hatred at ōne anōther, as thêy did when "Roland the Brave" watched the silent nunnery walls of Nonnenwerth, rise side by side with fortresses, whŏse familiar names call up the greāt wars. Abōve all, whether wrongly or rītly, thêre is "a voice of freedom in her roar." German song has consecrated the Rhein as the genius of German liberty.

3. We passed Godesberg on the rīt, while on our left was the group of the Seven Mountains which extend back from the Drachenfels tŏ the Wolkenburg, or Castle of the Clouds. Here we begin tŏ enter the enchanted land. The Rhein sweeps around the foot of the Drachenfels, while opposite the precipitous rock of Rolandseck, crowned with the castle of the faithful knīt, looks down upon the beautiful Island of Nonnenwerth, the white walls of the convent still gleaming throu the trees, as thêy did when the warrior's weary eyes looked upon them for the last time. I shall never forget the enthusiasm with which I saw this scene in the brīt, warm sunlīt, the ruf crags softened in the haze which filled the air, and the wild mountains springing up in the midst of vineyards, and crowned with crumbling towers, filled with the memories of a thousand years.

4. The greāt lion, or dragon rather, of Königswinter, is the DRACHENFELS, which towers over the village. Beautiful as are the vues from the Drachenfels, the sketcher will find but little for his portfolio thêre. Far ōtherwise, however, it is with respect tŏ the *Siebengebirge*, whŏse picturesq outlines may be distinctly traced from the Drachenfels. Amidst the recesses of these little-visited mountains thêre is ample wŏrk for the pencil. The ancient abbey of *Heisterbach*, now a lōvely ruin, embōsomed in a wooded amfitheatre in the heârt of the Seven Mountains, is especially deserving a visit. The way tŏ it is throu an almost continuous forest, intersected by a tangled skein of paths, and is by no means easy tŏ find. The religious house of

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Heisterbach has been severely mutilated. Indeed, thêre is but little of the edifice remaining besides the apse. This, however, is an architectural gem of greăt beauty, and combined with the rich trees which droop over it, forms a delicious subject for a sketch. I made several excursions amõng the Seven Mountains, and gleaned matter for the pencil during each ramble. The riding tourist will dŏ well tŏ secure a sure-footed pony; for the roads, or rather, torrent-channels, which intersect the coŭntry, are so full of loose rolling stones that nothing is easier than for a hŏrse tŏ stumble, and few things more difficult than tŏ avoid it. Standing within the grass-grōn cōurtyard, thêre is a vue of *Rolandseck*, framed by the archway leading intŏ the court, which is exquisite. Other vues of hī beauty may be obtained from different parts of the island, backed by the glorious rocky battlements of the Drachenfels & Rolandseck. The cursed tea-garden taste has been busy with the latter naturally picturesq locality. The trim walks, which lead provokingly strait tŏ the ruined [rebuilt, 1839] arch, are shorn of all wildness, and the whole place is made as artificial as possible. How different tŏ that period when, according tŏ the legend, Roland with much difficulty hewed himself a path tŏ the summit of the cliff, whêre—

> ———er baut sich eine Hütte
> Jener Gegend nah,
> Wo das Kloster aus der Mitte
> Düstrer Linden sah.

5. After an hour more of villages, churches, bare vineyards, and swelling hills, we stopped at the wooden jetty of REMAGEN. We employed the remaining twilīt in strolling tŏ the new gothic church and convent of St. Apollinaris, which stands nobly out on a crested hīt abōve the town. We found the dōor open, and the church empty. Daylīt was almost gône—ōnly a faint glimmer remained, hardly enuf tŏ reveal the stained windōs and the outlines of the rich mullions. We half groped our way towards the hī altar, and sat down on a bench tŏ enjoy the perfect stillness of the spot. One crimson lamp burned dimly, a single star in the gloom, but sufficient tŏ thro intŏ

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dark relief the greāt beam and crucifix crossing the apse abōve. We were soon disturbed by hurried footsteps and the rattle of keys, folloed by sounds unmistakeably symptomatic of dōors about tŏ be closed. It was no wōnder the yung Capucine in his coarse flannels and rope girdle started as we suddenly emerged from the dim religious lĭt of the penetralia. On finding, however, that we were "no robbers of churches," he entered intŏ a frank chat, and told us how the pious family of Fürstenberg had built the chapel, and how rich it was in beauty,—but, abōve all, in possessing the skull of the potent Saint Apollinaris. It is a fair spot for a church and quiet convent, raised hī abōve the noisy wŏrld, whŏse traffic goes sweeping past on the broad pathway of the stream. Before we turned down from the hill we lingered, listening tŏ the evening bells chiming from the māny villages along the Rhein valley, now bursting out in merry peals, and now in dropping notes, deep-toned and musical, from tower and town and lonely convent far up amōng the hĭts.

6. My next resting place was *Andernach*, which is a charming specimen of Rhenish towns. The greāt, gloomy, ghostly church, with its doŭble towers, is perhaps amōng the latest specimens of the romanesq; and the exterior of the east end still retains sōme very original, and as yet very perfect frescoes, which well merit the antiquary's attention. The whole building is thōroly German, and having escaped renovation, with the exception of the horrible and barbarous whitewash which coats the interior, may be regarded as a land-mark in the history of architecture. The very picturesq and unique watch-tower is however the gem of Andernach. From the terrace in the garden of the Lily Hotel, it is seen tŏ the greātest advantage, and the sketcher whŏ desires tŏ possess a memorial of it cannot have a better locality tŏ set up his stool than at its extremity. I shall long remember an evening which I spent in the summer-house on that vine-trellised terrace. The sketcher must not fail tŏ visit the Abbey and Lake of *Laach*,* which may be conveniently reached from Andernach. The fine

* *See No.* 52 *of* TRAVEL—THE EIFEL, *by the same writer.*

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church appertaining tŏ the abbey was ignored by tourists, until Dr. Whewell made knōn its architectural attractions. Thêre are mãny fine vues in the nêborhood of the abbey, which will reward the pedestrian. The Abbey itself is an excellent specimen of a monastic edifice, and is stated tŏ be the most complete example of the round-arched style. Its religious glory has long since departed. The French revolution fell heavily upon it, and the miracle-wōrking powers of its entŏmbed saints failed tŏ preserve it in its hour of greatest need. The building was sold for the mere value of its stones, and converted intŏ a huge cattle-house.

7. After passing Andernach, we saw in the distance the hīlands of the middle Rhein, which rise abōve Coblenz, garding the entrance tŏ its wild scenery, and the mountains of the Mosel.* Thêy parted as we approached; from the foot shot up the spires of Coblenz, and the battlements of Ehrenbreitstein crowning the mountain opposite, grew larger and broader. The air was slītly hazy, and the clouds seemed laboring amōng the distant mountains tŏ raise a storm. As we came opposite the mouth of the Mosel and under the shado of the mīty fortress, I gazed with awe at its massive walls. Apart from its magnitude and almost impregnable situation on a perpendicular rock, it is filled with the recollections of history and halloed by the voice of poetry.

8. I lingered at *Coblenz* for sōme days. Thêre is a rich mine of ancient domestic architecture in the old streets of that town, which yields sterling ore tŏ the diligent sketcher. I would particularly instance the group of houses facing the Mosel, which are of rare picturesqness. A windo attached tŏ ōne is a glorious specimen of the flamboyant Gothic. The majority of visitors whŏ pause for a day in this town generally visit *EHRENBREITSTEIN.* The vue from that mīty fortress is undoubtedly very fine, but if instead of taking the fortress road, thêy follo the ōne which leads mountain-wards tŏ the rīt, thêy will be rewarded by the sīt of a far lōvelier landscape. The for-

* *See No.* 27 *of* TRAVEL—"THE MOSEL."

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tress occupies, tho not obtrusively, the immediate foreground, and its sternness is relieved by graceful verdant slopes, which sweep from its gray walls intŏ the vale. In strange tho happy contrast tŏ the grim embrasures which pierce the lofty bastions are innumerable flowers which enamel the banks with thêir mosaic-like hues. Beneath, the eye reposes on soft swelling woods, pierced here and thêre by the spires and gables of the picturesq village of Ehrenbreitstein, and beyond these, cradled in the piny hills, lies the Rhein, lake-like and silvery.

9. Abŏve Coblenz almost every mountain has a ruin and a legend. One feels everywhêre the spirit of the past, and its stirring recollections cŏme back upon the mind with irresistible force. I sat upon the deck the whole afternoon, as mountains, towns and castles passed by on either side, watching them with a feeling of the most enthusiastic enjoyment. Every place was familiar tŏ me in memory, and thêy seemed like friends I had long communed with in spirit and now met face tŏ face. The English tourists, with whŏm the deck was cŏvered, seemed interested too, but in a different manner. Thêy sat and read about the very towns and towers thêy were passing, scarcely lifting thêir eyes tŏ the real scenes, except now and then, tŏ observe that it was "very nice." As we passed Boppard, I sŏt out the Inn of the "Star," mentioned in "Hyperion;" thêre was a maiden sitting on the steps whŏ mīt have been Paul Flemming's fair boat-woman.

10. But tŏ the steam-driven traveler the glories of the Rhein are almost unrevealed. For it is in the valleys beyond the precipitous mountains which form a continuous gŏrge almōst from Coblenz tŏ Bingen that the finest scenes are found. We must visit these, and climb the beetling cliffs, tŏ understand arīt the strength of that system which has left its traces in the ruins which overhang every ravîne and valley, several of which, in thêir days of glory, must have realized the lines:—

———A mīty pile arose,
Whêre iron-grated gates thêir strength oppose
Tŏ each invading step, and strŏng and steep

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The battled walls arose, the fosse sunk deep;
Quick round the fortress rolls the silver stream,
And hi in middle air the warder's turrets gleam.

Every locality is eloquent with tales of alternate oppression and generosity, of cruelty or chivalrous honor. Add tŏ these the thousand superstitions connected with a coŭntry whêre superstition was most rife, whêre Nixies haunted every fountain, and wild woodmen every forest, and Kobolds were familiar tŏ the imaginations of men as household faces, and Rübezahl played his pranks in the face of day, and the devil gave public assemblies on mountain summits, and it may easily be conceived how rich a body of traditionary lore lies at the disposal of the tourist. If the latter be curious in the matter of a true *Raubschloss*, let him visit MARKSBURG. Little dreams he, as he rushes past that castle on the wings of an express steamer, how grimly grand that feudal monument appears, as it is approached by the winding mountain path which springs from the shores of the river. Let him step from the crowded steamboat, and commit himself tŏ the skiff which will take him tŏ Braubach. With every step he takes years drop away, and when the castle walls are gained, he will find himself becŏming a portion of the past. In truth, Marksburg is the finest and, indeed, the sole example of a perfect Rhein castle of the feudal period, and seems, as nearly as possible, tŏ exhibit the state of those buildings, as thêy were during the Thirty Years' war.[15] Marksburg has been happily neither petted nor neglected, neither vulgarized intŏ a modern fortress nor transformed intŏ the seeming abode of pseudo-chivalry. It has been simply left alone, care being taken merely tŏ protect it from the ravages of time. The tortuous and gloomy entrance tŏ the old Burg is a fitting introduction tŏ its internal mysteries. Massive and wŏnderfully preserved wood-wŏrk enters largely intŏ its construction. The cannon remain in thêir original position. Winding passages, dark and labyrinthine, intersect the building. With the assistance of the cicerone these may be traversed, and should the visitor be of a very inquisitive turn, he may satisfy his explorative disposition by endeavoring tŏ reach a

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tower on the banks of the river tŏ which, it is said, a subterranean passage gives access. In common with mănу ŏther castles of its age, Marksburg possesses its chamber of horrors, in the shape of a torture-room, and besides this, a horrible pit is shŏn in which prisoners were confined, and intŏ which thêy were loered by a windlass. The friction marks of the ropes yet remain imprinted on the beams. Such a place of confinement was called the 'hundeloch'; but it would be the hĭt of cruelty tŏ consign ănу *dog* tŏ such a fearful locality. Marksburg was the state-prison of the duchy of Nassau. It has lŏng been untenanted, but it contains mănу substantial cages which attest its use.

11. I was surprised tŏ find myself the sole guest at the cŏmfortable inn at Boppard. Multitudes of tourists floed daily past the dŏors, but none paused tŏ make close acquaintance with the charming old town. From Boppard I migrated tŏ ST. GOAR; and here, what is lost in antique buildings is amply compensated for by the beauty of the scenery. St. Goar is indeed in the midst of the glories of the Rhein; and I had no sooner landed on its shores than I saw it was a place for a sketcher tŏ lŏve well. I secured 2 cŏmfortable rooms in the 'Lily,' and was soon as thŏroly at home as if it had lŏng been my ŏn familiar house. Oh, the blessing of inns!—that is of quiet inns, for with the huge caravansaries of continental Europe ŏne has no sympathy. As in duty bound, I devoted my first afternoon at St. Goar tŏ its chief lion—a roaring ŏne ŏnce, but now, alas! a crumbling ruin, assailed by every wind and shower. This is the Castle of RHEINFELS, the most extensive of the mănу ruins on the Rhein. Shattered and battered as it is, its mangled carcase is deemed of sufficient importance tŏ be honored by being placed under lock and key, and access tŏ it can be gained ŏnly throu the intervention of a caretaker. The way tŏ the Schloss is exceedingly beautiful. Huge walnut and chestnut-trees arch the road; upland pastures, "Full of fresh verdure and unnumbered flowers, the negligence of Nature," are on the left, and tŏ the rĭt are vine-terraces, which mantle the mountain-

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side tŏ the castle walls. The small postern gate leading tŏ the interior of the castle was open; and passing throu, I discōvered the cicerone sleeping at the receipt of custom. Wishing him deep and prolonged slumber, I passed on, and enjoyed a delītful half-hour roaming throu the ruined halls of this vast castle. But all is so fragmentary that thêre is scarcely ānything left for the sketcher. The wōrk of destruction has been indeed most effectually performed. The most ingenious restoration could not resuscitate Rheinfels. The sketching excursions in the vicinity of St. Goar are numerous. Those in the immediate nêborhood may be made, if the sketcher be not overfond of walking, on donkeys. As the weather was very hot during my sojourn at St. Goar, I hired an amiable-visaged donkey—asses have fysiognomies as well as thêir biped brethren—and had no reason tŏ repent my choice. The tractability of these 'best donkeys' was most remarkable. The broad Rhein was no impediment tŏ them, for thêy were so well trained that thêy leaped intŏ small ferry-boats, and remained motionless until thêy attained the opposite bank. In ōne excursion ōnly did thêy manifest a little of the natural deformity of thêir character. Thêy would never pass the Lurleiberg, on thêir way tŏ Oberwesel, without stopping tŏ hear the echo. It may have been that thêy were particularly desirous of inquiring after thêir brōther of that town, whŏ, according tŏ the oracle of the Lurlei, is an ass; for if the question be put tŏ the sibyl, as it frequently is, by the Burschen— Wer ist das Amt von Oberwesel?
The answer is Esel, esel. The sketcher will not, however, regret the pause; for independently of the echo, the cliffs and scars of the Lurleiberg are, if the sunshine be on them, a charming artistic study.

12. The snatch of sound that the steamer-borne traveler hears as he passes the LURLEI, and which he is told tŏ belīeve is the echo, is but its ghost. Tŏ hear an echo arīt, the listener must be situated in the true fonic centre. At the Lurlei, this is on the banks of the river, not in the middle of it. In an advantageous condition of the atmosfere, the Lurlei echo is grand, producing, on the discharge of a gun,

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bursts of mĭty sounds which are prolonged by repeated reflections from the breasts of the nêboring mountains. But the Lurlei is not the ōnly enchantress of the Rhein; a sweeter-voiced siren is enthroned in the hills abōve St. Goar. I shall never forget the first time I heard this echo. It was a lōvely evening; not a zefyr crisped the surface of the majestic river, which at this part of its cōurse expands its waters intŏ a lake-like area. The air was soft and balmy; nature was an emblem of peace, and the most restless spirit must have been lulled under these sweet influences intŏ calmness. I was leaning out of my windo, quite ignorant of the existence of this echo, when the notes of a bugle came floating from the shore. Thêy were very sweet; but far sweeter were the echo tones which came trembling back from the opposite shore.

Oh, hark! oh, hear, how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going;
Oh, sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blōing.

13. Reverting tŏ the more immediate subject of this paper, I must make the reader a companion in a most delĭtful ramble that I enjoyed in the *Schweizer Tal*, opposite St. Goar. At the mouth of the valley stands the castle of the Cat, which from its position must have been a formidable fo tŏ mãny a poor human mouse in days gône by. The ruins are singularly picturesq. The best site tŏ sketch them is from the road a little way out of the village, whence sōme old houses, with a graceful arch, fill up the foreground. I had set up my sketching-stool—an operation which always excites the curiosity of the peasants—and had left my 'monture' on the road-side, whêre he was employing himself much tŏ his internal satisfaction, when a man came up, beāring a large bundle of vine-leaves, which he threw before the donkey's nose, and then proceeded tŏ divest him of his bridle. Looking up at the same moment, I saw the village population streaming along the road tŏ gaze at my proceedings. This certain prospect of an unenviable propinquity tŏ the unwashed and unsavory multitude—German peasants are not sweet-smelling,—few peasants are—fairly frĭtened me. I have sketched too long in public places not tŏ be able

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tŏ submit patiently tŏ the rude and prying gaze of the curious—that is. provided thêy cŏme not in overpowering numbers; but I confess I am not proof against the population of a village. It was very provoking; the līts on the old castle were perfect, but tŏ have remained at my post was out of the question: so I packed up my apparatus, rebridled my donkey, and took my way up the Schweizer Tal. Few things surprised me more, during my peregrinations in Rheinland, than the keen curiosity of the peasants and burgers of the old-wŏrld towns. I fancied that sketchers would be as thick as blackberries in that region of architectural picturesqness and pastoral beauty; and consequently, upon the old saw, that familiarity begets indifference, conceived that my humble proceedings would be uninteresting. But I was much mistaken. Sketchers did not exist, and tourists were nearly as scarce. But the Rhein boats swarm with them; and the chances are that three-fourths of the genus sketch, but after a very peculiar fashion. Thêir artistic boldness is indeed amazing. I remember ascending the Rhein ŏne day in a steamboat, from St. Goar tŏ Bacharach, which abounded in enthusiastic sketching damsels. Thêy were ranged, school-form fashion, on the seats at the side of the vessel; and, but that thêy were ŏned by a very paternal and indulgent-looking parent, thêy mīt have been taken for boarding-school, or, as Byron said, 'bread-and-butter misses.'

14. But all this time we are wandering from our beautiful valley. A ringing streamlet, rich in all the brītness of jewelry, partaking of the cŏlors of the stones and variegated moss beneath it, flŏs down the glen, which is for the most part garlanded with rich chestnut woods. A charming bridle-road leads throu the defile, and here and thêre peep out picturesq mills, whŏse water-wheels make sweet music tŏ the ear. As the path ascends, the glen becŏmes wilder; believing that by follŏing it I should cŏme upon the castle of Reichenberg, I rode on until at length I emerged on the rolling plains that extend abŏve the gorge of the Rhein. But thêre was no castle in sīt; and as I had noted 2 or 3 vues in the valley which I was desirous of sketch-

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ing. I retraced my steps, determining tŏ devote an entire day to the castle. And heartily did I congratulate myself on this resolve; for I hold the castle of REICHENBERG tŏ be by far the finest ruin in Rheinland. It is situated about 3 miles from the river, and is indebted tŏ its position for much of its grandeur. It stands on the summit of a conical hill, naturally escarped on 3 sides, which rises from the centre of a vast hollo, and is surrounded by dense forests, which extend tŏ the horizon. As a ruin it leaves nothing tŏ be desired. The 'Rittersaal' is nearly perfect, and the keep yet rears its tower tŏ the stupendous hīt of 250 feet. In common with mãny travelers, I have a strong lŏve for ascending all hī places. So when the peasant whŏ acts as cicerone tŏ the glories of Reichenberg offered tŏ conduct me tŏ the summit of the tower, I unhesitatingly assented, in no way intimidated by his assertion that the stairs were sŏmewhat bad. I have ascended and descended mãny hīts, bōth natural and artificial, in Alps, Apennines, and Pyrénées, but I think that my attainment of the dizzy summit of the tower of Reichenberg is the crowning feat of these adventures. Tŏ describe the steps as sŏmewhat bad is giving them a character infinitely abŏve thêir deserts. Whêre steps existed thêy were generally very ruinous indeed; but this was not half so bad as thêir total absence at alarmingly frequent occasions. These awful gaps, which enabled ŏne tŏ see yawning abysses, were patched with the frailest and rudest scaffolding imaginable, up which the guide scrambled with no apparent fear. But I confess that his example did not inspire me with confidence in the stability of his wŏrk; and I dŏ sincerely believe that if he lures mãny more tourists tŏ the top of the tower without strengthening his miserable scaffolding, he will have tŏ answer for the death of sŏme traveler whŏse exploratory zeal may outrun his discretion. In my case, exercising a cat-like precaution, I reached the summit of the tower in safety; but my enjoyment was considerably lessened by the painful conviction which pressed heavily on me, that I had tŏ descend by the same means that I had ascended. The warder from the eyrie of Reichenberg must

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have been a far-seeing bird. The extent of country commanded is immense; and long before a hostile band could have appeared before the castle gates its inmates must have been warned of the impending danger. The usual route tŏ Reichenberg lies throu the valley of Patersberg; but the sketcher will dŏ well tŏ leave the road a little beyond the village of that name, and continue his cōurse along a path tŏ the rīt, which passes throu fields. Adopting this cōurse, he will obtain a glorious vue of this magnificent castle; whêreas by follōing the valley road, the ruin is hardly seen at all until the visitor is immediately under it. I turned from Reichenberg with regret, and mŏved lingeringly homewards; nor did I lŏse sīt of its lofty tower until— The pensive evening deepened intŏ nīt.

15. I will not pause tŏ tell of ŏther excursions made in the vicinity of St. Goar; of explorings intŏ mountain-recesses lined with waving trees which shoot out thêir branches and locks, intercepting the glaring līt of day, yet shedding beneath a beautiful green, sober lustre, a subdued and enchanting illumination. Amid such places, and thêre are mãny round St. Goar, in which, tŏ be sure, the fast tourist intrudes not, I spent mãny hours. It is in spots like these that the sketcher drinks poetry throu his eyes, and impresses it on his paper. For it is not that which is seen by the eyes *alone* which constitutes a pleasing picture. Thêre are tints and outlines that derive half thêir charm from uncertainty; and it is the business of the feeling artist to interpret these arīt.

16. Of the towns abŏve St. Goar, those of Oberwesel and Bacharach are the most interesting tŏ the sketcher. Oberwesel alone would furnish wŏrk for sŏme days, and Bacharach is full of delicious bits. Tŏ the lŏver of good Rhenish wine, the latter town has especial claims for admiration: and its very name is significant of its wine-producing qualities. The tourist will, however, be better prepared tŏ endorse these testimonials in favor of the wine of Bacharach when he becŏmes personally aware of its excellence. Let him go intŏ the 'Post' in that

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town, and ask tŏ be supplied with a bottle of thêir best wine, and if he be furnished with as good a specimen as fell tŏ my lot, he will agree that Pius II. was no bad judge of the good things of this wŏrld when he had a tun of Bacharach wine transported annually tŏ Rome for his especial use. Thêre are mãny ŏther localities on the Rhein as hily favored for thêir wine-producing qualities as Bacharach; and I have often stumbled on a rare bottle of delicious wine whêre I least expected tŏ meet with it; while as often precisely in those places whêre good wine ŏt tŏ be found, the traveler is presented with sŏme wretched stuff libelling its label. The waving woods and azure-hued mountains were soon tŏ be exchanged for the smoke of cities. I left them with regret; for the charms of the region I had been wandering in far exceeded my expectations; and I wŏndered more than ever how it happens that thousands of my coŭntrymen rush frantically tŏ distant and comparatively uninteresting places, and leave unvisited scenes of beauty which lie almost at thêir dŏor.

17. The sun came out of the cloud as we passed Oberwesel, with its tall round tower, and the lĭt shining throu the ruined arches of Schönberg castle, made brŏad bars of lĭt and shade in the still misty air. A rainbo sprang from the Rhein, and lay brĭtly on the mountain side, cŏloring vineyard and crag, in the most singular beauty, while its second reflection faintly arched like a glory abŏve the hĭ summits. In the bed of the river were the 7 countesses of Schönberg, turned intŏ 7 rocks for thêir cruelty and hard-heârtedness towards the knĭts whŏm thêir beauty had made captive. In frŏnt, at a little distance was the castle of Pfalz, in the middle of the river, and from the hĭts abŏve Caub frowned the crumbling citadel of Gutenfels. Imagine all this, and tell me if it is not a picture whŏse memory should last a life-time! We came at last tŏ Bingen, the soŭthern gate of the HĬlands. Here, on an island in the middle of the stream, is the old Mouse tower whêre Bishop Hatto was eaten by the rats for his wicked deeds.[2] Passing Rudesheim and Geissenheim, celebrated for thêir wines, at sunset, we watched the varied shore in the grŏing darkness.

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till like a line of stars across the water, we saw before us the bridge of Mainz. The next morning I parted from my friends, whŏ were going tŏ Heidelberg by way of Mannheim, and set out alone for Frankfurt. The cars passed throu Hochheim, whŏse wines are celebrated all over the wŏrld; thêre is little tŏ interest the traveler till he arrives at Frankfurt, whŏse spires are seen rising from groves as he approaches. I left the next morning in the omnibus for Heidelberg. We passed throu Sachsenhausen and ascended a long hill tŏ the watch-tower, whence thêre is a beautiful vue of the Main valley. Four hours' driving over the monotonous plain, brŏt me tŏ Darmstadt. After leaving Darmstadt we entered upon the Bergstrasse,* or Mountain-way, leading along the foot of the mountain chain which extends all the way tŏ Heidelberg on the left, while on the rīt stretches far away the Rheinplain, across which we saw the dim outline of the Donnersberg, in France [i. e., Elsass.] The hills are crowned with castles and thêir sides loaded with vines; along the road the rich green foliage of the walnut trees arched and nearly met abŏve us. The sun shon warm and brīt, and every body appeared busy and contented and happy. All we met had smiling countenances. In sŏme places we saw whole families sitting under the trees shelling the nuts thêy had beaten down, while ŏthers were returning from the vineyards, laden with baskets of purple and white grapes. The scene seemed tŏ realize all I had read of the happiness of the German peasantry, and the pastoral beauty of the German plains. We passed the ruined castles of Auerbach and Starkenburg, and Burg Windeck, on the summit of a mountain near Weinheim, and finally came tŏ the Heiligenberg or Holy Mountain, garding the entrance intŏ the Odenwald* by the valley of the Neckar. As we wound around its base tŏ the river, the Kaiserstuhl rose before us, with the mīty castle hanging upon its side and Heidelberg** at its feet. It was a most strikingly beautiful scene, and for a moment I felt inclined tŏ assent tŏ the remark of my

* *See No.* 71 *of* TRAVEL, THE ODENWALD.
** *See No.* 41 *of* TRAVEL, HEIDELBERG.

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bad-French acquaintance—"America is not beautiful—Heidelberg is beautiful!" The sun had just set as we turned the corner of the Holy Mountain and drove up the bank of the Neckar; all the chimes of Heidelberg began suddenly tŏ ring and a cannon by the river-side was fired every minute—the sound echoing 5 times distinctly from mountain back tŏ mountain, and finally crashing far off, along the distant hills of the Odenwald. It was the birthday of the grand-duke of Baden, and these rejoicings were for the closing 'fête.'

18. The difference between the rivers is that of the coŭntries. The Rhein is a narro belt of turbid water, winding amõng the vineyards which wall it upon each side. In its beautiful reach between Bingen and Bonn, the only beautiful part of the river, except near Lake Constanz, it has no shores but vineyarded hill-sides, and occasionally a narro grain field in frõnt of them. There are no trees, no varieties of outline; and the vines, regularly planted and kept short for wine, not left to luxuriate at length, for beauty, are a little formal in thêir impression. The castles—the want of which upon the Hudson's shores is so lamented—are not imposing, but romantic. They are rather small and toy-like, and stand like small sentries upon small hills commanding the entrance to small valleys. But thêy are interesting enuf to make traditions, . . . The Rhein is the theme and mistress of romance and song—altho, tŏ mãny of us, that fame be only traditional. The Rhein songs, both those which directly celebrate its beauty, and those which are ballads of life upon its banks, are amõng the most sonorous in the songful German literature. It is the Rhein wine—pure Rhenish, the blood of the life which blooms along these monotonous hill-sides, which is the wine poetic that routs all the temperance societies. The foliage of the vine is fair and lustrous. It wreathes the hot hills with a gorgeous garland, and makes the day upon the Rhein a festival. Then the old crumbling castles, if vague in fame, are so much the more suggestive; and from õne shattered buttress to anõther, miles away on a distant hill-top, the gay wine-garland sweeps, alive now, as much as ever; and by the vivid con-

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trasts softens the suggestion and deepens the delīt. Near St. Goar you glide under the rock of the Lorelei. Heine, in ōne of the most tender of his songs, relates its mōurnful tradition, which is the most beautiful and wildest of the Rhein.

I kno not what it presages,
  This heart with sadness fraut;
'Tis a tale of the olden ages,
  That will not from my thôt.

The air grōs cool and darkles,
  The Rhein flōs calmly on,
The mountain summit sparkles
  In the līt of the setting sun.

There sits in soft reclining
  A maiden wōndrous fair,
With golden raiment shining,
  And combing her golden hair.

With a comb of gold she combs it,
  And combing lo singeth she,
A song of strange, sweet sadness,
  A wonderful melody.

The sailor shudders as o'er him
  The strain comes floating by;
He sees not the cliffs before him,
  He ōnly looks on hi.

Ah! round him the dark waves flinging
  Their arms. draw him slōly down,—
And this with her wild, sweet singing,
  The Lorelei has done.

These are the genuine delīts of the Rhein. Thêy are those of romantic association and suggestion. They are those which are possible only in an old and storied coŭntry. It is not what you see thêre, but what you feel throu what you see, which charms you;—the wild grape in our woods from the association with the Rhenish vineyards, and thêy in turn from their association with the glory of the grape in all literature and tradition. . . . I kno that romance is in the poet's heârt, and not in the outward forms he sees. But there is a technical

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material of romance—the moon-lit, a ruin, an italian girl, for instance —which is useful in begetting a romantic mood of mind, as a quotation will often suggest verses which haunt you all day long. And it is in this material that the Rhein is so rich.

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[1]From "Fraser's Magazine" (abridged) June, 1852. except ¶ ¶ 2, 5, & 16, which are from article by Norman Macleod (in "Good Words," June, 1863). ¶ ¶ 8, 9, & 17 which are from Bayard Taylor's "Views Afoot" (N. Y. 1846), and ¶ 18, which is from G: W: Curtis' "Lotus Eating," N. Y., 1852.

[2]A myth, of cōurse. See S. B. Gould's "Curious Myths," 1869 ed., & "La Tour des Souris." par Felix Liebrecht, Bruxelles, 1855.

19. The restoration, as it is styled, of edifices, is in nine cases out of ten a monstrous fiction, and is as unsatisfactory as impossible. Theatrilized Stolzenfels is a glaring example of the monstrosity which may be bred from restoration, with its paste-board battlements and tawdry gothic ornaments.

20. From St. Goar we took the railway tŏ Capellen, and ōnce more alited, in order tŏ visit Stolzenfels. This castle, piled on a projecting crag, several hundred feet abōve the river, is a modern restoration by king Wilhelm I. of Prussia, at that time crown-prince, of the feudal fortress, with all its antique "properties" and appliances, from drawbridge and portcullis, up tŏ the hi machicolated tower. The interior, tho itself modern, is most interesting as an accurate representation of the ancient "schloss." The prince also gathered here a fine collection of mediæval furniture and curiosities, but abōve all, a marvellous display of old drinking cups and wassail bōls. The dining-hall is a very museum of tankards of every device and dimension.

EXPLANATION OF ACCENTS :— â = a in *are* (not as in "bâre") ; ă=a in *was* (not as in "has") ; ã=a in *any* (not as in "ant") ; ē as in *hear* (not as in "health" or "heârt" or "beār" or "ëarl") ; ê = e in *there* and *their* (not as in "hēre" or "wëre") ; ī = i in *lie* (not as in "lief" or friend) ; ō = o in *four* (not as in "our" or "yŏur"), or in *post* (not as in "cŏst"), or in *bowl* (not as in "howl," or in *rove* (not as in "lōve," or "mŏve")' ; ô = o in *gone* (not as in "bōne" or "ōne") ; ö = o in *work* (not as in "pōrk") ; ŏ = o in *do*(not as in "so"), or in "*move*" (not as in "rōve," or "lōve") ; õ = o in *one* (not as in gône.)

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FROM HEIDELBERG TO NURNBERG.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.[1]

1. On leaving Frankfurt, I decided tŏ take Nürnberg in my route tŏ Vienna. The usual track, via Stuttgart, Ulm, and München, was familiar tŏ me, from having measured the whole of it, step by step. There remained, however, for more than ¾ of the distance, a new route, part of which I had never seen described, and which the guide-books but barely hinted at—a wild, hilly region watered by the tributaries of the Neckar and the Main. This, I imagined, would amply repay the fatigue of a foot-journey and the additional time required tŏ explore it. With two companions, I made the necessary outlay for knapsacks, forwarded my heavy luggage by post tŏ Regensburg, and left Heidelberg at sunrise, by the little Neckar steamer.* The first 4 miles of our way wëre familiar tŏ me, and in the fresh, cool beauty of the morning, I amused myself by tracing the road on which I traveled in 1845, weary and foot-sore, and with only 2 kreutzers in my pocket. Beyond Neckargemünd, the bold, wooded mountains (now touched with thêir first autumnal tints) embrace the river more closely, leaving but a narro strip of greenest turf next the water's edge. The steamer bent and shook as it wörked its way slōly throu the rapids. Three tall cranes flew before us from point tŏ point, at times alīting on the grass tŏ wait our approach. Opposite *Neckarsteinach*, which, with its 4 ruined castles, sits in the centre of a semicircle of hills, we saw the fortress of Dilsberg, crowning the summit of an isolated peak. The Neckar, beyond this place, presents a succession of charming landscapes. Folded

* *For an account of the voyage up the Neckar, See No.* 8 of *TRAVEL.*

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lovingly in the heârt of the mountains, its waters now mirror the rich foliage of the beech, ash, and maple, now the dark monotony of the fir, and the open and smiling beauty of the fields of corn and vine. Tho not so rich in historic interest as the Rhein, nor so bold in its features, its landscapes present the same enchanting variety, toŭched with a mellōer grace and a tenderer human sentiment. Here thêre is little tŏ remind ōne of battle and bloodshed. The quiet villages, nestled at the entrances of yet virgin valleys winding intŏ the hills, are dropping tŏ pieces ōnly by age, and the sombre cōloring of the Middle Age, which thêy still weār, dōes no violence tŏ the peaceful repose of the cultivated slopes behind them.

2. We passed *Eberbach*, a fine old town, situated in the lap of a beautiful amfitheatre of hills and overlooked by the lofty *Katzenbuckel* (Cat's-Back), the hīest peak of the Odenwald.* Beyond this feline hump, which is arched in a state of perpetual indignation, the mountains are lōer and the wild woods stand back tŏ give place tŏ the vine. At *Neckarelz*, our little steamer ran her nose against the bank and we jumped ashore on the green turf. Follōing a road which led up the valley of the Elz, we passed throu the stately town of Mosbach and took a by-way leading over the hills tŏ Möckmühl, in the valley of the Jaxt. Just as we gained the hīt, the sun, which had been obscured all day, broke throu the clouds and poured over the landscape such long, golden sun-līts, that in thêir splendor the plowed fields, the acres of turnips and beets, and even the stones piled by the wayside, wëre glorified. But soon the shadōs grew longer and cooler, and nīt came on as we reached a village called *Billigheim*, sunk in a deep valley. At daybreak next morning, we resumed our knapsacks. It had rained in the nīt, and the by-road was very slippery, but after crossing the border intŏ Würtemberg, we found a better path, leading down throu forests of beech and oak intŏ the green

* *For an account of a tour throu the Odenwald See No. 71 of TRAVEL.*

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meadōs of the Jaxt. After striking the Jaxt, a bold, rapid stream, cōursing round abrupt points and throu wide amfitheatres of vine-hills, we follōed its banks for several miles, passing a succession of emerald meadōs, starred with the blossoms of the colchicum. The vues up and down the stream wëre remarkably lōvely. In ōne place we passed along the sides of a natural amfitheatre, half a mile in diameter. The stone terraces built for the vines mīt have served for regular rōs of seats, from which 500,000 spectators could look on the tilting-ground of the beautiful plain belo. At Jaxthausen, an ancient and picturesq village on the rīt bank, we halted tŏ see the castle of *Berlichingen*,* in which Goetz was born, and whêre he spent most of his days. It is a plain, square structure, still retaining its moat and draw-bridge, tho the buildings are beginning tŏ sho the weār of 5 centuries.

3. After leaving Jaxthausen, we crossed a hī and narro plateau of grazing land, and descended by a wild glen intŏ the valley of the Kocher. For the rest of the day, our road led up the stream, throu enchanting scenery. For rich pastoral beauty, I kno no valley in Germany surpassing the *Kochertal*. Sunk deep between mountains which are cōvered with vine-terraces tŏ thêir very tops, the river has yet no bold and abrupt banks, but wanders with a devious will throu long reaches of meadoland, green and flowery as in mid-May. Every turn of the hills opened tŏ us a new valley, each with a little town in its centre. These towns, which occur at intervals of half a league, preserve entire the walls and towers of the Middle Age, and, tŏ all appearance, no new building has been erected in them for centuries. The Kochertal lies in the heârt of a region which is toŭched by no modern route of travel, and preserves, with scarce a change, a faithful picture of ancient Germany. Towards sunset, we climbed the side of a long hill, whence we could overlook the valley for mãny a league before and behind us. At our feet lay the town of *Kunelsau*, half embösomed in

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forests which descended from the rugged hĭts in its rear. The massive white frŏnt of a castle belonging tŏ the 'fürst' of Ehringen, rose abŏve the banks of the Kocher, domineering the dark, pointed gables and mossy roofs of the old place. A mountain stream, leaping from the forests, passes intŏ the streets, roars throu an arch under the 'Rathaus' at the head of the public square, whêre 2 flĭts of stone steps lead down tŏ its bed, and then disappears under the pavement. We saw but little of the town, for it was dark, and we wëre sŏmewhat stiff from a walk of 25 miles. We left the Kocher at dawn, and crossed a stretch of cold upland tŏ *Langenberg*, on the upper waters of the Jaxt, whêre we breakfasted. The rest of the day's journey, for more than 20 miles, lay across a hĭ and sŏmewhat barren table-land dividing the waters of the Neckar from those of the Main. The land is devoted principally tŏ grazing and the more hardy kinds of grain and vegetables, but here and thêre the road skirts fine forests of fir. The villages, which are rare, are small, and have an aspect of poverty. We lëarned, too late tŏ take advantage of the information, that the greāt Fair of Roth-am-See was being held in the meadōs of Musbach, not more than a league out of our way. This Fair, which has been held on the same meado for several centuries, is probably the most peculiar in Germany, as it is frequented principally by the peasants of Schwaben and Franken, and exhibits mãny curious usages, which elsewhêre have passed away. Late in the afternoon, we saw, under a dark and gusty sky, the towers of the venerable city of *Rothenburg*. It was apparently built on a rise in the plain, but on approaching nearer, we found that its walls overhung the brink of a deep gorge, at the bottom of which flōs the Tauber, a tributary of the Main. Even from the little I saw of it on approaching I felt sure it would richly repay a longer tramp than we had made. Everything about it is fresh and unhackneyed. The landlord said we wëre the first native Americans he ever saw.

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4. ROTHENBURG—the name of which is scarcely mentioned in guide-books—is ōne of the oldest and most remarkable places in all Germany. Founded before 800, and till the 12th century under the dominion of the counts of Rothenburg, it was for 700 years a free-city of the German Empire, having under its jurisdiction 143 villages, and was incorporated in Bavaria only at the beginning of the present century. As the chief city in the province of Mittel-Franken, it has always been an important place, and throu its present isolated position (being at sōme distance from ãny traveled route), still preserves much of its ancient appearance and character. The inn is built against the city wall, and ŏur windo looked down intŏ the deep and rugged gorge of the Tauber. A fortress formerly crowned the very point of the headland, around which the river winds, almost insulating the city, and making it, except on the side towards the table-land, next tŏ impregnable.[10]

5. Early next morning, ōne of the teachers in the City School called tŏ accompany us throu the city. The weather was dull and rainy, and we had time ōnly tŏ visit the principal places. We went first tŏ the Rathaus, passing on our way a quaint building with a richly ornamented gable, in which Sultan Bajazet lodged when on his visit tŏ the German Emperor. The Rathaus has a stately frōnt in the italian style, a curious winding staircase, and the dark old hall in which Tilly drank with the Senate. Our conductor led us throu mãny dusty chambers tŏ a steep wooden stairway mounting intŏ the tower. After a long journey, we came intŏ a little hot room, nearly half of which was occupied by a German stove. The ōnly inhabitants wëre an old man and a clock. The former placed a ladder against the cieling, opened a trap-dōor, and disappeared throu it. I squeezed throu after him, felt the rain dash in my face, and then turned away, faint with the giddy vue. The slīt parapet around the top of the tower overhung its base, and in the wind and driving mist I seemed swinging, not ōnly over the

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city, but over the chasm far belo it. Beyond this, and across its rugged walls, I looked out on the wide sweep of the plain, bounded on the east by a misty range of hills. Savage and strange as the landscape was, I had scarcely nerve enuf tŏ beār the sīt.

6. As the rain continued, we hired a carriage for 5 florins (about $2), tŏ convêy us tŏ Anspach, a distance of 25 miles. The road lies throu a barren upland, crossed by 2 or 3 ranges of hills, cōvered with forests of fir. Anspach is a dull town of about 10,000 inhabitants, but has a magnificent 'Residenz' and gardens. While our carriage was getting ready for Nürnberg, we took a walk in the superb avenues of lindens now gleaming golden in thêir autumnal leaves.[11]

7. No ōne knōs Germany, whŏ has not visited NURNBERG. In ōther cities you see the ruins of German Art and German life in the Middle Age; here you see that Art preserved, that life vital in all its quaint forms and expressions.[12] You are not reminded of the Past, for you live in it. It requires as greāt an effort tŏ recall the Present, as it dōes elsewhêre tŏ forget it. And the age intŏ which you step, on leaving the 19th century which has steamed you hither (for the railroad brushes the walls, but dares not pierce them), is not stern or harsh in its aspect. Its ruder outlines are softened, its shadōy places glorified, by the divine līt of art. With its crooked streets, grotesq, pointed gables, and peaked roofs, wandering intŏ a bewildering variety of outlines, Nürnberg still ministers tŏ that passion whêreof it was ōnce the chosen seat—the lōve of the beautiful. Painting, Poetry, and Sculpture ōnce dwelt here, and thêir sīgn-manual is Beauty—Beauty in ōne of her wayward moods, it is true, but none the less dear tŏ those whŏ lōve her under all her forms.

8. The situation of the city is peculiar, and in the hīest degree picturesq. It is divided by the river Regnitz intŏ 2 nearly equal parts, called, from the 2 grand churches thêy contain, the

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Lorenz side, and the Sebald side. The river washes the walls of the houses, and is spanned by a number of bridges, ōne of which, from its form, is named the Rialto. Thêre is also a Bridge of Sīs, leading tŏ the prison. A number of mill-wheels turn in the stream, which makes its entrance intŏ and exit from the city throu arches in the walls. The Sebald side ascends towards the north, and you climb steep streets lined with the houses of the old patricians, tŏ the Castle, which is built on a massive sandstone crag, overhanging the city. The battlements command wide and beautiful vues on every side. On the morning of my visit, the sky was clear and soft, and I could see the brôad meadōs stretching away till thêy met the blue Franconian mountains in the N. E. Belo me yawned the greāt moat, 50 feet deep and 100 feet wide, still surrounding the city walls. From the opposite battlement, the city sloped tŏ the river, but rose again from the ōther side—a mass of quaint notched gables, sharp roofs, broken with windōs of every fashion, turrets and Gothic pinnacles, shooting up so thickly that the spires of St. Sebald and St. Lorenz seemed but older plants which had been allowed tŏ run tŏ seed. Thêy blossomed naturally from a bed of such architecture. The 4 round towers of Dürer, in thêir desīgn the perfection of simple strength, mark the 4 points of the compass. Beyond them, and over the wall and moat, and scattered buildings outside, spreads the fruitful plain of Franken.

9. I shall not attempt tŏ describe in detail the sīts of Nürnberg. My time was too short tŏ dŏ them justice, yet long enuf tŏ receive sōme impressions which I shall never forget. Of cōurse I visited the Rathaus, and the Picture Gallery, whêre I was most struck with Dürer's "St. Peter;" and Rauch's bronze statue of Dürer himself; and the Beautiful Fountain, a specimen of the purest Gothic, which furnished the idea for Sir Walter Scott's Monument in Edinburgh; and the little Gooseherd, a cunning fountain, representing a mannikin with 2 geese

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under his arm; and the Castle Well, cut 300 feet throu the rock; and the Gymnasium founded by Melancthon, with mãny ŏther notewŏrthy buildings and monuments. The church-yard of St. John, outside of the city walls, is ŏne of the most remarkable cemeteries in Europe. The graves are ranged in rōs, and each is cŏvered with a ponderous slab of sandstone, raised on a foundation, and regularly numbered from 1 tŏ about 2,000. Thêy nearly all date beyond the last century, and sŏme are so old as tŏ have lost every trace of thêir original inscriptions. The moss has eaten intŏ thêir crevices, the sharp corners are rounded and broken, and thêy lie as shapeless as so mãny bōlders left by the Deluge. Amŏng them I found the resting-place of Dürer, which has been carefully restored; of Hans Sachs, with a poor specimen of his poetry upon it; of Peter Vischer, of Veit Stoss, and, lastly, of the good Willibald Pirkheimer, ever tŏ be remembered as Dürer's friend. A few flowers wëre grōing rankly about the corners of the stones, but so desolated and ruined is the aspect of the place, that even without the prohibition posted at the entrance of the gate, no ŏne would venture tŏ pluck them. The last visit I made was tŏ the Church of St. Lorenz—the crown of all that Nürnberg has tŏ sho. It is ŏne of the largest Gothic churches in Europe, and more impressive than ãny I have seen, except St. Ouen in Rouen, and the unfinished cathedral of Cöln. The nave is 320 feet in length and 86 in hīt, and finished in a style so rich and harmonious as tŏ produce the finest possible effect. Unlike the minsters of Ulm and Strassburg, whŏse imposing exteriors promise too much, St. Lorenz startles you with a grandeur you had not anticipated, and you measure with breathless delīt the perfect symmetry of the columns, the single arch spanning the nave, and the beautiful intricacy of the laced and intertwined ribs of the chancel-roof. You follo the guide from pillar tŏ pillar, halting tŏ contemplate the wŏrks of Wohlgemuth, of Dürer, of Vischer, Veit Stoss, and the ŏther cunning artists of that

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day; but when you reach the pyx (house containing the sacramental vessels) of Adam Kraft, thêre you will stop, and thenceforth the church will contain little else wörth your seeing. This pyx stands beside õne of the pillars of the chancel, and spires upwards like a fountain, under the arch, tŏ the hīt of more than 60 feet. It is of pure white sandstone, and of the most rare and wõnderful wörkmanship. The house containing the vessels is imbedded in an arbor of vines, forming leafy grottoes, with niches in which stand statues of the Apostles. The Gothic pinnacles which shoot throu this canopy of foliage bud intŏ leafy ornaments at thêir tops, and bend over and wave downwards like vines swinging in the air. Upwards, still diminishing, rises the airy tracery of the spire, with spray-like needles leaping from every angle, till at the summit, whêre you expect the crowning lītness of the cross, behold! the frail stem of stone curves like a flower-stalk, and hangs in the air a last tendril over the wõndrous arbor out of which it grew.

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[1] From At Home and Abroad, 1st Series (abridged).

[9] The Iron Hand of Goetz is a steel hand, of beautiful workmanship, with a gauntlet of the same metal reaching nearly to the elbo, by which it was fitted to the stump of the right arm. The fingers opened and closed by springs in the wrist, which are now useless; the thumb is still perfect, and bends its iron joints with the greatest readiness. With the hand is preserved a portrait on glass of its owner—a heavy Saxon face, but firm, true, and resolute enuf in its expression for him who was called "The Last of the Knights."

10. When the Rothenburg knights returned from the Crusades, thêy wëre struck with the singular resemblance between the position of the city and that of Jerusalem—a resemblance to which many later travelers have testified. The Tauber, far belo us, was the Brook Kedron; opposite rose Mount Olivet; further down the gorge was the Pool of Siloam, and directly under us a little chapel marked the site of Gethsemane. Near it stands an old church, now disused, to which, in former times, multitudes made thêir pilgrimage. The localities wëre carefully compared with Jerusalem, and a new *Via Dolorosa* was made along the sides of the hill, with 12 shrines representing the 12 places whêre Christ rested under the wêt of the cross. I could still trace the path, tho the shrines are gone, and the pilgrims come no longer. The ghostly old church is now called the 'Koboldskeller.'

11. This park has a singular and melancholy interest from the fact that Caspar Hauser was stabbed here on the 14th of December 1833. In a lonely corner, hidden by thickets which always keep the place in shado, we found the monument, a plain shaft with these words, and no more: "*Hic occultis occulto occisus est.*" The name—which

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you always pronounce in an undertone in Germany—is not mentioned. And yet, but for the deed here commemorated, Caspar Hauser (according to the secret popular belief) would have been Grand Duke of Baden at this day. We may well shrink from lifting the veil which covers the mystery of his life, when it conceals a strange and terrible tale of crime. A few paces distant is the monument of the poet Uz, a pillar crowned with his bust. When a child, I read an account of the murder of Caspar Hauser, at the time of its occurrence, and while standing on the spot, every word of the story came back to my memory.

12. The only objects in Nürnberg which appear old are the tombstones. Albert Dürer's house, on the hill, under the walls of the Castle, keeps its rich, red coloring, its steep gable mounting into a picturesq, overhanging balcony, and its windos of stained glass, as if he wëre still within, ready to welcome his friend Willibald. As you walk the streets, you think of him as a living man; but his slab in the church-yard of St. John is covered with the moss of 300 years. "'Tis Death is dead, not he." Over the door of Hans Sachs' dwelling hangs his portrait, with the flowing white beard so well befitting the 'meistersänger;' and if you go thêre at mid-day, you may partake of a dish of 'bratwurst' which would have furnished Hans with inspiration for at least 6 odes. In the court-yard of the Castle thêre is a mighty linden-tree, green and full of lusty leaves which the frost seems to spare. 700 years ago that tree was planted thêre by the hand of the Empress Kunigunde. In the church of St. Lorenz, thêy sho you the renowned pyx by Adam Kraft and his 2 apprentices; you would think the dust of thêir chiselling fresh upon it. Contemplate its glorious workmanship; and if your eyes do not fill with tears—spontaneous tribute to that Beauty which is a perpetual joy, and of pity for its creator, who perished in obscurity and want—its stony leaves and blossoms are softer than your nature.

EXPLANATION OF ACCENTS :— â = a in *are* (not as in "bāre") ; ă=a in *was* (not as in "has") ; ã=a in *any* (not as in "ant") ; ē = e in *hear* (not as in "health" or "heârt" or "beār" or "ëarl") ; ê = e in *there* and *their* (not as in "hēre" or "wëre") ; ī = i in *lie* (not as in "lief" or friend) ; ō = o in *four* (not as in "ôur" or "yŏur"), or in *post* (not as in "côst"), or in *bowl* (not as in "howl," or in *rove* (not as in "lōve," or "mŏve")'; ô = o in *gone* (not as in "bōne" or "ōne") ; ö = o in *work* (not as in "pōrk") ; ŏ = o in *do*(not as in "so"), or in "*move*" (not as in "rōve," or "lōve") ; õ = o in *one* (not as in gône.)

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LAKE MAGGIORE.

BY SARAH (BUTLER) WISTER.[1]

1. Thêy lie in the lap of the mountains like jewels dropped from the sky, and Nature has lavished her love and man his labor on the setting. By political geografy thêy belong in part tŏ Switzerland; but if thêre be any force in the theory of natural boundaries, the Alps bar her claim with tremendous emfasis, and in climate, scenery, religion, custom, and speech thêy are Italian. No sooner does the traveler by the St. Gothard railway reach LOCARNO, the first station on Lago Maggiore, than he finds another heaven and another earth from those which vanished when he entered the great tunnel, a few hours earlier. The mountain peaks are sharper and more serrate, the curves and indentations of the shore more delicate, the outlines of the landscape more finished and perfect; the līt is at once softer and more splendid, the sky has a deeper and more tender blue, the verdure is richer and darker; the very weeds give the wayside the grace of a garden run wild. Already thêre are terraced vineyards tŏ be seen, and vines trained over a sort of trellised arbor called 'pergola,' the supports of which are stone,—one of the most ancient modes of grŏing grapes in Italy,—and orange walks, hanging gardens, arcades of shrubbery, walls of evergreen, stone stairways and balustrades, pillars, vases and fountains among the flower beds, a different cultivation, a different style of gardening, which adorns the humblest plot. The gleaming towns upon the water's edge have irregular tiers of red-tiled roofs, broken by arched porticoes in the attic story, by slender Lombard bell-towers, cupolas, long, blank palace-fronts,—a different architecture. All this

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can be seen from Locarno, which is yet but a poor place compared with the towns loer down the lake. It is worth while tŏ stop thêre, tho, tŏ wash off the dust of the long journey in great white marble bath-tubs, of antique form, filled with cool, diamond-clear water, and tŏ rest and attune the spirit tŏ a softer key. Thêre is a new hotel, a remarkably fine building, with a lofty hall of entrance, from each end of which a marble staircase leads tŏ galleries with balusters, colonnades rising one above the other, and intersecting long perspectives, like the backgrounds of Paul Veronese's banquet pictures;—a Palladian interior, every corridor ending in an arch draped with muslin embroidered in Oriental patterns, throu which is visible a mello picture of lake and mountain.

2. In the pilgrimage church of the Madonna del Sasso (Our Lady of the Rock), half an hour's walk above the town, the mild Luini's influence is seen in an altar-piece by one of his follōers. I trudged tŏ this sanctuary one afternoon, tŏ be rewarded by the expedition itself beyond my expectations, which were not great. Two deep gorges bring down two noisy, demonstrative brooks by so precipitous a path that the water is ready tŏ leap intŏ cascades at every step, until thêy unite and seek the lake tŏgether. Up the strip of wooded rock between them, which rises hīer and hīer, broadening until it joins the mountain, winds the way tŏ the church. It is very steep and laid in 'cordonate', a pavement of cobble-stones crossed by a curb at every few feet, much like a railway track, ballast and sleepers, without rails, raised tŏ an angle of seventy degrees from the level; the curbs are about as far apart as cross-ties, and it is as hard tŏ walk either upon or between them. The pilgrimage tŏ the Madonna del Sasso should be made by all but penitents ōnly after the sun has sunk behind the western mountains. It is a pretty walk, altho disfigured by the stations of the cross at short intervals; the wayfarer passes out of the village under a long, vine-wreathed pergola, then over a bridge,

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then up the narro hillside, between the ravines, tŏ the foot of the foundation-walls of the building, and by a few more sharp twists tŏ the solitary little stone 'piazza' from which he enters the church. It dates from a miraculous appearance of the Virgin four hundred years ago, but has few sīgns of its age: within it is as freshly gilded, painted, and frescoed as a hotel dining-room, and is in so far a surprise after the lonely scramble beside the bed of the torrent. The vue of the lake from the steps is fine, and still better from a little pillared side-porch, which looks as if it were the oldest part of the building, and overhangs the landscape like the parapet of a castle. The scene was very lovely: the peaks wëre pale rose-color, and a bluish moisture, like the dew on dark grapes, rested upon the surface of the lake.

3. Yet this is ōnly Locarno, the threshold of the lake region, and few people will be tempted tŏ stop thêre more than a nīt. The little steamboats, which make the round of the lake three times a day, lŏse half the usual vulgarity of their species by the leisurely way in which thêy move from point tŏ point; crossing and recrossing, toŭching at every small town, or pausing a little out from shore while a clumsy boat, with a white awning on hoops, like a Conestoga wagon, pulls off from the wharf tŏ exchange passengers. An hour after leaving Locarno the lake is in vue in the utmost length and breadth that can be seen from any point. It is majestic among its grand, encompassing mountains, which crowd closer as we advance; the nearer ones dark green, the further ones purple. As we traverse the water from shore tŏ shore sno-peaks rise intŏ sīt, hiding themselves behind intervening crests when the boat draws near land. I am writing of a day near the end of August, almost the ōnly time I felt excessive heat in this part of Italy. The sky blazed like a burnished reflector, the lake gloed like molten silver and the shore like a furnace, but the cool breath of the invisible ice-mountains tempered the atmosfere. Amidst the

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incandescence we passed a grassy islet covered with small trees, called Isola dei Conigli, shōing some prosaic ruins above the verdure, but uninhabited now even by the feeble folk from whom it takes its name. On the nêboring hīts thêre are ruined castles, always strong adjuncts tŏ scenery.[14]

4. The fysiognomy of the lake grōs more smiling, the vegetation more luxuriant and southern, at every landing. The cypress, that most distinctively meridional tree and strongest feature of the Italian landscape, begins tŏ appear among the masses of foliage, standing as solid in form and color as a tree cut in stone, but soft as fur tŏ the eye. Līt-tinted towns, each with its tall, slender church-tower, are perched along the mountain sides, from the base tŏ the top, and many a solitary convent and shrine. The finest point of the voyage is between Intra and Baveno, whêre the sno range of the Mischabel group is suddenly manifest as one looks skyward tŏ the west, and the lake divides intŏ the two great bays of Arona and Pallanza, the latter strewn with garden isles. Behind Pallanza the mountains stand back on each hand, and reveal Monte Rosa drawing a sno mantle over his black shōlders. Baveno and Stresa are also upon this bay, and great rivalry exists between the three towns, which are the favorite halting places on Lago Maggiore. Travelers whŏ have stayed at ōnly one of them become violent partisans of that one. Knōing them all well, I prefer STRESA, partly because the town is smaller than either of the others, and its best hotel, the Iles Borromées, stands beyond the last houses in its ōn pretty grounds; still more because from this point of vue the Borromean islands "compose" better, as painters say, on one hand with the curve in which Pallanza* stands, with its long, brīt lines of houses and multitudinous red roofs, and on the other with the frowning, many-peaked Sasso di Ferro, the hīest mountain on the lake.

5. The islands are the regalia of Lago Maggiore. Thêre

* For account of Pallanza see No. 2 of TRAVEL,—"LAGO MAGGIORE."

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are five in the Borromean group, none of which is more than a quarter of an hour's ro from the next in order. Isola San Giovanni is so near Pallanza that nothing could be easier than tŏ join them by a bridge. It is a mere bouquet on a rock; thêre is just space enuf for a garden and a summer-house.[15] Isola dei Pescatori is about 15 minutes by ro-boat from Baveno, and is entirely covered by a fishing village. It is a delītful object: an irregular cluster of houses, of cheerful yet subdued tints,—dark red, pale yello, gray-white,—festooned with vines and creepers, lo upon the blue water, with a background of grave-toned mountains. At one end thêre is a quay, with a little beach, whêre the fishing-boats are drawn up in line as the sun goes down; at the other, a little green with half a dozen trees, beneath which the population, from 300 tŏ 400 sōuls, dry thêir nets and take the evening air; thêy must take it turn about, as thêre is not room for half of them.[16] A furlong from Isola dei Pescatori thêre is a heap of stones, whêreon 2 or 3 slim willōs wave thêir branches above a tuft of forget-me-nots; nobody has troŭbled himself tŏ name it, but it is an excellent place tŏ set up an easel. It lies midway between Isola dei Pescatori and the famous Isola Bella, the most overrated and berated island on the globe except Albion.

6. ISOLA BELLA looks scarce ten acres in extent, but gains room by its hīt above the water, being terraced and every inch of its surface turned tŏ account. On near approach by steamboat from Pallanza, the north end is seen first; and it is ugly, for nothing is visible except a palace front divided by a four-story bo, unfinished yet ruinous, and 2 big, square wings which mīt belong tŏ a shabby hotel. Next appears a mean 17th-century church and a huddle of dirty little houses, most of them drinking-shops, directly at the entrance of the palace, and sticking like limpets tŏ the base of the hanging-gardens. The Borromei have thêir private landing and a magnificent flīt of granite steps, by which thêy avoid actually passing throu the

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squalor; but everybody else must dŏ so, as the public landing-place is in the midst of it.[17] The palace is redeemed by an unexpected, enchanting glimpse of gardens at the end of a long vista. The grounds are older than the palace, as the plan of the first Borromeo whŏ ōned the island was tŏ make a pleasaunce with merely a pavilion. Altho thêy are formal and artificial tŏ the last degree, the statues, staircases, and terraces lend them a grand air, while the luxuriance and rareness of the bloom and foliage and the exquisite outlook on every side bewilder the senses. On the side towards Pallanza thêre is a noble group of pines. The deep seriousness of thêir shade hītens the joyous expression of the sunny lake, the distant, smiling town, and the rich-colored mountains seen between the great columnar trunks. On the opposite side the same grade is occupied by a grove of 50 large magnolia-trees. Glimmering reflections from the water play among thêir dark, glossy, russet-lined umbrage, filling the place with lambent līts, and flicker upon ivory, cup-shaped blossoms, which linger here and thêre even at the end of summer. The huge, cavernous arches which support the lōermost terrace are divided from each other by gigantic intertwisted wisterias and Virginia creepers, and are curtained by masses of ivy hanging from the vaults; each recess forms a shelter for a clump of tall palms and other tropical plants. The bows of orange and lemon trees lean over from the upper grades, golden with fruit. The shape of this big ten-terraced pyramid, rising in the centre of the gardens and filling two thirds of the area, is softened by the grōth which mantles its lines and angles, and by līts and shadōs which tremble over it in a constant caress. As one rōs round the soŭthern end of the island its beauty cannot be denied, but at a little distance its likeness tŏ a wedding-cake—a comparison which has been applied tŏ bōth the cathedral of Milano and Isola Bella—is also undeniable; it looks still more like the altar of a modern Roman Catholic church, with tiers of flower-vases and images.

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7. The queen of the group is Isola Madre, lying in the middle of the bay of Pallanza, half an hour's pull from either shore; larger, hĭer, and more irregular in outline than the others, yet keeping the dimensions of a fairy kingdom. The steep sides are thickly wooded, but the woods are opened in every direction by winding foot-paths or broad gravel-walks, leading throu myrtle shrubbery, tŏ sudden vues of the lake and mountains; by green glades starred with wild flowers; by stately balustraded stone stairways without steps, slōping from the villa and gardens down throu dark, shining walls of laurel tŏ a grand gateway on the water, surmounted by aloes and fern palms. This entrance is at the principal landing, and is not open tŏ strangers, whŏ come ashore at a flat rock and climb tŏ a postern-gate, by which thĕy gain access tŏ the terraces. These are unusually broad, and bordered by orange and lemon trees on one hand, and on the other by wonderful oleanders, great bushy trees bending under a load of rose-colored, almond-scented blossoms. Several stages like this lead up tŏ a little plateau brilliant with flower-beds, like a jeweler's shōcase, on which stands a small palace, turning towards the lake a long, flat, pale yello façade, with rōs of square windōs. It opens on the garden by a beautiful two-story 'loggia,' or portico, three arches supported on pillars of elegant proportions; a hĭ recess on each side the dōor being used as a fernery. The lovely sites on this little domain are inexhaustible; in many long visits I always discovered new ones. The ōners never occupy the casino, and the grounds are a nursery garden for exotic trees, some of them extremely rare and fine. One of the most charming resting-places is a lĭt iron balcony inclosing a square of gravel as large as an ordinary drawing-rooom, furnished with garden tables and chairs, roofed by the branches of a superb Australian fir, and overhanging thickets of rhododendrons, with an outlook across the water tŏ Pallanza, which at a distance is the prettiest town on the lake. Another is a stone balcony

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projecting over the water, with stone table and seats of such classic models that thêy are worthy of an ancient temple; twŏ great magnolia-trees form a canopy, and frame a vŭe of the dark Sasso di Ferro, hollŏed out by primeval volcano-throes intŏ the shape of a rude crown. More beautiful than either of these is an ivy arbor, centuries old, of gnarled, knotted stems and leafage impervious tŏ rain or sunshine. It stands at the head of a steep, narro flīt of steps, walled in by glossy evergreens, and lītly tunneled over by trumpet-creeper, wisteria, and white roses, ending in a dazzle of water and a glimpse of distant steeps, partly wooded, partly covered by a rosy-lilac grōth which overspreads them in August. The combination of orange-colored bignonias and the lavender bunches of the glycene with cascades of white roses is a favorite device of the gardeners in this region. Altho the prime of the wisterias and magnolias is in the spring, thêy flower profusely in August and September. From the moment the season opens until winter sets its seal on the plants again thêy seem tŏ feel the joy of existence, and bloom and bloom as if for the mere pleasure of it.

8. This luxuriance belongs tŏ the lake shore as well as tŏ the islands, and the former has beauties of its ōn. For more than 20 miles it is skirted on one hand by a fine cornice road, with villas, or wooded slopes, or cliffs tufted with herbage and wild flowers, whence trickle cool rills, and on the other by a lo parapet and granite telegraf shafts, ashes-of-roses in color, from the quarries near Baveno, which cut the prospect intŏ a series of pictures. The climate is delītful for a person who likes warm weather: the sun is very hot, but thêre is a perpetual cool, lit breeze, pure and refreshing, which one tastes as if it wëre spring water, in walking and driving, even in the heat of the day. In a boat the refraction is oppressive from noon till an hour before sunset, but the lake road is shaded after midday by hī banks and rocks tŏ landward. I have been out on foot for hours between breakfast and five o'clock in the after-

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noon without wishing the temperature a degree lōer, and becoming more convinced at every step that it is a mistake tŏ come tŏ Italy in autumn and winter rather than when it is in the flower and fervor of summer. It does not often rain on the lakes in August and September, according tŏ my experience: and this is fortunate, for sunlīt is essential tŏ bring out the marvelous colors of the landscape and water, which are seen at thêir best under a perfectly clear sky; then the upper portion of Lago Maggiore is sea-green, and the lōer and larger expanse sea-blue. But every change of weather gives it a new character. Thêre are days when large white clouds are floating hī in the air, and the lake rolls white and cerulean in alternate, undefined sheets. Under the lōering masses of cloud which sometimes gather towards sunset the expression of the scenery alters entirely: every soft feature disappears; harsh cliffs, unnoticed before, start intŏ sīt; the bays and headlands sternly wait for the burst of wrath from that realm of awful summits, abysses, and eternal sno beyond the nearer mountains; the latter take a wild, changed, confused mien, as if uncertain of the part thêy are tŏ play in the coming strife. When this begins after twilīt it is tremendous indeed, with blinding flashes and darkness tŏ which the intervening darkness of nīt is like dawn; the thunder sounds as if it wēre rolling down from the mountains upon the villages, with crashes and reverberations, echoing and re-echoing, until the endless repetitions are lost in a new detonation, while torrents of rain threaten tŏ make the lake overflo. After this uproar, the next day sometimes comes in splendid and fleckless; but sometimes it is overcast, and the clouds, having lost thêir fierceness, hang lo and lazy upon the hillsides, while the lake is a soft, even gray, on which the islands lie as clear as painting on porcelain. Then the fishing-boats come out in shoals,—clumsy, picturesque barks, with hoops for awnings, which are never up, but leave the frame bare, like the ribs of a wrecked craft inverted. Now and then a larger vessel passes,

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bearing a big tan-colored sail and an ungainly oar-shaped rudder in a swivel, as long as a mast, bound on a merchant cruise tŏ distant towns.

9. The bay of ARONA is the least beautiful and striking limb of Lago Maggiore. As one approaches the foot of the lake the mountains recede, the hills are lōer and rounder, the shore is tamer in outline. Near Meina, a lovely, slim white waterfall slips down throu a gorge, but in very dry weather it disappears. Further down thêre is a bronze statue of San Carlo Borromeo, about 120 feet hī, including the pedestal,—a preposterous production of the latter part of the 17th century. It stands on a hillock on the mountain side, and is ridiculous from every point of vue: thêre is one from which the saint looks as if he wëre peering down the chimney of the convent at his feet. The ruined castle of Arona, wrapped in ivy, and the mediæval fortifications of *Angera*, on the opposite headland, lend some character tŏ the end of the voyage, but its charm is gone.

10. Making my headquarters at Stresa, I lounged about the nêborhood on foot, or in a pony carriage,—a lucky find—for a week or more in two successive years, making acquaintance with new scenes daily, and meeting with various little incidents on my walks and drives. The record of these wanderings made at the time probably has more of the first freshness of my impressions than a carefully prepared account of them would preserve. "August 11, 1882. Walked in the afternoon tŏ Belgirate, a town 4 or 5 miles from Stresa, towards the lōer end of the lake. Turned off the dusty, white road intŏ the beautiful Villa Pallavicini, full of great masses of shade and deep, grotto-like shrubbery walks; on one lawn thêre was an acre of hydrangeas, so closely covered with azure flowers that throu intervening trees it looked like a glimpse of sky or water. Along the road the dark laurel hedges of the villas are overtopped by oleanders stooping under the wêt of thêir Canton-

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crape blossoms, roseate, white, and pale pink, which are seen from belo against the velvet-blue sky. The trumpet-creeper flames the white walls with a *violence* of flowering and color inconceivable even in our coŭntry, whêre it blooms so abundantly. Things have a joy of life in this land. Rested at a wayside stone terrace above the lake, with stone seats under a thick awning of clipped locust-trees,—a halting-place for pedestrians. Took a boat from Belgirate back tŏ Stresa, an hour's ro.

11. "August 14th. Gray day, close but not oppressive, with random gleams of sunshine. Set out at half past nine in the morning for the lake of Orta, driving myself in a basket faeton, with the courier in the rumble. The road follŏs the lake for some miles, past the base of Monte Motterone with its chestnut woods and the rose-colored granite quarries of Baveno. At the small town of *Gravellona*, whêre a milestone announces that the Simplon route begins, I turned westward and struck intŏ a narro green vale, shut in by craggy mountains. The way was lonely for about half an hour; then I passed several villages drawn out on each side of the road, and picturesque in spite of themselves. Thêre wëre several consequential-looking little houses, with gate-posts surmounted by grotesque, dwarfish stone figures of men and women, unlike anything else I have seen in this or any other coŭntry. Thêy are conceptions of a clumsy humor, like the offspring of Dutch or German genius, and I cannot help referring thêir origin tŏ Teutonic invasion and occupation, of which many traces remain in this region. I recognize it, grudgingly, in the appearance of the peasantry. Most of the young women I met tŏ-day had a peculiar softness in the oval of the face and outline of the features, with a fair complexion, clear, gentle eyes, and brown hair, like Rafaelle's Madonna della Seggiola. The children wëre ruddier than the mothers, of the same soft, fair type, and beautiful as little angels. After leaving the villages the road loiters up a very long but not steep hill, intŏ a wide valley of hay-fields, studded

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with fine walnut and chestnut trees, throu which rushes a brimming brook side by side with a glassy mill-race, and soon I came in sīt of the lovely little lake of Orta. The drive had taken an hour and a half. Left the faeton at the principal inn of *Omegna*, the first (and I think only) town at the hither end of the lake, and walked throu the narro, crooked streets and dull, sleepy market-place tŏ the water's edge. I never saw a municipality, or any other human community, which gave me in five minutes so distinct an impression of indifference tŏ the rest of the world. Hired a small boat, and a man tŏ ro; the courier took an oar, and thêy pulled me tŏ Orta, near the lōer end of the lake, in a little over an hour. The great charm of this irregular bit of water is its seclusion and apparent remoteness from the noisy, dusty, beaten tracks. We met no boat, heard no sound except the thin voice of a chapel bell from a distant mountain ledge, and, as far as I recollect, saw no village or building, except isolated convents hī on the hillsides. ORTA is the prettiest, most picturesque waterside townlet, smothered in flowers; its amfibiousness gives it a gay, whimsical resemblance tŏ Venice, such as a kitten has tŏ a lion. Lunched at the inn, a ruf but clean and friendly place; and while the meal was being got ready I climbed by the terraces of a delītful villa garden—a strange spot in a locality so out of the way—tŏ the foot of a Monte Sacro, behind the town. It is a place of pilgrimage, and as I toiled up the steep, strait approach, an inclined plane paved with cobble-stones and bordered with shock-headed locust-trees, which cast no shado in the noon, the sīt of the cool, blue lake belo aggravating my sufferings, it seemed a pity that I lacked the faith by which the sweat of my brow would wash away some of my sins. The hot ascent leads tŏ a grassy, breezy summit, broken intŏ knolls shaded by great branching trees and rustling laurel groves, and dotted with shrines containing terra cotta groups of incidents from the life of St. Francesco of Assisi. Some of them struck me as having

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spirit and merit, but I was too much absorbed by the beauty of the site tŏ examine them. The hill projects intŏ the lake, so that one sees water between the tree trunks in every direction. It was pervaded by a happy tranquillity; the solitude gave me no sense of loneliness; its laurel-trees and little temples recalled the sacred places of classic heathendom.

12. Opposite Orta, in the middle of the lake, is *Isola San Giulio*, a cone covered with white, arcaded, red-roofed houses, terraces and garden bits rising in irregular stages tŏ a square white convent amid tufts of dark foliage, with a wavering palm on the tip-top, and reflected line for line in the water. The tiny place is very old, and has its ōn share of history, so I roed over tŏ get a nearer look at it. Found a Lombard church of great antiquity, well whitewashed, and muffled besides in shabby red damask for some 'festa' or 'funzione.' The capitals of the pillars are richly tho rudely sculptured with Runic knots and archaic beasts; the stone pulpit, black with age, is very curious, and in the style of that at San Ambrogio at Milano. Thêre are a number of frescoes, nearly effaced, but very interesting. Thêy seem tŏ be of widely different epochs: some look almost Byzantine, but the saints have wider eyes; others recall the ëarly Flemish masters; and thêre is a chapel painted, I should think, by the oldest of the Lombard school, with faces of great purity, sweetness, and repose of expression. Wedged in among the stucco walls of more modern houses are fragments of military masonry; the remains, probably, of the stronghold of Queen Willa, the wife of Berenger, in which she was besieged for months by Otto the Great.

13. September 3d. Divine day. Roed tŏ Isola Bella, but it was so cockney that I went on tŏ Isola Madre, whêre I spent the morning in reading and sketching, until in the cooler hours of the afternoon parties of Germans overran the island, and I fled like the turkeys. Ten years ago, if one wished tŏ see this great people one went tŏ Germany; if one wished tŏ eschew

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them one kept out of it, for thêy stayed at home. At that time thêre wëre many well-tŏ-dŏ Berlin burgers, whŏse ōnly notion of a journey was going tŏ Potsdam for the day; thêy did that once in a lifetime, and called it traveling. Now Central Europe swarms with them in summer, and Christendom does not produce a more obnoxious, offensive race. I am convinced that the prejudice against Jews, which has been gaining ground in America, arises from the fact that those whŏ come tŏ our coūntry are for the most part of a lo class of Germans. But the true Teuton, tŏ be seen in full odiousness, must be met in Switzerland or Italy. The cōarseness of his habits, the loudness of his voice, the aggressiveness of his demeanor, his rudeness and churlishness, make him the most undesirable of fello-travelers. Americans may take some comfort under the infliction in reflecting that the English tourists whŏ used tŏ complain bitterly of our invasion of the Continent are now outnumbered by a race whŏ speak louder, smoke and spit more, and wash less, than the commonest class of 'Yankee,' and are neither liberal nor good-natured, which we wëre admitted tŏ be. At times better specimens are seen, tŏ whŏm the deportment of thêir coūntry-folk must be a keen mortification, if thêy have a grain of our sensitiveness on that point. The superior sort are indefatigable sīt-seers, and very effusive. In every party thêre is an 'achzendes' woman, whŏ sentimentalizes over everything from a church tŏ a weed, and an intelligent man, whŏ explains the beauties of nature and art tŏ his companions. This afternoon Isola Madre rang with thêir musical exclamations: 'Ach! wie ist es hier so wunderschön!' 'Sieht es nicht ganz bezaubernd aus!' Ach! why don't thêy stay at home and go tŏ Potsdam twice in thêir lives instead of once?" September 23d. Paid a visit tŏ the wife of one of the Omarini brothers, the proprietors of the hotel, in her pretty little house behind the garden. It is a kindly, courteous family. One brother acts as steward,

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another as book-keeper, a third as clerk; the wife of one of them superintends the laundry, another is housekeeper: and thus the establishment is efficiently managed by respectable, self-respecting people, not above thêir business, with whŏm one's dealings are never unpleasant. Took a long, steep walk up the mountain behind the village. The path was cruelly ruf, but led throu a wood of magnificent portly chestnut-trees, with here and thêre a slender white-stemmed birch waving her drooping tresses; thêre was a bank of ferns on each side, and a tantalizing sound of water running and falling, now rīt now left, seldom visible, and still more seldom tŏ be tasted. At every turn in the road thêre was a beautiful vue of the lake and the islands, each with its picture in the water. A great hotel is building on the Monte Motterone, which will have a vue of 6 or 7 lakes and a magnificent Alpine horizon, and serve as a half-way house for travelers whŏ cross the ridge tŏ Orta instead of driving by the valleys."

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[1] From The Atlantic Monthly (abridged), Sept.-Dec. 1884, by permission of Author and Publishers.

14. Warlike Italians in the Middle ages swore by the sword of St. Michael, and these waters and marges must often have re-echoed the oath; for they have a long, bloody history, beginning with the Gauls and not ending with Garibaldi. One cares little for dates and facts in Italy; the enjoyment of the moment asks and gains nothing directly from association; but thêre, as everywhêre else in Central Europe, natural beauty is enhanced by the mere consciousness of a great past. It is worth recalling, however, that Frederic Barbarossa abode in more than one of those crumbling piles, and that 200 years before his day the small town of Maccagno was knōn as Corte Imperiale, in honor of the great emperor Otto, who sojourned thêre during a campaign against King Berenger II. Maccagno is extremely picturesque, fit to be put upon the sketching block as it stands: a gray tower overtopping a yello Renaissance church, built on a table rock rising from the lake, with a front broken by twŏ irregular, ivied arches, its southern side bristling with aloes. Before this picture had grōn dim on my mind another came into sīt. Standing out against the dark green, thickly wooded slopes above Cannero, the ruins of twŏ castles emerge from the water together: one is formidable even in dilapidation; the other and the stone on which it stands are so small that they look like a fragment of the original rock and fort, which have been

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cut off from it by a rise in the lake. Thêy were always twŏ, however, and were built in the very beginning of the 15th century by five brothers named Mazzarda, sons of a butcher. Thêy called thêir stronghold Malpaga (Ill-Toll) and held the shores in terror, waging a piratical warfare against the inhabitants and everybody whŏ ventured upon the waters. Thêy kept thêir sway for ten years, every attempt tŏ dislodge them failing, until the unhappy villagers appealed tŏ the duke of Milano, whŏ came tŏ the rescue with a flotilla and 400 men-at-arms. Even then the robbers' kennel was not carried by assault, but was starved out after a twŏ years' siege. The place was impregnable, in fact, for one of the later Visconti was besieged thêre in 1523, and after some months the assailants were forced tŏ withdraw. The contrast between these violent scenes and the theatre on which thêy were enacted helps tŏ thro them intŏ remote distance.

15. It is disfigured by an ugly villa, which Count Borromeo has built within a few years,—tŏ spoil the prospect from the Grand Hôtel, it is said, in revenge for the proprietor's adding a story tŏ his house, and so shutting out the mountains from the count's pretty casino on the island.

16. Despite the nearness of the village tŏ the main-land, it has so truly isolated an aspect,—cooped within walls, moreover, as if the limits of the rock were not narro enuf,—that I was surprised tŏ see twŏ or three houses of rather elegant appearance, altho not large, with embroidered muslin curtains and balconies full of flowers. My boatman told me that thêy belong tŏ men of the island who having made fortunes elsewhêre (one of them in Manchester as a picture dealer), have come back tŏ spend the rest of thêir days upon thêir native pebble, and have built themselves "palaces," as he termed thêir dwellings. The picture dealer has kept a precious Poussin for himself, the joy of his old age, and hoards it in his palace. Nothing, not even the stories of the Greenlanders' mortal home-sickness, is a more singular and touching proof of the strength of that passion which we call love of country than the return of these wealthy people tŏ imprison themselves in an unsavory hamlet which thêy mit almost cover with a fishing-net.

17. The fishermen who inhabit the purlieu have ancient rits of tenure, which thêy maintained against thêir noble landlord some years ago, when he tried tŏ dislodge them. Thêy had settled thêre before modern notions had taut the cleaner classes to deem such nêbors a nuisance; thêy were thêre, in fact, before the palace, and thêy have the rit tŏ stay. The latter is a monstrous barrack, tasteless and comfortless, containing fine halls and galleries and some sparse magnificence, no doubt; it is placarded inside and out with the coronet of the family and the motto Humilitas, a bequest from San Carlo, Cardinal Borromœus and Archbishop of Milano. Thêre is a collection of pictures, few of them good; a Luini, a Gaudenzio Ferrari, and 2 or 3 of the Venetian school, which one guesses tŏ be fine, are too ill hung and lited to be really seen. The unwilling attendant, who takes your money but shŏs you that he looks upon you as an intruder, and has neither time nor information

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tŏ besto upon you, cannot tell you the painters' names, and the ink of the catalogs which lie on the tables is so faded that thêy are often illegible. The vues from the windōs are the best pictures in the place. On the ground-flōor thêre is a suite of 6 or 7 lo rooms, exactly alike, in imitation of grottoes, with false rock-work, false shell-work, false stalactites, and false coral.—a fantastic piece of bad taste. Thêy open on a series of arcades, loftier but in the same style.

EXPLANATION OF ACCENTS :— â = a in *are* (not as in "bāre") ; ă=a in *was* (not as in "has") ; ã=a in *any* (not as in "ant") ; ē = e in *hear* (not as in "health" or "heârt" or "beār" or "ëarl") ; ê = e in *there* and *their* (not as in "hēre" or "wëre") ; ī = i in *lie* (not as in "lief" or friend) ; ō = o in *four* (not as in "ōur" or "yŏur"), or in *post* (not as in "côst"), or in *bowl* (not as in "howl," or in *rove* (not as in "lōve," or "mŏve")' ; ô = o in *gone* (not as in "bōne" or "ōne") ; ö = o in *work* (not as in "pōrk") ; ŏ = o in *do* (not as in "so"), or in "*move*" (not as in "rōve," or "lōve") ; õ = o in *one* (not as in gône.)

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The editor will feel indebted, also, to any one who will kindly call his attention to any article, especially in newspapers, which the writer thinks suitable for re-publication.

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LUGANO.

BY SARAH (BUTLER) WISTER.[1]

1. The lake of Lugano is 10 miles from Lago Maggiore as the cro flies. The most direct route is from Luino, on the Lombard shore of the latter lake, to the town of Lugano. To escape the midday heat upon the water, one should take the earliest steamboat on a fine day, and see Lago Maggiore in the hour after sunrise, when there is not a cloud in the sky and only a few white breaths linger over the Sasso di Ferro, and when the magic gleam of morning's first smile has not faded from the world. The day is well on its way before the boat arrives at LUINO, and then there is a delay about post-horses even tho they have been ordered in advance, to give the hotel-keeper a chance of forcing tourists to swallo an extremely bad meal while waiting for the stage-coach or for separate conveyances. The former is about equally uncomfortable all the world round, and the smaller vehicles are such jingling rattle-traps that I wonder no american has carried out the happy thôt of a young fello-countryman I met at Luzern, who declared that he would bring over a trotting-wagon on his wedding journey, and pass his honey-moon in skimming over the smooth valley roads. As the horses, tired from the start, slōly toil up the steep, narro street, arched gateways in the unprepossessing house-fronts give sudden glimpses of gardens like bits of rainbo, over which the lake is seen sparkling against its curving shore. The road climbs up-hill for some time after the town is left behind, while one looks backwards for a last vue of the queen of italian lakes; it then descends into a brooky vale of charming rural disposition, flowery meadōs with groups of fine trees bordering the brīt

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little river Tresa, which keeps company with the thirsty road during most of the drive. At Ponte Tresa the rivulet flōs into a cove of Lake Lugano, with a twin pool near by, both of them so shut in by a pictorial, cheerful-looking village that they seem to be independent lakelets. The road after passing them turns from the water into another valley, which it divides by a long, strait track regularly planted with noble shade-trees, like a private avenue. A mile or two of this, and then a little aside from the hīway lies the tiny lake of *Muzzano*, encircled by a broad belt of water-lilies, under which springs bubble, making the white flowers rock.

2. The lake of Lugano is very much smaller than Maggiore, and more swiss than italian in character. It is narro, and winds between steep, dark mountains which overshado the water; the scenery is striking, almost rugged. Formerly it was not altogether easy of access, as the road from Luino, or a still longer one by way of the lake of Varese, or a more hilly one from Lake Como, were, I believe, the ōnly carriage routes by which it could be reached, and its austere expression was consistent with its isolation. Now the St. Gothard railway passes the town of Lugano and skirts the lake for some distance, crossing its lōer bay on a causeway, and keeping it in vue almost until the waters of Como flash into sīt. Seen from the railway, Lake Lugano loses its rather stern aspect, and smiles and sparkles like a true dauter of Italy. I kno no more beautiful excursion than to cross the St. Gothard, with its wonders of engineering, its sudden alterations of darkness and līt, its precipices, chasms, sno summits, its prodigious revelations of hīt and depth, its cascades, swirling torrents, and pine forests; then to descend throu the vine-clad canton of Ticino upon the upper sheet of Lago Maggiore, and proceed along the fairy marges of Lugano and Como until the pinnacles of Milano cathedral come into vue. It is marvelous that so much of the majesty and loveliness of nature can be brôt within the range of a railway-carriage windo.

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3. The station at Lugano is a really fine building, with a marble-pillared porch and two wings; its arched and pillared porticoes framing a series of pictures of lake, mountains, and town, which boasts more than one Romanesque tower and a fine Renaissance church front. The flōor of these handsome galleries is mosaic; the restaurant, waiting-rooms, and various offices open upon them on one side, and on the other upon a long, covered, paved platform above the railway. Nothing could be more suitable and convenient for the practical purposes of a station, nor at the same time more in keeping with its position as the portal to a region of natural beauty enhanced by the presence of art. "Hotel du Parc, Lugano, 18 Aug., 1882. This a terribly hot and noisy place. The hotel itself is not pleasant, altho it mīt be, for it is a spacious old place, and was once a monastery; but everybody is churlish, from the landlord to the porter, and the table d'hôte is crowded by over 150 Babel-like people, not counting the rude waiters. The racket and clatter are distracting. The truth is, we are socially and politically in Switzerland; for, coming from Luino, one crosses the frontier, which makes a scalloped line between and across the lakes, so that one must sometimes go throu the custom-house 3 times in half a day's excursion. The hotel gardens are fine, rising in many terraces up a stiff hillside behind the house, laid out on a pleasant, old-fashioned plan, with shade and fruit trees mingled, flower borders and vegetables and currant bushes in rōs, and walks ending in bowers of white jasmine. There is a 'dépendance', called the Beau Séjour, in an adjoining villa, once a royal abode, where would be altogether the better place to stop, if one had not to come to the hotel for meals, a steep and sunny 10 minutes' walk. The Beau Séjour grounds are extremely beautiful: there is a noble terrace blazing with flowers, lined with orange-trees, and shaded by magnificent lindens, which overlooks the lake; a footpath leads from it up a wooded hillside broken by a wild glen and brook. [Sunday, August 20.]

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Very warm, but a fine air on the water. At 10 A. M. took a little steamer which carries travelers for the lake of Como tŏ Porlezza, the last town on these waters. Got out after half an hour at the village of *San Mamette*, in Italy, tŏ look for the cascade of the Drano. Inquiring my way, I was directed tŏ go up the church steps, which seemed odd for the first stage. However, thêy lead not tŏ the door of the church, which crowns the town, but tŏ a sort of small platform, before it, whence a path strikes among the hills. Up, up, I went, over nearly 400 ruf steps and ridges of 'cordonate,' alternating with steep pitches paved with sharp little cobble-stones, slippery as glass and hot as live coals. But it was a beautiful walk between lo vineyard and orchard walls. On the left the fine gorge of the *Drano* burroed deep among rocks and dense foliage, the mountains rising on its further side, with wild hamlets, each hoisting its 'campanile' and clinging tŏ the ledges. The path, after passing throu õne or two similar collections of houses, at length winds off intŏ solitude, crossing the ravine by an arched bridge of audacious spring. Belo, tŏ the rīt, I saw the head of the valley; so I turned off and entered a pretty dell with green, shady sides, closed by a great, sheer wall of rock, over which falls a long white tress of water, trickling away in a clear strand over the stone; in the cleft of the hills directly abõve the waterfall rises a grand bare mountain, breast and brow. I sat down on the grass among blue-bells, pink cyclamens, and wild sweet-peas, and presently espied, on the õther side of the rivulet, a little ruined mill with a red tile roof, wreathed in creepers; it did not trouble the seclusion. For õnce, descent was more difficult than ascent; I found it hard tŏ keep my feet, as I slid on tottering legs down tŏ San Mamette, catching glimpses of the peacock-cõlored lake across the tree-tops. Passed the afternoon in the church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, adjoining the hotel, looking at Luini's frescoes."

4. Thêre are õther excursions tŏ make from Lugano, a

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mountain tŏ climb, and Monte Caprino tŏ be reached by rōing, whêre the grotto cellars give tourists an excuse for drinking a sweet, sparkling, and heady wine, Asti Mousseux by name. But a grateful traveler will not turn away from the spot without recording his thanks tŏ the generous ōner of a fine place on a point across the cove upon which the town stands whêre strangers are permitted tŏ land and walk under the broad shade of sycamore and linden groves, with dazzling openings on the hot lake from the cool depths. It is not just, either, tŏ leave the nêborhood without speaking of the mode of approach by which the scenery is seen tŏ the greatest advantage, altho it dŏes not cŏme exactly intŏ the order of my going. "August 24, 1883. Left Bellagio (on the lake of Como) at 10 A. M. by steamboat. Got off at *Menaggio*. The drive is hilly at first, and gradually becŏmes mountainous, going hĭer and hĭer by zigzags among vineyards, olive orchards, and chestnut groves, over a white powdery road, between blinding white walls. As we looked back thêre was an ever-changing vue of the enchanting lake, until at last the hill-sides, closing round us, shut it out. By and by darker hĭts began tŏ rise, and the landscape wore a more sombre face than we had seen for weeks. We crossed a babbling brook in a ravîne, and passed a little lake with marshy borders, a mere pool. By the time we had driven an hour and a half, the italian flowers in the college garden had given place tŏ swiss ŏnes,—dahlias, hollyhocks, and marigolds,—and the scenery had lost much of its softness. *Porlezza* is a small town, which has apparently stood still for a long time. Thêre is a hotel, whêre we had a bad luncheon, a church, a villa of sŏme pretensions,—pretty, as a garden on a mountain lake must needs be,—and a crooked street, all of which stand upon or tend towards a shabby, grass-grōn piazza along the steamboat landing. Tŏ escape from this, I wandered intŏ a meado fringed with trees on a bank abŏve a strip of shingle beach, and thêre sat drinking the breeze and looking out upon the lake. It is narro at this

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end, and the mountains are hī, sloping in a single line from peak tŏ base. The steamboat, which reaches Lugano in an hour, soon carried us intŏ wider waters, and we passed a cascade dropping over the mouth of a grotto at the ripple's edge. The scenery has character, what painters call 'style;' it recalls the lake of Luzern in greātly diminished proportions. As we advanced, the mountains rose sharp and serrate, sōme of them like a hand with blunt fingers; the lake widened still more and the upper bay came intŏ sīt, and finally Lugano, looking almost like a city, seated on a natural amfitheatre in the north-most curve."

5. Between the lakes of Lugano and Como stands Monte Generoso, for which the starting-point, since the completion of the railway, is the station of Mendrisio. Thêre are 2 modes of going up the mountain: ōne in a *carretta*, a vehicle unknōn tŏ us, a sort of ruf arm-chair on wheels, holding but ōne person; the ōther on a donkey, or on foot by a bridle-path if you prefer it. When I made the expedition ōne of my companions chose the carretta, and reported it tŏ be an instrument of torture for dislocating the bones and shaking the breath out of the body. My ōther comrade and I took the shorter way, as we supposed, but we arrived simultaneously with the carretta; he walked, I rode, and altho he had the līt foot of youth, he declared that he had dōne nōthing in the Alps so fatiguing as that slipping and scrambling over loose stones, which rolled down-hill with him at every step. For a short distance we folloed the so-called carriage-road: it turns first amōng walnut groves; then throu chestnuts, sōme of which are greāt boles bound with small five-pointed ivy; then between rocky banks supporting big, mossy, gnarled beech-stumps, with plantations of saplings springing from thêir old stocks. Not far abōve Mendrisio thêre is a spot fit for a picture: a dilapidated paper-mill, with māny wheels dashing the spray of a brook intŏ the ravine belo with a refreshing plash; and opposite tŏ this a wide, vaulted stone recess

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lined with delicate ferns, sheltering a large marble tank brimful of clear water, whêre the tired donkey-boys stop tŏ drink from the hollo of thêir hand. It is the last mouthful of moisture or coolness on the road. The rest of the way is first dusty and steep, then steeper and paved with cobble-stones, and finally it becōmes like the dry bed of a New England hill-brook whêre it lies nearest tŏ the perpendicular. It was very hot; the only trees wëre scrub-grōth that shut out the air, but not the sun; the only traces of water 2 or 3 empty torrent-cōurses and a spring which for the moment was a mere mud-hole. Thêre was no vue except of mountain flanks, forest belo and pasture-land above. We came once upon a few furlongs of woodland, whêre wild pinks and superb dark blue campanulas grew among the grass, and we hailed it as a veritable oasis. After nearly 3 hours of this progress, which would have become intolerable if it had been much more prolonged, we reached the MONTE GENERQSO hotel, standing alone on a small plateau ¾ of the way tŏ the mountain-top. It is a big, square, five-story building, solid, but otherwise as ugly as if it belonged in New-Hampshire. The grounds are small, ruf, and untidy. The near vue is Swiss, mountains covered with short grass and beech copse; beyond them the plain of Lombardy stretches out vast and vague as the sea, throu a hot haze which muffles its outlines. Behind the hotel, a walk of 10 minutes throu the beech thickets leads tŏ a path along a ridge overhanging the lake of Lugano, and ending at the Bella Vista, a railed platform, which commands a grand panorama. I never saw this entirely unclouded, but it was always imposing. My first sīt of it was just before sunset, when the gorges wëre full of dark vapors, heavy gray and black clouds thronging and crowding tŏgether above the peaks, diffusing darkness, throu which came flashes of lītning and mutterings of thunder; the lake had a strange, dull green, marble-like surface, reflecting every anfractuosity of the rock, every house and clump of trees on its banks, every cloud which

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crossed the sky; over the nearest ridge Lago Maggiore could be seen gleaming dimly in the distance, catching some sunset lĭts throu rifts in the gloomy canopy.—"Monte Generoso, Sunday, August 26, 1883. This is a comfortless house, and thêre is the tyranny in its hours and habits and the indifference tŏ the convenience of travelers which are usually tŏ be found whêre thêre is but one hotel. Furthermore, it is a fief of the Church of England; thêre is daily morning prayer at 8.30 A. M.; on Saturday the corridors resound with practicing the chants and hymns, and on Sunday thêre are 3 services, the first beginning at 10 A. M., when the same bell which summons us tŏ meals announces church by more measured strokes. The majority of the lodgers are botanizing, geologizing, sketching, ascensionizing english of bōth sexes. Thêy attend public worship in an exemplary manner. Tŏ-day, after the sermon, before the final hymn and benediction, the clergyman made an earnest appeal for contributions tŏ the fund for maintaining the services, on the regularity and frequency of which he dwelt with just emfasis, affirming, poor man, that he should derive no advantage from this collection. Having no money with me, I slipped out and went tŏ my room for my pocket-book. Most of my english fello Christians went out at the same time, but did not go back. Monday, August 27. Thêre is pleasant walking here over miles of soft, elastic, close-cropped turf, and the air is very fine, pure, and rare. We are 4,000 feet above the sea; the mountain-top is 2,000 feet hīer. The drawback tŏ walking is the absence of shade. The greater vues, too, are not visible from the pastures. Took a long hot pull tŏ a point whence we wëre assured that we could see the lake of Como. We did see an inch or two of it, and the town,—a flat bird's-eye vue; the cathedral stood up handsome, however.

6. "Tuesday, August 28. Spent the morning at the Bella Vista. The horizon was not clear, but the clouds had not yet gathered compactly, and the black bulks of the Monte Rosa

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groups, with thêir death-like white faces, wëre looking over fields of loer ranges. What are thêy like? Thêre is something personal and supernatural, conscious and deliberate, in thêir appearance, and how remote and alien from earth and man! The moment thêy become visible the whole scene changes, as if Nature herself wëre affected by thêir presence. The extension which the prospect gains by thêir altitudes deepens the profound silence which always broods over these lakes at this season; it grōs more intense with the expansion of the vue. Tŏ-day the stillness was oppressive: not a bird or insect gave a note; thêre was no noise of steam, or trade, or traffic from the white, motionless towns thousands of feet belo me, no voice of agricultural labor from the hill-sides. Once in the cōurse of the morning a dull rumble was heard far down, and a railway train wriggled along the ground like a huge black reptile, tainting the air with its breath. The vue must be magnificent when it is at its best, and it is vèry fine at its worst, as it is said tŏ be at present. The mountains are seamed and scarred by the tracks of torrents, and gray-brown crags jut out from thêir green covering, as if Generoso had worn throu his coat. Thêy stand up in peaks, ridges, and bluffs, shutting in the narro lake. Thêre is an awful harmony in the general configuration. The one flaw in it is a flat strip along the water between the headlands of Mendrisiŏ and Maroggia, which is marked with a long St. Andrew's cross by the oblique intersection of the railroad and hīway; it is a commonplace, work-day feature, annoyingly out of keeping with the majesty of the surrounding scenery. Thêre is nothing italian here except the atmosfere, and that invests the severity of the prospect with some softness. But it is not 'simpatico.'"

7. Southward from Monte Generoso, among the lessening hills, thêre is a small sheet of water aside from the common track of travel, called the lake of Varese. It is accessible by carriage-roads from several points on the larger lakes, and from

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Arona on Lago Maggiore by a branch of the railroad tŏ Milano. I drove thither from Mendrisio by a dusty and monotonous route between maize-fields, with hems of white buckwheat and rōs of cropped, stunted-looking mulberry-trees. After passing the frontier, whêre the vexations of the custom-house wĕre abridged as much as possible by the good-humor and good-manners of the officials, the road begins tŏ ascend; hīer and bolder mountains come intŏ sīt; the finger of Italy touches the landscape. On one side a Lombard church tower, 8 stories hī, starts intŏ vue; on the other, upon a knoll above the road, appears the tall fragment of an amfitheatre wall cut in the foliage of a closely planted ro of trees, a bit of old-fashioned gardening which seemed tŏ belong tŏ the grounds of an adjacent convent. The curves of the champaign are in the immortal line of beauty. VARESE* is unlike any other italian town with which I am familiar, yet it looks as if it mīt be the type of a good many. Its dimensions are small and its pretensions are great. In the environs thêre are shabby, mangy little promenades and parks at every turn; tablets in the walls with pompous latin inscriptions, commemorating personages and events unknōn tŏ the next parish; ill-kept villas with elaborate iron gate-ways. In the outskirts of the town thêre is a church which exceeds in bad taste anything of the same style I have ever seen: it has a square tower, a polygonal cupola, and side apses, crammed tŏgether without regard tŏ proportion, and a triple porch upheld by colossal satyrs and surmounted by allegorical figures with trumpets. The place is thriving and uninteresting; its narro streets smell as ill as those of more picturesq and less prosperous communities. Tŏ judge by the sīgnboards, thêre is a lively trade in spirituous liquors; but silk manufacture is the principal industry.

8. The lake of Varese is much smaller and less beautiful than its 3 nêbors; the hills about it are long and lo, the imme-

* *See No.* 67 *of* TRAVEL—"VARESE."

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diate landscape is tame. It is tŏ this absence of salient hĭts that it oes its chief title tŏ consideration,—an unobstructed vue of Monte Rosa and its snōy myrmidons, said tŏ be unique in its effect of juxtaposition. The clouds hid it entirely during my short stay, and I kno it only by a hĭly-colored lithograf in the hall of the hotel. The hotel itself is the most remarkable villa near Varese, altho on the hĭer ground above the lake thêre are several handsome ones in good order. It surpassed all the nêboring seats which I saw. It is called the Excelsior, and until 20 years ago belonged tŏ the Recalcati family of Milano. It is an enormous house, tŏ which only a wing, with the dining-room and offices, has been added for its present purpose; and altho not a handsome building, it has good points, especially indoors. Thêre is a spacious suite of reception-rooms opening on the garden, and one of them, for music, is most charmingly desĭgned and decorated. It is in white and a fresh, delicate green; the walls have green panels set in very rich flower-chaplets of white stucco; it has a gambrel cieling, with an elegant frieze of garlands, medallions, and groups of Cupids; between the panels opposite the long windōs are mirrors reflecting the garden, and thêre are a quantity of silver sconces and candlesticks of a very pretty, old-fashioned pattern; the furniture is in pale green damask, white wood-work with a toŭch of gold. Upstairs the principal rooms open intŏ an antechamber, with flōors of scagliola, or red, white, and black marble, furnished with heavy, obsolete black chairs, tables, and settees, such as fill the modern bricabrac hunter with envy. The walls are paneled with frĭtful frescoes, or hung with great canvases by third and fōurth rate Venetian and Bolognese painters, and even the bad taste is grandiose. The gardens have extent, but not style, and tho thêy are large the trees are small; thêy are a most agreeable adjunct tŏ the loer rooms, however, which seem almost part of them. When I was thêre, long, hĭ banks of roses and mignonette filled the air with sweetness, and mimosa-

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trees, covered with puffs of pink-tipped blossoms as lĭt as thistle-down, lent some of thêir exquisite refinement tŏ the grounds. The great attraction of the hotel is its excellence; it is one of the best kept houses in Europe, luxuriously clean, comfortable, well appointed and served in every respect. It is astonishing tŏ find such an admirable establishment in an out-of-the-way place.

9. After the St. Gothard road, the other railways from the lakes tŏ Milano seem uninteresting and the excursions ōne makes by them tedious, shŏrt as thêy are perforce. It is a proof of how a great enjoyment spoils most people for lesser ōnes, as the routes are not unattractive. Thêy run for miles between well-sodded banks and close rōs of crop-headed locust-trees, which are pretty all summer and lovely when in bloom, with occasional peeps at a lake or mountain; and every station offers its picture of italian existence, past or present, in some noble building, graceful bit of gardening, or dramatic incident of daily life.[12] The infrequency of hamlets or isolated farm-buildings is strange tŏ a foreiner; he wonders whether the farmers and laborers all live in towns. Of these thêre is no dearth, and the smaller thêy are the greater in proportion are thêir possessions in the way of art. Pavia, with its decaying vestiges of royal pomp, and the glorious, incomparable Certosa, or Carthusian monastery; Monza, with a cathedral 13 centuries old and the legendary Iron Crown; Saronno, whêre the Lombard painters decorated a church which is the monument of thêir school; mediæval Bergamo, richest of them all in treasures of this sort, lie within the circumference of a circle drawn from Milano as the centre tŏ the lakes of Como, Varese, Maggiore, and Garda.

10. Saronno is on one of the carriage-roads from Varese tŏ Milano, not so often traveled now as formerly, the place being more accessible from the city by the railway or steam tramway than from the lake. It is a brīt, compact little town among the

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corn-fields, standing out against a background of dark mountains overtopped by snōy ones. It has such a cheerful and modern air that I thôt I must have come tŏ the wrong place for the early Lombard masters; but follōing my directions, I walked tŏ the Sanctuary of the Madonna, beyond the last houses and about 10 minutes from the station.

11. In my goings tŏ and frŏ among the lakes I stopped one day, on the way tŏ Como, at Monza, which like Saronno is less than an hour from Milano by rail. It is a dead-alive town, from which all strong mediæval character has been expunged by a modern royal residence and a large station. Thêre is a fine old Gothic brick town-hall and a handsome terra-cotta church, Santa Maria in Strada, besides the cathedral.[13] The cathedral contains several relics of great antiquity, among them the Iron Crown which has pressed so many august brows, from Constantinus' tŏ Napoleon's. On asking tŏ see it I was startled tŏ learn that the cost would be 5 lire, exactly 5 times as much as the most expensive exhibition, sacred or secular, I had hithertŏ seen in Italy, and 10 times the sum usually exacted. But I ceased tŏ be surprised when the sacristan called a custodian, the custodian called a prĭest, and the prĭest came,—accompanied by 2 acolytes bearing 4 great silver candelabra and other sacred properties. The candlesticks wëre placed on the balustrade of a side-chapel whêre the relic is kept; tapers wëre put intŏ them and lĭted, and the vessels arranged in order. The prĭest then recited a short orison before the altar, above which is a sort of press, the size of an ordinary wardrobe, with a very poor gilded 'alto rilievo' on the dōor, of angels bearing the instruments of the Passion. The custodian then mounted a ladder and opened the first dōor, which disclosed a second one with two leaves of beautiful gilded bronze-work; these, being opened, shōed a rare curtain of golden tissue, and that, falling, revealed the treasures,—a great cross set with precious stones and crystal, and other objects which I did not notice, perturbed

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as I was by the ceremony and the attention which it drew upon me, poor solitary, sheepish Anglo-Saxon, from the rest of the people in church. The famous coronal, inclosed in a circular glass case, was then taken down and displayed tŏ me by the elder acolyte, who recited its history for my edification. The foundation and origin of the crown is a narro iron band, believed by the devout tŏ have been made out of a nail which pierced our Savior's hand; this is encased within a broad, thick gold circlet inlaid with three rōs of immense jewels in a splendid, simple, enameled Byzantine pattern. One of the most significant facts in its memorable history is that it was never taken out of Lombardy until this century. What Charles the Great did not do, what Carl V. did not do, what Napoleon, with his stupendous audacity, did not do, the unchronicled Franz Joseph II. presumed tŏ dŏ. He had the vulgar impudence tŏ carry this venerable relic and symbol of universal [?] sovranty tŏ Vienna, whêre it remained for 7 years. It was restored by Vittorio Emanuele, who mīt most justly have used it tŏ crown himself King of United Italy, but refrained.

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[1] From The Atlantic Monthly (abridged), Sept.-Dec. 1884, by permission of Author and Publishers.

12. This is the home of Lombard architecture, which in its large simplicity attains tŏ a degree of dignity that tŏ my eyes Gothic dōes not possess. Broad masses of dark red brick, or of alternate terra cotta and granite or marble, in square or round surfaces, divided by a method as natural as the formation of the crystal or the bee's cell intŏ many-sided forms of baptistery or bell-tower; the basilica ground plan of early Christian churches, with the dome borroed from the East; lofty round-arched portals; tall, slender shafts; tiers of round-headed windōs marked intŏ miniature colonnades by small, slim pillars,—these are the features of the style which the traveler can recognize as far as he can see them across thêir native plains.

13. This, associated in my mind with its foundress, Queen Theodelinda, of magnificent name and fame, had always appeared tŏ my fancy as the stronghold of the Lombard dynasty, but I could discover no traces of its royal origin. It was rebuilt in the 13th and 14th centuries, and as it stands now is a heavy Gothic pile, with a hily decorated Renaissance façade of black and pale yello marble clapped on like a mask. One feature of the latter is a great parallelo-

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gram, or oblong tablet, of rectilinear ornamentation, interspersed with rosettes, set in among the statues and busts immediately above the main dōor, and including a rose-windo within its limits; the whole effect is singularly odd and by no means pleasing. The interior is a horrible example of late Renaissance restoration.

EXPLANATION OF ACCENTS:— â = a in *are* (not as in "bāre"); ă = a in *was* (not as in "has"); ã = a in *any* (not as in "ant"); ē as in *hear* (not as in "health" or "heârt" or "beār" or "ëarl"); ê = e in *there* and *their* (not as in "hēre" or "wëre"); ī = i in *lie* (not as in "lîef"); ō = o in *four* (not as in "our" or "yŏur"), or in *post* (not as in "côst"), or in *bowl* (not as in "howl"); ô = o in *gone* (not as in "bōne" or "õne"); ö = o in *work* (not as in "pōrk"); ŏ = o in *do* (not as in "so"), or in "*move*" (not as in "rōve," or "lõve"); õ = o in *one* (not as in gône or bōne.)

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THE LAKE OF COMO.

BY SARAH (BUTLER) WISTER.[1]

1. The fate of things of beauty is tŏ become hackneyed. The choicest poetry and music are repeated until everybody is tired of them; the masterpieces of art are vulgarized by constant reproduction, and even the beauties of Nature lose thêir freshness by being overrun and overpraised. The lake of Como has come tŏ be a mere by-word for beauty; it can hardly be mentioned without an apology, yet it is impossible tŏ pass by in silence the Helen of Italian waters. Many mountains, streams, and cascades have an individuality; the presence of the unseen *genius loci* is felt, often unconsciously, by mankind. One mīt suppose that this influence would be strongest whêre Nature's haunts are still inviolate, among solitary peaks and pathless woods; but for me, at least, the lake of Como possesses it in the hīest degree,—a personality so distinct and feminine that a beautiful woman mīt be jealous of it. The charm dōes not lie exclusively in the scenery, but is a composite result of climate, atmosfere, cultivation, and also, in a subtle, unrecognized way, of the works of art which are scattered along its shores. The lake of Como is no mountain nymf, but is like Tiziano's Venus lying naked on a magnificent couch with pearls braided in her hair. The sheet of water is shaped like a long fish with a cloven tail, the 3 portions being of about equal size, the lōer ones divided by a broad wedge of land, the base of which, tŏ the southward, is knōn as the Brianza, the point being the promontory of Bellagio. Each has its characteristics; the 2 lōer bays or branches are called respectively the *lakes* of Lecco and Como, the latter giving its name and fame tŏ the whole expanse. Thêre are none of the grand and rugged fea-

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tures of Lago Maggiore; the prospect is soft and alluring, embellished by 2,000 years of cherishing care. The ancients were drawn hither from distant parts of Italy, and from the days of Augustus tŏ ours, the most celebrated statesmen and men of letters have borne witness, in prose and verse, tŏ that witchery which Ugo Foscolo declared distracted him from his work.

2. The town of COMO, at the foot of the lake, is on the line of the St. Gothard railway, and it is tŏ be feared that this facility of access will rob the proud little port of the aristocratic air with which she has borne herself throu many centuries of change. The city is regularly laid out on the ōnly flat bit of ground of any extent on the entire circumference of the lake, and gains distinction from this peculiarity above the straggling, clambering towns of the nêborhood. A fragment of wall, and a massiv square gate-tower, pierced by 3 tiers of arched openings after the manner of the Coliseum, are relics of Frederic Barbarossa's fortifications, and the churches are older than the defenses. The cathedral is a beautiful black and white marble edifice, a happy combination of italian gothic and early renaissance, the older and nobler style predominating. It gains by proximity tŏ the Broletto or town-hall, a fine municipal palace of the 13th century; this building looks rather long and lo, overtopped as it is by a tall square tower; it stands upon two streets, and presents tŏ them both a front with an upper ro of gothic windōs and a rich central balcony, and a lōer one of round arches throu which are seen short, stout, octagonal columns, as the ground-flōor is occupied by an open pillared hall, serving as a public thōrofare and place of business. The Broletto forms an angle with one side of the cathedral, and the space inclosed between these noble samples of ecclesiastical and secular architecture[18] is a good post of observation on a *festa* in summer, as the peasants come out of the hot sun of the market-place with thêir fruit-carts intŏ this cool corner, and the church-door gives glimpses of rich tapestries, glimmering lamps,

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and groups of worshipers.

3. Thêre are so many enchanting sites on the lake that from Plinius down tŏ the Marchesa Trotti thêre have been lucky mortals who could not be satisfied with one habitation here. Among these *dilettanti* of Nature was Tolomeo Gallio. The family of Gallio, I believe, is now extinct, but the name of the cardinal will live on Lake Como as long as his villas thêre last. One is at the head of the lake, the other at the opposite extremity close tŏ Cernobbio, within half an hour's drive or ro from Como. This has been knōn for the last 60 years as the Villa d'Este, the name given it by Caroline, wife of George IV., tŏ whom it once belonged; it now a hotel named La Regina d'Inghilterra. Cardinal Gallio's villa is swalloed up in an immense palatial vulgarity of pillared vestibules, salons, and galleries, with a magnificent double staircase of white marble; thêre are a few paneled rooms with the emblems of Cupid and Bacchus encrusted in gold on white wood-work, charmingly designed and executed in the style of the last century, but none of the original apartments can be identified. Thêre is nothing distinctively italian in the trim grounds immediately about the hotel, which stands lo, close to the lake, and is shaded by sycamore trees worthy of an old English seat. But beyond the inclosure, and connected with it by a stone bridge over a road, thêre is a hillside laid out in true rococo taste with grottoes, temples, artificial cascades and rock-work, and tŏ crown all a mimic fortress erected by a Countess Calderara, who preceded Caroline as proprietress, tŏ celebrate the return of her husband, General Pino, from the siege of some Spanish town, of which this was intended for a model. Caroline opened a carriage-road from Cernobbio tŏ Moltrasio, the next village of importance, which is called *La Strada della Regina*, and makes a beautiful walk or drive; at some places it skirts the lake, at others scales the cliff, passing for 6 miles or more continuously by private gardens till it reaches the waterfall of Moltrasio foaming down

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over a black wall of slate rock crested with verdure. This road is the boulevard of the peasants and villagers; on holiday afternoons it is closely dotted with groups of them in Sunday clothes, strolling along chatting in thêir abrupt, bitten-off syllables. The dialect of the lake region is very odd, and every town has its ōn lingo. A foreigner who speaks good Italian will have no difficulty in making himself understood, but may be unable to understand in return.

4. The lake is well provided with waterfalls. The finest and most picturesque is at *Nesso* on the eastern shore, opposite Moltrasio; it breaks throu a cleft in the mountain overgrōn with dense greenery, and plunges between the houses of the village, which cling tŏ the moist, mossy sides of the gorge, rushing into the lake beneath a steep bridge with a peaked arch. On the western side, still further northward, the pretty cascade of *Camoggia* skips down the sunny face of the rocks under the scanty shade of olive trees, turning a small mill-wheel whêre it reaches the lake. Near this is *Comacina*, the only island of Lago di Como, divided from the western shores by a strait; a few acres of greensward, vineyards and olive orchards, among which lie the crumbling remains of fortifications that made this plot of earth a stronghold from the 5th tŏ the 12th century. Cesare Cantù entitles it, magniloquently, "the bulwark of Italian liberty," as the inhabitants of the mainland fled thêre for refuge from the barbarous hordes which swept over the country during the decline of the empire. Beyond Comacina the western hills thro out a spur which, projecting half across the lake, interrupts the vue but makes a beautiful landmark in itself. It is the *Dosso di Lavedo*; the steep sides are laid out in gardens, with monstrous aloe plants and oleander shrubberies which blush from afar, and on the ridge, or 'back,' thêre is a classic portico of elegant proportions conspicious for miles. This commands an entrancing prospect down the Bay of Como on one hand, and on the other over the exquisite basin of Tremezzina, tŏ the pro-

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montory of Bellagio and the widening upper lake. Above the roofs of San Balbiano and Sala, almost contiguous villages, rise the ruins of an octagonal baptistery and a striking Gothic tower, an uncommon bit of architecture tŏ find in the realm of Romanesqùe. Fragments of fine old churches and castles abound on these shores and hilltops, but they impress the traveler less than such remains dŏ elsewhêre; they are merged in the present living beauty of the scenery.

5. The *Tremezzina* is pronounced, by common consent of italians and guide-books, the Eden of the Lombard lake district. Here the mountains of the western shore stand back a little, leaving room for a tract of leafy knolls and dells sloping tŏ a small crescent-shaped harbor, of which the Dosso di Làvedo and a narro point of land tufted with foliage and ending in a single cypress tree form the piers. The chief and only town of this territory, which is no larger than an average New-England farm, is Tremezzo; it consists of one short street under lo, straddling arcades, with wide granite or marble water-stairs on one side and, on the other, steep, narro, crooked flīts of steps, possibly deemed streets by the inhabitants, leading tŏ houses, gardens, and vineyards on hīer grades. Thêy are mere slits between walls feathered with fern and maiden-hair, broken at irregular intervals by a windo ledge brīt with carnations and geraniums; but every one of them makes a picture. On the water-steps, the boatmen loll in blue suits beside thêir līt craft, furnished with white or striped awnings and cushions. The place is exquisitely pretty, and the vue of the opposite hīts is fine, the promontory of Bellagio standing out boldly towards the north, ending in an abrupt cliff with a dark, shaggy sylvan fleece.

6. BELLAGIO, at least if ōne lodges at the Villa Serbelloni, is tŏ me by far the most beautiful and delītful situation. This villa has been rented as a *dependance* by the Hôtel Grande Bretagne, and is reached from the town by long, breathless

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staircase streets, or by the numerous sharp zig-zags of a carriage-drive from the hotel garden at the water's edge. The vue groes lovelier at every turn as the road ascends, bordered by trees and tropical plants, until it enters the magnificent umbrage of the villa. The mansion is long, rambling, and barrack-like, but full of large, airy apartments, so disposed that almost every windo overlooks ōne of the bays, sōme of the rooms commanding them both. The Serbelloni have been knōn on Lake Como for 400 years; thēy inherited this property from another old and noble family, the Sfondrati, whŏ have set the stamp of antiquity upon it. The grounds covered the head of the promontory, and, well as I kno them, I am unable tŏ guess at thēir extent, thēy are so steep and thickly wooded and laid out with winding paths and roads; you can walk in them steadily for 2 hours without treading in your footsteps. But I speak unadvisedly, as not many people could walk thēre without pausing at every few yards. The woods open now and then upon lawns; the walks pass from the shade of trees tŏ wide sunny ledges bordered by branching palms and tall yuccas with pagodas of milk-white flowers, or by hedges of oleander heavily laden with rosy bloom, and pomegranates covered with fierce little scarlet cockades, then disappear suddenly intŏ dark rocky tunnels wreathed in pendant garlands, throu which, as in a 'camera obscura,' are seen glimmering pictures of fairy land; emerging from these, you may find yourself on a broad road, or on the edge of a precipice 200 feet above the water. The paths tend gradually tŏ the hīest point of the headland, on which are the ivied fragments of a mediæval castle built by the Sfondrati. Here an unexpected vue of the upper lake breaks upon ōne throu a ruined casemate, and far hence, the 3 branches may be seen at once, a wonderful vision. You can descend by different paths from those which brŏt you, with other grottos and altŏgether novel outlooks, but not less beautiful; or strike across the intervening woodland, tŏ be brŏt tŏ a stand-still by

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a jutting crag, or a miry glen, or a too rapid slope covered with a slippery, resinous-scented mast from the pines. It is difficult tŏ estimate the distance of such peregrinations. Altho sŏme of the vues are more extensive, none is more satisfying than ŏne which is within a few steps of the house, and on the same level. An immense oak divides intŏ 2 trunks not many feet from the ground, and overhangs the terrace, spreading its bows like curtains over the outer edge, which is railed in by roses and jasmine, and forming a screen both from the sun and from the dazzling reflection of the water belo. In this impenetrable shade thêre are seats and a table, and a perpetual breeze rustles the oak-leaves. The vue down the twin bays of Como and Lecco, more and more separated by an area of hīlands and mountains rising and broadening as it recedes, is the most perfectly beautiful composition of nature I have ever beheld. It has no elements of the sublime, but above the nearer mountains on the eastern side of Lake Lecco, several silver-gray peaks of bare rock lift themselves against the azure sky,—the summits of Monte Grigna, severely harmonious in form and tint with the rest of the landscape, and asserting a force which preserves it from sinking intŏ mere voluptuousness. The outlines of mountain and shore follo each other in what George Eliot calls "rhythmical succession," and the colors are more marvelous than on Lago Maggiore. At dawn the lake is like a mirror which has been evenly breathed upon and then toŭched by a careless finger here and thêre. An hour later, just before sunrise, it is a vast plate of silver, stretching from the dark green eastern mountains tŏ the western ones bathed in amber radiance; then the tiny fishing-boats appear by the score, with two little sails set, looking like white moths expanding thêir wings, or a scattered fleet of pea-blossoms. Later in the morning, the color of the water is sapfire, with parti-colored reflections, sometimes violet, sometimes roseate, for which I could never account: thêy are not cast by clouds, as I have seen them when

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thêre was not a flake in the sky, nor are thêy from the shore; I have watched them apparently rise tŏ the surface, spread, deepen, and then fade like a blush. In the hot hours of the mid-afternoon the water and the land seem melting tŏgether like golden ore, and the mountains swim and float in glory. At sunset the lines gro firm again; the western peaks and ranges are dark, the eastern ones repeat the hue of the heavens, but more faintly, like an echo, and the lake is a second sky; after the landscape has dislimned itself intŏ calm, sombre masses, the ashen hīts of Monte Grigna glo with a delicious apricot-color, grōing purer until thêy seem as if thêy were sprinkled with gold-dust. The sky, tho no longer brīt, is still limpid, and the brief twilīt is so clear that the smallest bush on the mountain's edge stands out distinct, yet as soft as if cut in black velvet. As it groes dark, the moon begins tŏ shed a pale golden track the whole length of Lake Lecco, which scintillates where the ripples break against the land. Gradually diafanous vapors rise from the water and glide out of the gorges, spreading and uniting until the distant mountains vanish and the nearer ones are vêiled in a transparent, silvery gauze, which subdues the sheen of the moon in the heavens and makes her path on the water look like the reflection of the Milky Way. The scene becomes more dreamlike each moment, as if one's ōn eyes were closing; the perfume rises from the orange-blossoms, the 'olea fragrans,' and countless other intoxicating flower-cups, and the only sound is the cascade of Varenna on the mainland, which dōes not call loud enuf tŏ be heard during the day.

7. As the Villa Serbelloni is cooler and quieter than any of the hotels in the town, I joined some friends thêre on my latest and longest visit tŏ the lake of Como. The season had not fairly begun. We had the house nearly tŏ ourselves for a few weeks, altho in the great corridor which runs along the whole front thêre was a large placard, no doubt a duplicate of others

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in more frequented situations, enumerating the attractions of the resort, recommending it tŏ italians for its beauty and its accessibility, tŏ germans for its cookery and for its being patronized by thêir princely families, and tŏ english people on account of the regularity with which the services of the Church of England are celebrated. Americans like the boating and swimming in the tepid waters at first, but soon find it hard tŏ desert the oak tree on the terrace; for, if the truth must be told, the effect of the scenery is enervating, and disinclines one even for active enjoyment. Collecting our joint stock of resolution, however, five of us set off one day tŏ find the Villa Pliniana, not one of Plinius' country-seats, but a place whêre thêre is a sinking spring, which he has described minutely in a letter. Thêre was no house thêre until the latter part of the sixteenth century, when the existing one was built. It is more likely tŏ be remembered by reason of its last ōners than of any former ones. The shades of the Prince and Princess Emilio Belgiojoso still linger in tradition among the scenes of thêir romantic exploits.[19] We found the haunts of these real tho improbable personages perfectly fitted tŏ thêir modes of life, but ill-adapted tŏ any manner of being that is prosaic, commonplace, or even practical.

8. Directly opposite Moltrasio on the eastern side of the lake is the small town of *Torno*, at which the steamboat dōes not toŭch, passengers being landed by a barge. Like the other towns that have not regular quays it is older, poorer, quainter-looking than those on the line of travel. Thêre are no fine hotels at Torno, or shops and cafés under striped awnings. A narro street ending in a still narrōer path, the pitiless indigenous footpath of sharp stones, leads tŏ the Villa Pliniana, now the property of the Marchesa Trotti, the Princess Belgiojoso's dauter. On the outskirts of the town thêre is an old church. Opening on the little churchyard thêre is a small cloister with only 6 arches, each framing a vue of the lake; the wall is

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covered with tablets tŏ the dead, 2 of which are in memory of young english women. One was Margaret, wife of Laurence Oliphant of Condie, Scotland, aged 27, with the arms, crest, and motto "Altiora peto." Both she and her countrywoman died in the early part of the present century; it is affecting tŏ find thêir memorials here, and ōne speculates as tŏ whêre and how thêy had lived. With a sense of quiet, induced by the simple english inscriptions and the thôt of lives which ended young and were possibly innocent and happy, we returned tŏ the track of those other feverish, worn out human creatures. The path passes under a series of arches thrōn out from the church wall like flying buttresses, and almost immediately enters a sylvan tract of trees and rocks, smelling of moss, fresh earth, and dead leaves. Overhead, the branches are endlessly interwoven; looking throu them, one sees only more leaves and branches, until the eye loses itself in cool green, for the hill rises hīer and steeper, clad tŏ the top in forest; while looking down, far down, throu the bows and foliage, thêre are glimpses of motionless blue water like a flōor of ribbed agate. The way is long, and practicable only for pedestrians or cloven-footed quadrupeds. After half an hour's good walk from the town we reached a rift in the hillside, spanned by the single, hī arch of a stone foot-bridge, throu which the brīt skêins of a mountain brook drop intŏ a leafy gorge. The grated entrance of the villa is but a step further. Within the gate thêre is a deep, green shade of laurel trees, throu which the path descends rapidly tŏ the gardener's house, a large rose-colored cottage, then down between laurel walls tŏ the 'palazzetto' by a long flīt of steps fringed with ferns, blue and pink hydrangeas at intervals refreshing the sīt with thêir cool clusters. The house is plain and unpretending from this side, but after passing throu a hall and corridor we found ourselves in a central courtyard, the 'adytum' of the temple. The wings of the house form 2 sides of a quadrangle, covered with ivy, trumpet-flowers, and climb-

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ing white roses; the third is a wall arched over a rocky grotto half hidden in trailing verdure, throu which gushes a clear torrent; the upper stories of the wings being connected by a balustraded gallery along the top of the wall, at each end of which a magnificent cypress stands sentry, the lĭt, feathery foliage of the overhanging hillside waving between; on the fourth side is a paved and pillared loggia communicating between the lōer rooms of the main house, and opening in 3 pointed arches on a vue of the deeply recessed bay, a small pale, variegated town with a tall tower and some red roofs lodged over against us between the cobalt-blue water and the green velvety lap of the mountain. The loggia is furnished with a divan, tables, and easy-chairs; I sat down and tried tŏ sketch the courtyard, but here, as it always happened on the Lake of Como, the charm of the spot held my hand in thrall. The sunshine beat from the cloudless sky on the dark cypresses and the brĭt green vineyards, the fountain pōured and plashed, stirring a strong, cool breeze, the gothic openings on the lake shōed a landscape in each compartment, like a great triptych. If it was not the most beautiful human dwelling-place I had ever seen, it was the one which appealed most irresistibly tŏ the imagination; nature, art, antiquity, history, and romance combined tŏ lend it an ideal fascination.

9. The fountain is fed by Plinius' sinking spring, filling and emptying 3 times in the 24 hours under the occult influence, as it is now supposed, of the wind, which bloes from opposite directions at regular intervals. It has been observed that when the wind sets strongly from any quarter for an entire day the fenomenon is not produced. The terrace on which the house stands is laid out as a garden, but the place is like sōme forest sanctuary, for a second and larger waterfall tumbling from the hilltop intŏ the lake, and bridgeless, completely cuts off approach on the side furthest from Torno. We took a roboat from the town and pulled up tŏ Bellagio in 3 hours. The

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evening was mild and windless, the lake perfectly smooth, and as the sunset faded from the sky a lo-hung moon shon dim throu gathering clouds. The stillness was broken only by the dip of our oars, and by the convent bells which now and then rang out from different hīts, or the lesser tinkle of little bells which the fishermen fasten tŏ the buoys of thêir nets, tŏ guide them in the dark; thêir small, clear tones have a strange and witching sound in the twilīt loneliness. By and by the stars came out in the sky, and lits twinkled at intervals along the shore, leaving the mountains in darkness.

10. Our energy being restored in some degree by this long excursion, the next thing was tŏ see the country-seats near Bellagio on both sides of the lake. It would be more easy tŏ give a catalog than a description of them, as, altho each has its beauties, thêre is but one set of adjectives for them all, and one runs the risk of rhapsodizing. The most celebrated is the *Villa Carlotta*, close tŏ Cadenabbia, opposite Bellagio, which belongs tŏ the duke of Meiningen. The grounds are in better order than those of the Villa Serbelloni, tho not tŏ compare with them in extent or variety; the collection of coniferous trees is very rare and fine, and the magnolias are the pride of the place. But on the whole it is not worth a formal visit for what is tŏ be seen out of doors. Thêre is a broad walk beside the lake, from the Villa Carlotta tŏ Cadenabbia, under the dense shade of a double avenue of great sycamores, which frame a long gallery of pictures; soft green mountains, punctuated by dark cypresses and indented with little bays and coves, brīt towns sunning themselves and thrōing thêir doubles on the blue water. I am conscious of alluding tŏ these frames and settings much too often; but thêy occur continually, and always with new combinations. Turn whêrever one will, the variety is endless, and remŏves the odiousness of comparison between the villas, each of which has its peculiar beauty and fysiognomy. The *Villa Giulia*, once the property of the king

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of Belgium, is the most lordly of them; it occupies a plateau between the bays of Como and Lecco, which is reached from the former by a wide flīt of 150 granite steps, bordered on each side by a line of towering cypresses in close rank, opening a grand perspective from the top of the stairs. On my first visit tŏ this villa in 1871, among its chief ornaments were the camellia shrubberies; 12 years afterwards I found that thêy had been almost entirely cleared away by the new ōner, an austrian nobleman, tŏ make room for a regular english ribbon garden, in a style which has already fallen out of favor in Great Britain, with initials and ensigns armorial in geraniums and colored leaves. However, as the ground is level, it makes a fine, free platform for a glorious vue of Lake Lecco, and the principal walk edged by orange and lemon trees in huge terra-cotta pots of etruscan shape is an admirable decorative arrangement.

11. The descent from the Villa Giulia tŏ Lake Lecco is by a winding walk, garded from the edge of the bluff by a barrier so overgrôn with roses and flowering creepers, that nobody can say whether it be iron, wood, or stone; on the other hand, thêre is a myrtle hedge starred with tiny white blossoms. The exit is by a short, broad flīt of stone steps, overhung by the pink masses of the finest oleanders I saw in Italy, intŏ a miniature haven full of boats, above which, on 2 sides, stand small houses with terraces and pergolas; a chain which barred our egress was lōered, and we pulled back tŏ Bellagio round the head of the promontory, passing under the perpendicular cliff from which it is said that a wicked Countess di Borgomanero threw her lovers down in old times, one a day. I dŏ not kno why alĭ the guide-books, english, german, and italian, concur in stating that the Villa Giulia is no longer open tŏ strangers. All the proprietors on the lake are exceedingly kind and generous, as far as my experience goes, in allowing thêir beautiful homes tŏ be seen even when thêy are living at them. The sole

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exception that we found was the rich duke Melzi's villa, open twice a week on specified days; here, after paying a franc's entrance fee apiece, besides the invariable half-franc tŏ the gardener, we were told that the house is no longer shōn. All the places which we saw were well kept, and thêre is a great deal of skill in the disposition of the trees and shrubbery, the confines of the grounds being generally completely concealed; it is difficult tŏ detect how limited thêy are. The most beautiful instance of this is the Villa Trotti, the property of the fortunate lady whŏ ōns La Pliniana, a mere strip of land as flat as a billiard-table along the lake, with hills rising abruptly behind it. Thêre are 2 avenues, one of sycamores, the other of lindens, fine specimens of thêir kinds, meeting at rīt angles and bounding the place on 2 sides; the ferneries and flower garden lie near the house; beyond them spreads a wide, smooth lawn, planted with consummate art in groups of magnificent firs, pines, and hemlocks of the rarest species, and with every variety of palm and palmetto. Thêre are no statues, terraces, or any of the usual accessories of an italian villa; a fountain rises from a simple marble basin in one slender jet, a mountain brook falls throu a rockery, and then by a torn and stony channel down tŏ the lake; thêre is no other sort of tree on the spaces of even turf except the many-storied evergreens and the great tropical fans at thêir feet. An old, gray campanile looks over thêir pinnacles from a short distance; on one hand thêre are craggy mountain-sides, on the other, across the celestial-colored lake, the ravishing graces of the Tremezzina. The mode of planting is unique, a perfect triumf of landscape gardening, and gives the place an indescribable charm of originality and poetry.

12. Thêre is an education needed for the appreciation of nature as well as of art. Many people scorn this notion, and as thêre undoubtedly are some with so fine an innate perception and discrimination of the beautiful that thêy instinctively rec-

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ognize it, anybody may believe himself tŏ be one of those chosen few. But the rest of us kno that without the native gift, which nothing can wholly replace, the eye and taste require experience and training tŏ comprehend and analyze the beauties of the outer world. Thêre was a time when I resented as hotly as most other Americans the idea that any scenery could surpass our ōn; I knew that the Alps were hīer than the Alleghanies, but, beyond that, I thôt that whêre thêre are mountains, valleys, a lake, a waterfall, thêre must of necessity be a vue of the utmost beauty, without regard tŏ degree. It would be as rational tŏ maintain that a human being is necessarily beautiful because possessed of eyes, nose, mouth, and chin; almost everything depends upon the outline and the relative proportion and disposition of the features. The italian landscape has a classic form and profile; its glōing complexion is due tŏ the līt,—that heavenly effulgence which can transfigure any scene. It is surprising what changes are wrôt by a dark or rainy day, or even by the shifting of the wind.

13. As summer waned we found that the lake dōes not always sho a radiant visage. "August 21, 1883. A fine, brīt day, with a hot sun and stiff breeze. Took the first steamboat tŏ the upper end of the lake, which I had not yet seen. The water throu which we drove our way was a delicate shade of aquamarine, melting intŏ ultramarine blue further off. As we advanced, the familiar mountains on either side took new shapes, different groups were formed, gorges opened intŏ thêir recesses traced by the white thread of a waterfall, peaks and crests hithertŏ unseen appear and look over intŏ the lake. The post-road tŏ the Stelvio Pass,* a great military work, makes the eastern margin a succession of sunny galleries and cavernous tunnels. The shores constantly bend intŏ capes and headlands inclosing little bays, each having its town with a musical, sonorous ap-

* *Compare No. 73 of* TRAVEL,—THE STELVIO.

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pellation, generally associated with some historical name or with one dear tŏ letters. Thêy all present the same features: white, pink, and buff houses, with archways belo and balconies above, in irregular tiers, interspersed with long villa fronts and walls holding masses of dark polished verdure, golden fruit and prismatic bloom, like huge flower-baskets, the gray, Lombard church-tower crowning the whole; many of these last have been disfigured by walling up the graceful, columned windōs and piercing loop-holes. Most of the towns are old, dating from the 12th century or earlier, and the more ancient part of them is the more remote from the water under the wing of the castle, which is tŏ be seen in ruins on the first hī ground. On the crags above *Musso* thêre are some dilapidated battlements, only tŏ be reached by a narro path intersected by numerous deep ravînes crossed by hī-arched foot-bridges, easily defended or destroyed, the last vestiges of the Medeghini's stronghold. As times grew milder, the villages crept down nearer tŏ the water, until now the most important portion is on the wharves, whêre palaces amid the gardens of Armida serve as suburbs tŏ an arcaded street of fruit-stalls and small shops of brīt wares, and a broad, sunny promenade edged by a double ro of clipped locust trees, a line of boats like floating tents drawn up at its base. Near some of them thêre is a beach or spit of sand brôt from the mountain gullies by a torrent which is dry all summer; some have small breakwaters harboring a merchant-navy of skiffs and sloops tŏ carry lumber tŏ Como and Lecco. *Bellano* has large iron-works and wears a busy little air of trade and commerce, so that the inhabitants, of whŏm thêre are 3000, proudly call it the Manchester of Lake Como. But repose and passive enjoyment are the ordinary expression of these townlets and of those whŏ dwell in them; even the hard-taxed, overworked, under-fed peasants have a calm, dreamy gaze when thêir toil-worn visages are at rest, which breaks intŏ a brilliant smile at a friendly question or a cordial 'thank you.'

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14. "As the steamboat approaches the upper end of the lake, the villas are notably fewer and the gardens less luxuriant; the flowers which hang over the walls are coarser and hardier; no more pleasure boats are tŏ be seen moored tŏ the shore; the vegetation of the slopes is not so meridional as of those on the Bay of Como, and lacks the richness and softness which clothes those as with a vesture of moss; the colors are colder, lĭt green and dull purple, like the Scotch hills. *Rezzonico* is a mere handful of scattered houses with a ruined castle in thêir midst, but has a grave, self-contained air as if still mindful of having given a head tŏ Christendom. On the outskirts of *Gravedona* thêre is a striking group of sacred buildings standing apart, without the walls, in ecclesiastical retirement, on a grassy level screened from the lake by a ro of locust trees. Gravedona was not always so unimportant as now, and has played its part in history. Cardinal Gallio's villa, now knōn as the Palazzo del Pero, stands on a rock forming a natural terrace, with a hī and stately stairway tŏ the water's edge; it is the finest private residence on the lake, a princely mansion; thêre are 4 corner towers, each terminating in a graceful loggia, and a massive main building, divided by a 3 story portico with a triple arch resting on handsome yello marble pillars, and a Venetian balcony. I was informed that the "famiglia del Pero é richissima," yet the house-linen was drying on the sculptured balustrades, and the fire-wood was being chopped under the arch of the principal entrance. It was altŏgether unexpected tŏ find so much worth seeing at a place of which I had never heard, a place of but 1500 or 1600 inhabitants, whêre a stranger seldom goes ashore; and besides this, Gravedona has a decided pictorial character of its ōn. Its population still separates intŏ the old quarters of the 'riva' and the 'castello,' and thêre are toŭches of provincial elegance discernible about the latter, while at the landing, white houses garlanded with nasturtium vines from windo tŏ windo and story tŏ story, and huge sun-

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flowers staring over the walls intŏ the water, look as if modern æstheticism had taken root thêre.

15. We had reached the head of the lake,—its real head has been cut off by the muddy deposits of the river Adda, and is called the Lago Mezzola or Lago di Riva. The shores are lo; inland, the mountain wall rises rugged, forbidding, streaked and patched with sno. The steamboat goes no further than *Colico*, an ill name and a poor place, but happy in being the point at which travelers from the Splügen and Stelvio passes reach the lake. It goes tŏ sleep between the hours of morning and evening arrival, with which the steamboat corresponds; I seemed tŏ have it tŏ myself, and the carriage drivers fôt as tŏ whŏ should charge most for taking me tŏ see the ruined fortress of *Fuentes*, and Azzo Visconti's bridge. The road is wide, dusty, glaring, a sort of causeway bordered by water-willōs and large poplars, which look plebeian in the land of the cypress; fields of maize and mulberry plantations lie on each hand for a mile or twŏ; then a wide, noisome swamp spreads out tŏ the rīt, while on the left a ridge of rock rises suddenly from the narro plain, and along its whole length the remains of the great stronghold may be traced, here a barbican, thêre the base of a tower, further on some crumbling battlements. The road crosses the Adda, which comes suddenly intŏ sīt, its olive waters flōing swiftly and smoothly past the ridge, under the brows of the fort, intŏ a pleasant valley fenced by mountains on both sides. Sōme of the arches of the new bridge, built only last year, rest on the piers of that which the best of the Visconti erected early in the 14th century, tŏ give his people a way over the swamp, and the Adda a way out tŏ the lake. Here I turned back, but was overtaken by a long cloud of dust, throu which the diligences from the Stelvio came rattling and jingling intŏ Colico tŏ catch the last boat. The beauty of the voyage increased every instant as we descended the lake; the sunset pōured over the scenery like elixir of gold. As I sat on

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the deck near the usual party of noisy Germans,—whose satchels were stuffed with edelweiss, forget-me-nots, alpenroses, and lunch-parcels in greasy newspaper, and whŏ behaved as if thêy had chartered the steamboat and as if nobody else had any business tŏ be thêre,—I reflected for the first time on the size of Lake Como. It is 40 miles long, and nowhêre visible—except from a considerable hīt—for more than a third of its length; its average width must be under 4 miles. These statistics were suggested by the conversation of a well-dressed young English coŭple, līt-haired and handsome, tho burnt as red as a brick, whŏ sat near me and thus commented on the scene before them: 'I like *our* lakes better, thêy're so nice and small, you kno.' 'Yes, so jolly for boating, don't you kno.' "

16. At length thêre came a cloudless morning in Septem ber, when I got up early and took the 8 o'clock boat for Lecco, and the halcyon days were done. "The glamor and dewy sparkle of the first hours after sunrise still lingered on land and water, as I looked my last at the shores and villages, mountains, promontories, and cascades which I knew so well. By the time we were fairly under way in the bay of Lecco, thêy seemed already tŏ belong tŏ the past, for I was on a new cruise. It is not comparable tŏ the twin branch, and is very different from it. Thêre are no villas, and few towns or villages or even ruined castles and church-towers. Nature is left tŏ herself; the mountains rise from the water's edge unbroken by terraces and vineyards, and for the most part wooded tŏ the summit, haunches and shōlders of rock occasionally forcing themselves throu the foliage. Over Olcio, a solitary bare peak raises its gray head above a hundred close crowding breasts of rock, like a cosmic Diana of Ephesos. *Mandello*, the prettiest town on this bay, stands on the point of a cape which so narroes the lake that from a little distance above or belo, it seems tŏ end here Beyond Mandello the mountains fall back from the shore and range themselves in an imposing amfitheatre of ash-colored

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crags, the ridge split and chipped intŏ innumerable small fissures and strange dents. The lake rounds and widens tōards the lōer end, and evidences of a larger industry are seen on the banks than anywhêre else except at Bellano. The base of the hills is scooped out by chalk quarries; along the water are great limekilns with castellated fronts; thêrè are huge stacks of fagots for the furnaces, thatched with fine twigs, making brown masses of considerable effect in the landscape. *Lecco*, the last town on the eastern branch of the lake, is a busy place with iron-works and smoking chimneys. Across the lo, embowered coast is seen an inland region of mountains, so various in hīt, form, color, and distance, that thêy suggest a novel and charming field of unexplored lōveliness. Lecco itself has neither interest nor attraction; among its closely overhanging chalk cliffs it is the hottest place on the lake, and the railway station is the hottest place in the town. A little way out of Lecco thêre is a small lake called the Lago d' Olgiate, which is only a tag-end of Lake Como cut off by the Adda again, which in this place also had tŏ be bridged by Azzo Visconti; his 10 arches remain tŏ testify that he did good in his day. The river, issuing from the lake of Olgiate, winds and bends gently throu a wide vale of glassy, shady reaches, leaving the herbage of the lo meadocapes."

17. My comrades and I had parted some time before I forsook the Lake of Como, and I dŏ not kno what thêir state of mind was after leaving the enchantress; for my part I confess that for some days I wandered about as disconsolate and sick and sore at heart as one whŏ has lost his love. I endeavored tŏ distract my thôts in the company of the Lombard painters, and thus made aquaintance with the towns of Bergamo and Brescia, going even as far as Verona, which was familiar ground. The last name is not tŏ be coupled with any other, but stands alone, like Rome, Florence, Venice, or Naples, tho her ancient and lofty beauty is fast disappearing under insen-

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sate restorations. The other two are extremely striking and picturesque, with an undiluted flavor of the past. Thêy are sturdy remnants of the Middle Ages; each has a central piazza whêre the mediævalism is concentrated, on or near which stand the cathedral, the castle, and the town-hall; here the town still wears an air of being her ōn mistress, as of yore. Thêre is a great deal tŏ tell of them, and of thêir rich little picture-galleries and churches, full of masterpieces by Lorenzo Lotto, Solari, Moroni, and Moretto; but thêy are not tŏ be disposed of in a parenthesis. This I will add, however, that at the hotels of both places you may be lawfully robbed in the good old-fashioned way, as in the days of the "grand tour," without receiving an equivalent for your money.

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[1] From the Atlantic Monthly (abridged), Sept.-Dec. 1884, by permission of Author and publishers.

18. The original cathedral, now the collegiate church of San Abbondio, dates, as it stands, from the tenth century, being founded on the remains of ōne still more ancient. It is a remarkable specimen of late Lombard architecture; the first sit of it in a suburb near the railway raises the traveler's hopes very hi; it has two towers of unusual solidity for that style, and five naves of different hits, and is externally an imposing structure, but the interior is a wreck of poverty-stricken restoration. San Fedele is reckoned as still older than San Abbondio, and its singularity is even more marked. The building takes one by surprise; a beautiful octagonal apse and cupola with round-arched galleries, and an extraordinary side-door with a triangular arch, thrust themselves upon the street between ordinary houses that shut off the rest of the church in a most provoking way. Within thêre are traces of the original structure, and of its old, semi-barbarous sculptures, discernible amid horrible modern alterations, but it is a piteous instance of pious desecration.

19. Thêy were both rarely endowed by nature and in temporalities of every sort,—genius, beauty, accomplishments, old blood, hi rank, great wealth; but thêy were several centuries behind thêir time in regard for appearances. The prince, after playing the lion in Paris for years, whêre his escapades had an exotic and melodramatic flavor, quitted it suddenly, under circumstances which Alfred de Musset briefly recounts in a letter written at the time. Belgiojoso was dressing tŏ sing at a private charity concert, for his voice was one of the finest in Europe, when a great lady tŏ whŏm he was

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attached burst in upon him with no baggage except her pocket-handkerchief, says Musset, and besôt him tŏ take her at once out of reach of her husband whŏ was jealous; the prince set off with her immediately for La Pliniana, and the audience that was waiting tŏ hear him sing waited in vain. The two remained in charmed exile for 10 years, and then one fine day the lady left the prince without warning; a few months afterwards he died of love and a broken heart. The princess, his wife, was a Trivulzio, and appears like a modern incarnation of her family's crest, a winged mermaid or siren on a helmet. Musset and Heine, both unsuccessful aspirants for her capricious favor, have left portraits of her in verse as Paris knew her in her young time. Thêre are persons living on the lake whŏ remember her as she rode forth in 1848, in a general's uniform, one of them assured me, at the head of the troops she had raised for the italian insurgents tŏ join thêir patriotic outbreak. Many years afterwards she returned tŏ the Pliniana, an old woman, bent double from the effects of a stab in the back dealt her by a courier during her journey tŏ the East, tŏ spend her nits in writing historical and theological treatises, smoking a Turkish pipe, with a fire burning in her bedroom and windŏs wide open, summer and winter.

21. In enumeratiug the resources of the Villa Serbelloni, it would be ungrateful tŏ omit the gay little town of Bellagio, with its arcaded water-street, intŏ which we made descents tŏ buy fruit, from heaping baskets of melons, plums, pears, figs, and grapes, or native manufactures,—olive-wood tables, portfolios, paper-knives, boxes of every size and use, raw silk blankets of gorgeous colors, and handsome coarse linen-lace which dark-eyed girls wove on cushions at thêir doorways. As the lake season approached, the innocent rascals whŏ had cheated us so genially of a few francs were supplanted by a tribe of real villains from the cities, jewelers with pretty coral and lava rubbish from Naples, and bricabrac dealers more depraved than those of Paris or Amsterdam, whŏ brôt some of us tŏ the verge of ruin.

The editor would be pleased to learn the name and address of the author of any paper in this series published anonymously.

The editor will feel indebted, also, to any one who will kindly call his attention to any article, especially in newspapers, which the writer thinks suitable for re-publication.

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THE LAKE OF GARDA.

BY SARAH (BUTLER) WISTER.[1]

1. The road from Brescia tŏ Bergamo skirts the Lago d' Iseo, which is praised in proportion tŏ the difficulty of getting at it. The approach is uninteresting, the country for miles around Brescia being level, the hills distant. The road at length turns a sharp corner intŏ the mountains, and comes in sīt of the lake lying among them under ward of several great embattled ruins. Thêy are repelling mountains, either spotted with scanty vegetation, or bare and stony as newly mended turnpike roads. The further ones were of a dull opaque blue without līts or shadōs, ōing tŏ the covered gray sky. On a sunny day the little lake may be one smile, but on the afternoon of which I write it looked morose and boding, and as if it deserved its ill-fame for danger tŏ boats. On one side the mountains come steeply down tŏ the water; on the other, the land is flat and marshy, intersected by ditches, which were redeemed by being covered with water-lilies. Altŏgether Lago d' Iseo did not seem worth the trouble of coming out of one's way tŏ see. Thêre are such lakes lying about in every direction throuŏût upper Italy—lonely mountain meres, or strung tŏgether like crystal beads by the silver thread of a small river; the traveler does not turn aside a single hour between the Alps and the Apennines tŏ see them, tho he would journey hundreds of miles tŏ gladden his eyes upon them in different latitudes. Thêre is one clear, round pond not bigger than a palace fountain, clean cut in the turf of a private estate between Brescia and Verona, which deserves notice, because, if my topografy serves me, it lies within the limits of the battle-field of Solferino; it is in sīt of the swooping bronze eagle perched upon the monumental

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pillar that rises above the vine-bound mulberry trees tŏ commemorate that bloody day. I saw it on my way tŏ the last and largest of the lakes of upper Italy, the majestic Lago di Garda, of which,—"Per mille fonti credo, epiu, si bagna,"—says Dante, and which Catullus made his forever by a rapturous little poem. I had once caut sīt of its shining plane and fantastic mountains, from the railroad on going tŏ Venice, and had carried away an indelible impression of magnitude and mystery from that single glimpse. The interest it had waked was deepened by recognizing the same unwonted shapes and colors in the background of Leonardo da Vinci's pictures.—in the Monna Lisa and Vierge aux Rochers. The desire tŏ see more of them survived 12 years of absence and stimulated me tŏ disregard various inconveniences attendant on the expedition.

2. "September 7. One of the many drawbacks tŏ seeing the Lago di Garda is the inconvenient hour at which the steamboat starts from either end; another is the discomfort of the boat, a big, business-like vessel, ugly and dirty, without upper deck or saloon; the passengers for pleasure are crowded aft, the fore-part being reserved for peasants and produce. I got on board at 4 P. M., at *Dezenzano*, a stopping-place on the railroad from Milano tŏ Venice, about half-way between Brescia and Verona, the station, however, being at least a quarter of a hour's drive from the town and wharf. It is a steep, picturesque, dirty old place, with a citadel upon its croup. The quay had a lazy, Levantine air, with men in Turkish trousers and fezzes, or bare legs and head-kerchiefs, lounging among the bales. The fishing-boats on this lake carry the saffron-colored, red-barred sails of the Hadriatic. We steamed and snorted throu the translucent waves, hugging at the land for some time. The splendor, the soft transparency of the afternoon, surpassed anything I had ever seen even in Italy. The colors of the water were extraordinary,—the deepest blue,

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like the dark iris or flag-flower, belted at intervals with bands of clear azure, like the sky in April or the lĭt blue lotus, the whole surface glittering like the petals of those flowers. The lake is very wide at this end, the lo shores bending in a great sweep which ends rĭt and left in the peninsula of Sermione and the cliffs of Manerbo; between these outworks can be seen strange mountain shapes, distorted, crowded, torn apart, and of a blue that is neither of sea nor sky, dissolving intŏ dream-land. Going up the lake, the steamboat toŭches only at towns on the western side, which is lo and grassy, with plenty of trees, until the rocks of *Manerbo* start up suddenly with a fine front of yello crag. Thêy form a tableland, once hallōed by a temple tŏ Minerva, and rounding inland open a deep bay, at the head of which is the first landing, the brown little vine-wreathed town of *Salo*, bathing its feet in the water. The next stopping-place is the island of Garda, Isola dei Frati as it is called, from a Franciscan convent founded thêre in the 13th century, on the ruins of a temple of Jupiter. It is now quite given over tŏ this world, and transformed intŏ a villa, which rises with leafy and blooming gardens from the lake edge, tho the buildings on the top keep some of that inalienable air of contemplation which establishments formerly religious never entirely lose. Immediately beyond the island the lake narrōs; the mountains on each side rear themselves tŏ a great hĭt, mole-colored on the west, mingled with chrome-yello deepening tŏ orange so vivid that its warmth is felt from the depths of the gorges, while those on the east are silver-gray like the Monte Grigna. Thêir forms are very singular and striking,—abrupt detached cubes and spikes like those in Leonardo's back-grounds. Thêre is no luxuriance of grōth, natural or culti-vated, the vegetation is scarce and sparse; thêre seem tŏ be almost no villas, and but few towns; thêre is none of the captivating amenity of Lake Como, or the stately graciousness of Lake Maggiore; the character of this scenery is grand, wild,

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and softly savage. A great blemish upon it is a contrivance for protecting the orange and lemon trees,—rōs upon rōs of flat, white pillars from 6 tŏ 10 feet hī supporting skeleton roofs, the whole being boarded in winter when it must be still more ugly; it is bad enuf in summer,—acres of them in ten or a dozen tiers, looking like the bleaching ground of some great woollen mill. *Limone* is totally marred by them; the houses stand prettily round a cove, and rise against an amfitheatre of rock, but thêy are lost in continuous circles of white posts nearly a mile long and scaling the cliff for at least a hundred feet; thêy look like innumerable whitewashed palings, and as the steamboat passes them thêy criss-cross with the most annoying rapidity. The sun went down, changing the jagged silvery combs tŏ imperial purple against the pellucid sky. Even then the orange hues burned in the dark ravînes out of which slipped the infrequent cascades—the prettiest of them glides intŏ the lake at a place with the sensitive name of *Tremosine*. The twilīt blended the colors and massed the outlines; by and by a young moon shed a pale glimmer on the spectral eastern cliffs, and a brīt path upon the water. Before us the mountains looked heavy and threatening, behind us thêy closed like a gateway. The scene was more in keeping with historical memories than sentimental fancies; the imagination suffered no violence at the recollection of the martial exploits which had been performed thêre.

3. "The boat reached RIVA, at the head of the lake, at 8:30. Tŏ my dismay, my first step on landing was into a lo, ill-līted room, foggy with tobacco smoke, whêre men in black and yello uniforms were apparently rifling the travelers' luggage, and the german language smote upon my ears. It was the austrian custom-house, and I had unintentionally come out of Italy. Nobody had told me that Riva was not in Italy, if they had I should not have come; I was in a rage; but then I had asked nobody. I had not been deceived: it was an impotent

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situation. The next shock was the irredeemable character of the Grand Hôtel Impérial du Soleil d'Or. My room opened on a dark wooden balcony above a long, narro court smelling like a stable-yard. I protested; they assured me that it was one of the best in the house, and asked me what I wanted. '*Licht, Luft*' (light, air), I replied. They shook thêir heads, and I heard them walking up and down the balcony, which was a thõrofare, for hours making reflection upon me. 'What more could man wish for? A magnificent chamber, *prachtvoll*, *herrlich*.' I discovered by degrees that the walls were hideously painted with fruit and flowers, and that the pillo-case and the sheets were trimmed with cotton lace. "September 8. The fault of the Soleil d'Or, which is not without a quaintness and style of its ōn, is an absence of the elements of comfort in the the arrangements, and of a notion of them in the mind of the administration; so that it was useless and hopeless tŏ complain. Thêrefore the best thing was tŏ escape as soon as possible.

4. The only steamboat starts at 5 A. M.; that being gone past recall, I cast about me, and discovered that thêre is a station on the Brenner railroad but two hours' drive away, whêre I could take a train and be shortly in Verona. The diligence had started too, hours before, at 8 o'clock; so I made my arrangements, and then breakfasted pleasantly enuf under a vine-trellis on the little terrace garden of the hotel, which is like a morsel of Venice, so close above the water that the picturesque, swarthy boatman stand in thêir boats and look over the parapet tŏ offer thêir services. The lake is almost closed at this end; throu the rocky portal thêre is one distant glimpse of a faint blue coast. and then a wide expanse of deep blue water, sparkling like a summer sea. The mountains beetle over Rita; they look as if they were toppling down upon it. The strangeness of thêir forms is oppressive; one mass is like a flĭt of enormous steps tŏ a vast, primordial throne, raised in the beginning of time over this forgotten corner of chaos.

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The aspect of the town is absolutely mediæval still; a huge, square tower of the 13th century rises strait from the pavement, with the traffic of tŏ-day at its foot; a still older one, in ruins, keeps gard on the rocks directly over the town. In the 14th century Riva belonged tŏ the Veronese, who built the fine Palazzo del Pretorio with an arcade tŏ the lake; but in the follōing age it fell into the hands of the Venetians, who gave it the Palazzo Municipale. The place is well protected against present emergencies; the hī-road passes throu the modern fortifications of San Niccolo before it is clear of the town, and a couple of miles further out, throu the gateway of an other fortress, hī on the hillside, under a cliff bearing the warlike remains of the castle of *Nago*, like a skeleton in armor. "As the road ascends, a wider vue of the lake comes into sīt; its pure, deep hue discolored to a poisonous green just off shore before every town. Northward the grass-green Sarca breaks its way throu a maze of rocks, fragments of mountain lying on each side of its cōurse as if the impetuous torrent had swept them aside. The vale of the Sarca is literally one great market-garden and orchard; every foot of it is under cultivation, sheltered and warmed by the surrounding cliffs as if it were a hot-bed, and irrigated by the river. Olive trees gro from every crevice of the rock; great, gaunt trunks, twisted and rent, covered with a profusion of hoary, glaucous foliage and smooth unripe fruit. The fertility stops short belo the mountains' knees, contrasting sharply with the sterility above them. The scenery is harsh and desolate. Half way tŏ Mori, the railway station, we passed a gloomy, marshy pool, the lake of *Loppio*, and soon afterwards descended into lōer land throu which the Adige takes its way. The castellated ruins on every command-point sho how fiercely beset this border-land was in the Middle Ages.

5. "September 10. Morning cool and brīt, refreshed by last nīt's thunder-storm. I set off for the peninsula of Sermione

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and Catullus' villa. The country about Verona has nothing to sho but flat fertility; at intervals the long back of a basilica at rĭt-angles to its tall tower rises above the lo tree-tops under the clear hot sky. The glacis and bomb-proofs of modern forts cut the horizon in every direction. Left the railroad at Dezenzano, took a one-horse carriage, and drove throu a Vergilian landscape; the lake, at first seen at a distance throu the mulberry orchards, drew nearer and nearer on both sides, until the fields ceased and the road entered a neck of land deeply fringed by tall, waving grass with a plumy gray flower. After about a mile of this, I was confronted by the fine ramparts of *Castelnuovo*, a feudal pile of battlemented walls and crenelated towers, with a noble gateway, throu which everybody must pass whŏ goes tŏ Sermione, over a moat filled by the lake. The town consists of a dozen or twŏ dilapidated houses, and the paved road expires in a sandy cart-track, whêre my driver, in spite of appearances, said that wheels could go no further, for my way lay throu the famous Quadrilateral. This I afterwards found tŏ be not strictly true; but knōing no better at the moment, I got out and began tŏ follo a narro, rather steep footpath throu a beautiful olive grove. I soon reached a lonely plateau covered with short grass and wild thyme and lovely shimmering olive trees. The fallen masonry of an old church lies among the aromatic herbs, one tower alone remaining uprīt; further on are the subterranean chambers of a Roman house, and at the very front of the headland, looking up the lake, the ivied arches and piers of an ancient palace with fragments of reticulated brick-work and mosaic pavement. The promontory breaks off in a fine cliff several hundred feet above the lake, which beats upon the slabs at its base with the sound of a gentle surf. It was breezy and sunny; the blue sheet sparkled, spreading further and further among the mountains, which took a hundred rich changes from the shadōs of the clouds on thêir silvery, leaden, and tawny crags and purple depths of

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distance. It is a happy, heathen spot, ruled by the spirit of the classic muse and antique myth; no wonder a Christian church fell intŏ decay thêre. "I sat down under an olive tree, and favorite scraps of poetry and thôts of absent friends hovered about me like a joyous company. I found a perfect subject for a picture among the palace-ruins: a great bit of brick wall, tufted with fine grass and slĭtly robed in ivy, with a gaping, broken arch in which grew a big gnarled and twisted olive tree with an argentine haze of leaves, just vailing the intense radiance of the lake, the opposite line of shore, and Minerva's Rocks. I tried tŏ sketch it, but it was too beautiful for me. My pilgrimage throu the Lakes of Lombardy ended with this classic morning.

EXPLANATION OF ACCENTS:— â = a in *are* (not as in "bāre"); ă=a in *was* (not as in "has"); ã=a in *any* (not as in "ant"); ē = e in *hear* (not as in "health" or "heârt" or "beār" or "ëarl"); ê = e in *there* and *their* (not as in "hēre" or "wëre"); ī = i in *lie* (not as in "lĭef" or friend); ō = o in *four* (not as in "ōur" or "yŏur"), or in *post* (not as in "côst"), or in *bowl* (not as in "howl," or in *rove* (not as in "lōve," or "mŏve")'; ô = o in *gone* (not as in "bōne" or "ōne"); ö = o in *work* (not as in "pōrk"); ŏ = o in *do*(not as in "so"), or in "*move*" (not as in "rōve," or "lōve"); ō = o in *one* (not as in gône.)

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A Tramp in the Berner Oberland.

BY E: GOULD BUFFOM.[1]

1. It was "by the margin of fair Zürich's waters, at the close of a fine summer's day," that my friend Warer and I took passage upon the little boat which steams the length and breadth of this lovely lake.* We had come intŏ Switzerland from München by way of Lindau, had crossed the lake tŏ Constanz, had visited the fall at Schaffhausen, and admired the charming cascade as it leaps and tumbles in graceful, foaming beauty over and among the limestone rocks which here dam the Rhein. We had grumbled at the successful attempts of the dwellers on the hīt above the fall tŏ shut it out from vue and make a peep-sho of it; and we had lâfed at the turgid enthusiasm of Klopstock, and at the note in Baedeker informing us that "this magnificent cataract, tho far inferior in volume and hīt, is deemed by some tŏ surpass the celebrated falls of Niagara in North America." We had spent 2 days in Zürich, had explored its queer old streets and had ascended the hīts, whence is obtained a fine panoramic vue of the town, with the green and rapid Limmat running throu it. We had provided ourselves here with the necessary articles for our journey, and deemed ourselves fully prepared for a month's tramp among the mountains, as we stepped, on the afternoon of the last day of August, on board the boat which was tŏ bear us tŏ a place with the musical name of Horgen, about 15 miles from Zürich, on the lake, at which point we purposed beginning our tour. My dress

* *See No. 39 of* TRAVEL, "The Lake of Zurich."

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for the excursion consisted of a stout suit of coarse woollen clothing, a flannel traveling-shirt, a soft "wide-awake," and a pair of heavy double-soled laced boots reaching a little above the ankle, and in which a Zürich cobbler had driven a double ro of hobnails. My socks were heavy, but fine wool: cotton should never be worn in walking long distances, as it cuts the feet; while with good woollen socks well soaped on the inside every morning with common brown soap, and with a fair degree of courage and determination, the loftiest mountains can be scaled, and the ruggedest roads marched over with comparative ease. My friend had wisely provided himself with a lĭt canvas knapsack, which he bŏt at a shop in Zürich, the contents of which principally consisted of old knapsacks, boots, hats, alpenstöcker, and other articles used by pedestrians, which had been disposed of by travelers who had completed thêir journeys. I had been seduced intŏ the purchase of a wallet. Many pedestrians travel with these, and prefer them tŏ the knapsack. Mine was made of lĭt cotton cloth, bound with a preparation of caoutchouc, and was worn hanging near the hip, suspended by a broad strap passing over the shoulder. Thêre are some advantages in the wallet; it can be easily dropped, or shifted from one shōlder tŏ the other, or it may be carried in the hand. I should, however, recommend the knapsack, which does not fatigue the wearer as much as the wallet does. In mine I had stōed away the articles which, from some experience in pedestrianizing, I deemed indispensable for a tramp; these were a linen blouse, a pair of lĭt trowsers, a flannel traveling-shirt, 2 pairs of socks, a pair of lĭt, lo-quartered shŏes, 6 collars, an opera-glass, a small portfolio containing materials for writing, a piece of soap, a comb, brushes, a paper of pins, a little box containing needles, thread, and buttons, a small ball of twine, and my guide-book; all these, with careful packing, may be pressed intŏ an astonishingly small space. I also carried an umbrella, a small flask in my pocket, and a shawl, fastened

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either upon the outside of the wallet, hung loosely over the shōlder, or rolled intŏ a sort of rope and tied around the waist. The shawl and blouse I found invaluable. In midsummer, an overcoat, unless it be a thin "mackintosh," as a protection against rain, is an entirely unnecessary burden. My companion, besides his knapsack, carried in his hand a large portfolio of canvas and drawing-paper, and a box of colors, fastened together by a strap.

2. We had determined, on starting, tŏ travel as economically as was consistent with a reasonable degree of comfort, and tŏ eschew "grand" hotels, and put up at the less pretentious but frequently quite as comfortable inns; and as we had both had some experience in the swindling ways of landlords, it was arranged that, upon arriving in a town or village, Warer should go on a voyage of exploration, and make a bargain in advance for lodging and provender. At Horgen we went tŏ the "Lion," a rufly-built chalet, with those large, wide porticoes which are the distinguishing characteristic of the Swiss houses; here Warer had found a room with 2 clean beds for a franc each, and we made a very decent supper, with a bottle of wine, for 28 cents. It was a dull, damp, drizzly, unpropitious morning, about 6:30, when we shōldered our packs and started out of the village up the hill. We had decided first to mount the Rigi, and go thence in whatever direction inclination mīt lead us. Our first morning's walk was tŏ be tŏ Zug, on the lake of that name 11 miles from Horgen. When we had reached the summit, 4½ miles from Horgen, we sat down tŏ rest. Belo us, lay the sleeping lake of Zürich, and upon the other slope in the distance, the charming little sheet of Zug. The Rigi and Pilatus, with līt clouds floating belo thêir heads, rose intŏ the blue sky, and farther off the sunshine fell upon the eternally sno-covered mountains of the Oberland. We sat an hour, and felt a glo of enthusiasm such as had not warmed us in many a day. With these everlasting hills, peaceful lakes, and lovely

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valleys in sīt, we forgot towns and cities, and we gazed and drank in tŏ the fullest of our capacity the splendor spread around us. Descending, we passed a large cotton-mill, standing silent for want of raw material, and farther on entered a 'gasthaus.' We reached ZUG at 11:30, and passing by in scorn the "Hirsch" and the "Bellevue," and dodging the gang of hotel-runners and guides, we proceeded tŏ a quiet little inn, the "Falken," whêre, in a large common dining-room, we ate a passable dinner, consisting of soup and roast meat, sausage, potatoes and cabbage, with half a bottle of wine; price 1½ francs each. A bad, ruf German is the language of the people in all that portion of Switzerland throu which we passed. We left Zug for Arth, at the other end of the lake, which is but 9 miles long and 3 wide, at 3 o'clock, and reached Arth, lying at the foot of the Rigi, in a little more than an hour. We marched on tŏ the "Schüssel," whêre we found a handsome landlady, and a fragrants mell from the kitchen. So we went in, and were not disappointed. An excellent supper with wine, and a breakfast, the universal one in Switzerland, tea or coffee, bread, butter, and honey, costing us, with lodging, but 4 francs each.

3. The rain fell in the morning as Warer and I, nothing daunted, commenced the ascent of the Rigi at 7 o'clock. I had, and I presume most travelers going for the first time intŏ Switzerland have, a not very well defined idea that thêir ascent of mountains will be throu sno, while the fact is that in "the season," and upon the ordinary traveled routes, the tourist never touches sno or ice except when crossing a glacier. The summit of the RIGI, which is 5541 feet above the level of the sea, and 4196 above the lake of Luzern, may be reached in 3½ hours from Arth. Its performance in this time, however, depends upon obedience tŏ the rule tŏ walk slōly and steadily. When we began the ascent the rain had been falling for some days, and the broad and well-defined path had been trodden by the feet of horses and men intŏ a thick paste, throu which we

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could make our way only with great difficulty. A soft fine rain, wetting all the trees and underbrush, which in turn wetted us as we mounted, was falling, and soon a thick fog enveloped us, shutting out the vue of lake and verdant valley. And so we slōly, and rather wearily, wended our way up the mountain-side, with nothing in sīt above or belo but the dripping trees, the dulness and monotony of the scene varied only by the occasional appearance, looming up in the mist, of a stray cow whose approach was heralded by the tinkling of a bell. Now and then we met a traveler on foot or on horseback, or a lady carried by porters in a chair, all looking damp and dismal. With good walking we should have reached the little chapel of St. Maria zum Schnee, built for the cowherds at a hīt of 4000 feet, by 10 o'clock. As it was, the Klösterli, as the village consisting of half a dozen houses about the chapel is called, came in sīt at noon, and we were glad enuf tŏ make our way directly tŏ the "Schwert," an unpretending but comfortable little inn, with a blazing log-fire in the dining-room. At 2:30 we reached the Rigi-Staffel, about 20 minutes' walk from the Rigi-Kulm, or summit of the mountain. Here we determined tŏ remain for the nīt. In the house we found several tourists, whŏ had been waiting 3 days in vain tŏ see sunrise and sunset from the summit. We gave orders that we should be called at 4, so that if thêre were tŏ be any sunrise we could reach the Kulm in time tŏ enjoy it. A little after 5 we were at the summit, just as the gray of dawn was beginning tŏ streak the eastern sky; the gray grew whiter and clearer, but no sun made it brīt and transparent, or came out tŏ thro his golden glory over the sno. But as daylīt grew, the scene became sufficiently grand and beautiful. Looking toward the east, the eye rests upon a mountain-chain more than 100 miles in length. The commonplace comparison of "a map" is the only one which will convey an accurate idea of the effect of looking down the mountain-side. Eleven lakes are seen lying in what look like

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little holes in the mountain, and directly at the foot of the Rigi are those of Luzern and Zug. The trees down the mountain-slope and by the margin of the lakes instantly remind one of the little toy trees, such as children play with, surrounding little toy houses. Two or 3 rivers wīnd thêir ways throu the valleys, and the eye can follo thêir cōurses for 30 or 40 miles. Descending the mountain in much less time than it required to mount, Warer stopping to sketch a singular arch formed of 2 huge masses of conglomerate which have rolled tŏgether, and upon the top of which a third one has tumbled, we reached Waggis, on the lake, whêre we were tŏ take the boat for Luzern. The sun had come out clear and brīt by the time we reached Luzern, whêre we secured a comfortable room at the "Linden" for the reasonable sum of 1½ francs each, and then proceeded tŏ see the lions of the town, the principal one of which is that of Thorwaldsen, and, retiring early, rose at 7, and took the steamboat at 8 tŏ Fluellen, on the lake, and but 2 miles from Altdorf.

4. In point of picturesqueness the lake of Luzern is surpassed by none in Switzerland. It is shut in by forest-clad hills, back of which rise the eternal mountains, thêir sno-covered tops frequently seen standing clear and brīt in the sunshine, while clouds are playing far belo them. The slopes of the hills are covered with fruit-trees and gardens, reaching down tŏ the very margin of the lake, the borders of which are rich in historical associations. Fluellen is the point of debarkation for travelers whŏ intend crossing the St. Gothard intŏ Italy, and here we were again set upon by a horde of guides. As a rule, the pedestrian is much more independent without a guide; and unless he acts as porter and carries the pack, he is of very little use on any of the traveled routes or over the well-known mountain-passes, upon which, with a good guide-book, an ordinary amount of judgment, and a slīt knoledge of German, it is almost impossible for a traveler tŏ lose his way. A pleasant walk of 10 miles throu gardens and orchards brôt us tŏ Altdorf

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—a name as familiar tŏ me from earliest childhood as that of the village in which I was born. I had spouted "Tell's" speech tŏ the "men of Altdorf," and boldly and valiantly, amidst the wonder and applause of the audience, in my schoolboy days, knocked down and trampled on the cap and "insolence of Gessler." Here, in a little square in the centre of the village, is the colossal plaster statue of "Tell," erected upon the very spot whêre its model stood when he aimed the arro at the apple on Albert's head.* About 40 yards distant is a fountain, and a statue of a burly bailiff of Altdorf, named Besler. Besler himself erected this statue at his own expense. We had left our packs at the "Wilhelm Tell," a little inn at the entrance of the village, while we explored it, and so, returning tŏ the "Tell," we ate a bad dinner, and a little after noon, as the rain was beginning tŏ patter upon the flag-stones, we passed out of the village on the great St. Gothard hīway. We had time tŏ take a run up intŏ the *Bannwald*, or sacred forest, near the old Capuchin monastery. The trees of the forest are never touched by the ax, as thêy are a protection tŏ Altdorf from the rocks which roll and tumble from the summit of the steep hill which overhangs the village. We also strayed a little from the main road tŏ see the village of Burglen, whêre "Tell" was born, and whêre a chapel, whose walls are covered with painted scenes from his life, stands upon the site of his birth-place. Thêre was little in our journey of that day which was cheerful or interesting. The country throu which we were passing was level, and slītly diversified, and but one mountain of any considerable altitude, the black, fir-covered pyramid of the Bristenstock, was in sīt. *Amstag*, which lies at the foot of this, was our destination, and we reached it, wet, tired, and not in the best humor, about 6. As we approached the italian-speaking canton of Ticino, which borders upon Lombardy, we could not fail tŏ

* For an account of the history of the Tell myth, see THE MONOGRAPH, No. 38.

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observe a marked change in the fysiognomy and speech of the people. Upon reaching the outskirts of Amstag, we were surrounded by a troop of beggar-boys and girls. Throughout the country, the rising generation is grōing up a nation of beggars; everywhêre, on all the public roads, on the mountain passes, on thêir very summits among the snōs, nearly every child the traveler meets asks him for money. In the chalets in which the herdsmen live, thêy watch for his approach, and run out tŏ meet him, and persistently follo him as long as thêre is the slītest hope of softening his heart and opening his pocket.

5. It was a beautifully clear and sunny morning when we left Amstag, and, crossing over the bridge, took the road toward the St. Gothard, up the valley of the Reuss, which leaps, and rushes, and foams, and tumbles in graceful cascades and waterfalls down the steep ravine throu which it runs. Before us, in the distant blue, rose the St. Gothard ridge; on our left was the black pyramid of the Bristenstock, and piled all around and above us mountains, on whŏse sides, far up toward thêir summits, little patches of sno were lying, and small glaciers sparkling like beds of diamonds in the morning sunshine. All along this valley the hillsides are covered with a delicate reddish lichen, having the odor of the violet, and called the "violet-moss." We passed throu several villages, and crossed over a succession of bridges, and continually ascending the torrent of the Reuss, which becomes more and more rapid in its fall, we reached about noon the wonder on this road, the *Teufelsbrucke*, or Devil's Bridge. A scene of wildness and desolation here appears. The river, formed intŏ a beautiful waterfall, plunges intŏ a black depth 100 feet belo, and thrōes its spray all above and around. Rocks are piled and tumbled in its bed, and, leaping over and coursing around them, dashing up against them, the river, lashed intŏ a thick white creamy foam, pursues its way, and hī above the fall the single-arched bridge is spanning it. Above the bridge the river is obstructed with rocks; its

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banks are barren and desolate; and a gust, which the natives facetiously call the 'Hutschelm,' or "hat rogue," bears with it the wet and spray intŏ the traveler's face as he crosses the bridge, or stops tŏ gaze intŏ the abyss beneath him. Five minutes' walk brôt us tŏ a tunnel cut called the *Ürner Loch*. When we had emerged from this, we found ourselves at the entrance of a broad valley, whêre the Reuss no longer tumbles and leaps, but flōes gently and sweetly throu its rich, grassy meadōs. The Rasselas valley intŏ which we now entered was the vale of URI, 9 miles long, and about 3 wide. It is shut in by itself, and out from all the world, by barren and partially sno-covered mountains, above which the sun in midsummer rises late. 8 months of the year here are deemed winter, and during the remaining 4, fires are frequently necessary.

6. About 2 miles from the "Devil's Bridge" is Andermatt. After this we passed throu Hospenthal, whêre we left the St. Gothard road, and on tŏ the village of Realp, whêre we were tŏ stop for the nīt. It was nearly dark when we arrived at the little hospice formerly inhabited by some Capuchin monks, but now converted intŏ an inn. It contains but 3 rooms, however, and is still presided over by Father Arsenius, a Capuchin, with a long gown, and the bare feet and shaven head of his order. We supped passably, slept soundly, and breakfasted early, and were charged but 4 francs each; and at 6:30 on a foggy morning, which soon changed tŏ a rainy one, we shōldered our packs, and took our way up the rugged mountain-side toward the Furca, which we reached between nine and ten o'clock, thōroly drenched. The "Furca," so called from its 2 peaks, which bear a fanciful resemblance tŏ the prongs of a fork, is a mountain ridge at an elevation of nearly 8,000 feet. Thence, in clear weather, a fine vue of the Bernese Alps, and especially of the lofty Finsteraarhorn, is obtained. We saw nothing from it, however, but a pig-pen and a chicken-coop, about six yards distant from the inn windo. The fog and rain had nearly

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ceased when we descended the steep and rugged slope toward the Rhone Glacier. There it lay belo us! a sea of ice, about 4 miles in width, and reaching 18 miles intŏ the valleys, in which it lies imbedded between the Gelmerhorn and the Gerst-horn on the one side, and the barren Galenstock, which we had been ascending and descending, on the other. This was the first glacier of any importance which we had seen, and for nearly an hour we skirted its base, looking up towards its summit. The first impression was that of a cataract, suddenly frozen as it fell, and tumbled down the valley between the mountains. The ice which forms it is ruf and honey-combed upon the surface, but on the sides of the immense yawning fissures which open all over it it is pure and clear as crystal. We did not go on the glacier, but follōed the path just by the edge of the mountain, within a few feet of whose base the glacier reaches, and over the moraine, or rocks and stones, which these immense mŏving masses of ice beār down with them. Coursing its way beneath a vaulted arch of clear blue-tinted ice, its waters tinged with gray, flōes a narro little stream from the side of the glacier, and here, with the aid of the alpen-stock, I could have leaped across it. This is the source of the Rhone which, from mountain streams and melting snōs, grad-ually becomes a nīty river. We had intended crossing the mountain, which rises abruptly just after passing the glacier. and reaching the Grimsel hospice before nīt, and had com-menced the ascent, when a persistent guide, drew such a picture of the danger we ran of lŏsing our way, that we concluded tŏ stop at the hotel for the nīt. We met thêre an Irish gentleman and his young bride, whŏ were making a pedestrian trip throu Switzerland. They had already been 2 months traversing the mountain-passes and valleys, usually walking from 8 tŏ 10 hours a day—taking an amount of exercise which would proba-bly appall the brides of America. As they were going our way, and were tŏ leave the next morning, we joined them, starting at

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6 o'clock, in a thick fog, up the Maienwand, blooming now with Alpine flowers. The gentleman was dressed very much as were my companion and myself, while the lady wore a short skirt and a round straw hat, and she, as well as her husband, carried the alpenstock, and trudged along bravely and firmly as any of us in that long day's march. At the old convent, or rather hospice, of the Grimsel, whêre, in former times, a few monks furnished food and shelter tŏ benīted travelers, we made an excellent breakfast of bread and milk. Our path for the rest of the day lay throu the beautiful valley of the Aare, walled up on either side with mountains of bald-faced rock. The river is repeatedly crossed by old, romantic, grass-grōn stone bridges of a single arch. We reached the **Handeck Falls** about noon, and, after dinner at a little chalet, visited the fall, whêre the river comes pōuring headlong down into an abyss 225 feet. All throu this wild and beautiful valley the scene was rendered still more picturesque by numerous mountain torrents falling in fleecy, sheety clearness from the hīts above us, and scattering their spray around us as they fell. Warer, who had once made a trip tŏ the Yosemite Valley in California, had during all the former portion of our tramp, whenever I had expressed particular admiration for any grand feature of the scenery, been in the habit of dampening my ardor by giving his nose an upward inflection, and saying that "it was nothing tŏ Yosemite." I, in revenge, whenever I saw any thing on the route particularly uninteresting, retorted by asking if he had seen "anything in Yosemite equal tŏ that?" However, during that day in the Haslital, this beautiful valley of the Aare, we dropped our badinage in the presence of these grand old mountains and leaping cascades, and after that I heard no more of Yosemite.

7. We reached MEIRINGEN a little after 6, having made a day's travel of 10 hours. We were already becoming old pedestrians, and it is really astonishing how, after the first few

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days of a foot-tramp, one becomes hardened, and enabled tŏ undergo a double quantity of fatigue. I passed by the celebrated falls of the Reichenbach, scarcely looking at them, for I knew I should not enjoy them alone, and hastened tŏ reach the mountain-top. On the summit of this mountain [*Great Scheidegg*] the eye rests upon a scene of grandeur which I believe is unsurpassed in Switzerland. The lofty Wetterhorn, shaped like a sugar-loaf, and covered with pure sno, which seems at the distance tŏ have been laid on evenly and smoothly like plaster, raises its head hī above the 2 bare peaks of the Wellhorn and the Engelhorn. The contrast between the snōy softness of the one, and the rugged, craggy gray of the others, is very striking; and the effect is hītened by the vue at the mountain bases of a long stretch of fresh pasturelands covered with chalets and herds of cattle. But I did not half enjoy this scene. My eyes would turn from it backward tŏ the mountain-path I had ascended, and up which I hoped every moment tŏ see coming the tall figure of my companion. But he came not; and, after waiting an hour, I shōldered my pack, and, descending the mountain-side, crossed the pasture tŏ Rosenlaui. Thêre are baths here, and the day being fearfully hot, I was half inclined tŏ rest, but I only strayed aside a few minutes tŏ see the celebrated glacier, remarkable for the purity of its ice and its blue color. Near its base lives an old man, whŏ, as I approached it, follōed me, and proposed that I should enter it. As the idea of entering a glacier was something new, I consented, and, mounting a ladder upon its side, soon found myself really in its interior, in a chamber 20 feet long and 7 hī, whose walls, flōors, and cielings were of clear, solid, blue ice. I found it damp and chilly, and soon took my way up the mountain-side toward the summit of the great Scheidegg. A little after noon I reached the Scheidegg, lying at the foot of the Wetterhorn, covered with eternal sno, and nearly 12,000 feet hī. Here, after dinner, and a couple of hours rest, I started down the mountain-side toward

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the lovely valley and glacier of Grindelwald. Whêre was my friend, whom I had so hastily quitted in the morning, all this time? Had he become disgusted with Swiss travel and turned back, or had he lost his way in the mountains! I began tŏ be alarmed, and thôt of returning; but, reflecting that the probability of finding him would be but slīt, pursued my journey. When near the base of the mountain, and just as I was entering the charming little valley, what was my delīt at spying him not far ahead, seated upon a rock, and making a sketch of the Wetterhorn. He had, taken another path tŏ the falls of Reichenbach, and had preceded me about an hour. He finished his sketch while I rested, and then, just as the sinking sun was converting the sno of the Wetterhorn into rich, yello cream, we descended together into the village of GRINDELWALD. This lies directly at the foot of 2 extensive glaciers, which reach in some places within a few feet of the houses, and look as tho they mīt some day bury the valley in their icy folds. In the morning Warer and I determined tŏ make as much of an inspection of the lōer or larger glacier as we could dŏ with safety without a guide, as we had determined tŏ have nothing tŏ dŏ with this valuable and frequently indispensable class of persons. On this occasion we came near repenting our folly. Having reached the base of the loer glacier, which is here 3150 feet wide, we climbed over a mass of moraine—broken rocks and stones—which the mŏving glacier bears down in its course, and soon reached the ice itself. For some time we found no difficulty in picking our way across the small fissures, and over the little humps of this icy cataract, but soon discovered that we would better go no farther on the ice, as we were approaching broader and deeper fissures, and places more difficult to pass. So we retraced our steps, and, reaching the foot of the glacier, decided that we would go up the mountain-path by the side of it, and obtain our vue of it from a point less dangerous than the one we had been approaching. For a time the steep path which

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leads up the side of the glacier was plainly enuf marked, but we strayed a little away from it tŏ pluck some alpine flowers, grōing in wild luxuriance and in strange contrast by the side of this sea of ice and often within a few feet of it. But in gathering our flowers we had lost our path, and for more than an hour looked for it in vain. Frequently we were obliged tŏ cling tŏ bushes and tree-limbs, and leap over fissures in the rock, whêre, had we missed our foothold, we should inevitably have fallen far down upon the glacier. How we wished then we had either remained quietly at Grindelwald, pursued our journey, or taken a guide? At length Warer, with his sharp eyes, found, or, as he modestly expressed it, "stumbled upon" the path.

8. A little after 1, we left Grindelwald, and struck up the bleak path, on our way tŏ the Wengernalp, at the foot of the Jungfrau. For the first time on our trip, we heard and saw avalanches, while we were seated in a cool and shady spot, which we had reached after a tramp of more than an hour up the steep, barren, and treeless mountain. Suddenly a noise, somewhat similar tŏ the beating of surf upon the beach, broke upon our ears, and started us both from our seats. Louder and louder it grew, and looking off in the distance, perhaps half a dozen miles away, we saw a cataract tumbling down the mountain-side, and carrying every thing in its path. This is the ice avalanche, caused by portions of a glacier becoming detached by the heat; and this white cascade often consists of immense blocks of ice capable of sweeping away forests and villages. The latter, however, are seldom built in too close proximity tŏ these ice mountains. We reached the *Wengernalp*,* directly facing the Jungfrau, a little before sunset. We had seen it in the distance for several hours, but now that we were fully before its face, it assumed a new majesty and beauty. Its cloud-piercing hīts covered with thêir eternal shroud of sno; its 2 pure and gigantic peaks, the Silberhorn and the Schneehorn; its lōer

* *See No. 5 of* TRAVEL — "THE WENGERN ALP."

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slopes dotted with sparkling glaciers and fields of sno, all bewildered and amazed us. We could not find expression for the full gratification of our sense of beauty and of grandeur, and gazed upon the Jungfrau in silence till the fading shades of evening shut it from our vue. All that nīt we were frequently awakened by the thunders of the avalanches pōuring down the sides of the Jungfrau. In the morning we took an early start, and descended intŏ the picturesque little valley and village of *Lauterbrunnen*, so shut in among the mountains that in July the sun does not rise till 7, and in winter not before noon. We visited the Staubbach, a fall of no great volume, but an unbroken one of 925 feet, and then taking the broad carriage-road which leads along the banks of the Lütschinen, reached the beautifully situated straggling town of Interlaken a little after noon on the tenth day from that on which we climbed the hill above Horgen. Here our foot-tramp was tŏ end. We had been ten days on the route, and during that time had seen the best part of the Oberland. Our expenses from Zürich tŏ Interlaken were 78 francs each, or a little less than 8 francs a day.

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[1] From "Sights and Sensations in France and Germany," *Harper*, 1869.

1. I had purchased an alpenstock on the Rigi, but my companion looked upon the alpenstock as a sham, an affectation, and a weakness, in which he would not indulge. This lit pole, about the size of a broomstick, and 7 feet in length, with a sharp prong at the end, and which is always [?] used by the mountaineers in Switzerland, I found of great service before our trip was ended, particularly in our subsequent climbing.

2. As I climbed the steep and rugged mountain, in most places free from vegetation, and beneath the burning heat of a noon sun, my ears were saluted with a sound which, tho at first pleasant, from its frequent repetition soon became a nuisance. All along these mountain-paths are men who keep a sharp lookout for travelers coming up or going down, The moment one appears, the looker-out returns tŏ his post and sounds the Alpenhorn—an instrument of bark or wood, 6 or 8 feet in length, whose notes are clear and silvery as those of a bugle. But it soon becomes tŏ the traveler an instrument of torture, particularly as its blast is always follŏed by the importunities of blŏer, who, hat in hand, persistently pleads for, or rather demands, money

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for his artistic services. The whole of this day's route was strewn with beggars of every description. Little children with Alpenrosen or berries clung tŏ me and implored me tŏ buy; old men and old women, lame, halt, and blind, whiningly asked for aid; and "swiss maidens," whose ruf, unhandsome faces, dumpy figures, and unpicturesque costumes, put tŏ flit any romantic ideas I mit have entertained in regard tŏ them, came in troops tŏ the roadside and held out their hands as I passed. The most impudent attempt at extortion was that of a fello whŏ, spying me from a distance, rose from the stone on which he was reposing, with a pick in his hand, and demanded pay for mending the road! The road was of almost solid rock, and his pick scarcely could have, and certainly never had penetrated it.

EXPLANATION OF ACCENTS:— â = a in *are* (not as in "bāre"); ă = a in *was* (not as in "has"); ã = a in *any* (not as in "ant"); ē as in *hear* (not as in "health" or "heârt" or "beār" or "ëarl"); ê = e in *there* and *their* (not as in "hēre" or "wëre"); ī = i in *lie* (not as in "lief"); ō = o in *four* (not as in "our" or "yŏur"), or in *post* (not as in "côst"), or in *bowl* (not as in "howl"); ô = o in *gone* (not as in "bōne" or "ōne"); ö = o in *work* (not as in "pōrk"); ŏ = o in *do* (not as in "so"), or in "*move*" (not as in "rōve," or "lōve"); ō = o in *one* (not as in gône or bōne.)

The editor would be pleased to learn the name and address of the author of any paper in this series published anonymously.

The editor will feel indebted, also, to any one who will kindly call his attention to any article, especially in newspapers, which the writer thinks suitable for re-publication.

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In the Teutoburger Forest.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.[1]

1. No part of Germany is so monotonous and unlōvely as that plain which the receding waves of the North Sea left behind them. The stranger whŏ lands at Bremen or Hamburg enters upon a dead, sandy level, whêre fields of lean and starveling cereals interchange with heathery moorlands and woods of dwarfish pine. Each squat, ugly farmhouse looks as lonely as if thêre were no others in sīt; the villages ar collections of similar houses, huddled around a church-tower so thick and massiv that it seems tŏ be the lookout of a fortress. The patient industry of the people is here manifested in its plainest and sturdiest forms, and ōne cannot look for the external embellishments of life, whêre life itself is so much of an achievement. As we advance southward the scenery slōly impröves. The soil deepens and the trees rise; the purple heather clings ōnly tŏ the occasional sandy ridges, between which greenest meadoes gladden our eyes. Groves of oak make thêir appearance; brooks wind and sparkle among alder thickets; the lo undulations swell intŏ broad, gently rounded hills, and at last thêre is a wavy blue line along the horizon. If you ar traveling from Hannover tŏ Minden, sōme ōne will point out a notch, or gap, in that rising mountain outline, and tell you that it is the Porta Westphalica—the gateway by which the river Weser issues from the Teutoburger Forest. I had already explored nearly every nook of Middle Germany, from the Harz* tŏ the Odenwald;** yet this—the storied ground of

* *See No. 20 of* TRAVEL,—THE HARZ.
** *See No. 71 of* TRAVEL,—THE ODENWALD.

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the race—was still an unknōn region. Altho so accessible, especially from the watering-place of PYRMONT, whence any of its many points of interest may be reached in a day's drive, I found little about it in the guide-books, and less in books of travèl. Yet here, ōne may say, is the starting-point of German history. Hermann and Wittekind ar the twŏ great representativs of the race in its struggles against Roman and Christian civilization; and the fact that it adopted both the ōne and the ōther, and throu them developed intŏ its later eminence, dōes not lessen the value of those names. Indeed, the power of resistance measures the power of acceptance and assimilation.

2. It was harvest-time as I sped by rail tōards Minden, along the northern base of the mountains. Weeks of drŏut and heat had forced the fields intŏ premature ripeness, and thé lush green meadoes wer already waiting for the aftermath.[7] Soon after leaving Minden the road bends sharply southwards, and enters the Porta Westphalica—a break in the Weser mountains which is abrupt and lofty enuf tŏ possess a certain grandeur. The eastern bank rises from the water in a broken, rocky wall tŏ the hīt of near 500 feet; the western slants sufficiently tŏ allow foothold for trees, and its summit is 200 feet hīer. The latter is called "Wittekind's Mount," from a tradition that the famous Saxon king ōnce had a fortress upon it. Sōmewhêre in the valley which lies within this Westphalian Gate is the scene of the last battle between Hermann and Germanicus. Altho the field of action of both these leaders extended over the greater part of Northern Germany, the chief events which decided thêir fortunes took place within the narro circle of these mountains. I passed throu OEYNHAUSEN,—a brīt, cheerful watering-place, named after the enterprising baron whŏ drove an artesian shaft tŏ the depth of 2000 feet, and brŏt a rich saline stream tŏ the surface,—and at *Herford*, the next station, left the line of rail. I looked in vain for the

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towers of Enger, a league or so tŏ the west, whêre Wittekind died as a Christian prince, and whêre his bones still rest.[8] At Herford I took my place in the diligence for Detmold. It was a journey of 3 hours, throu a very pleasant and beautiful country, lying broad and warm in the shelter of circling mountains, vêned with clear, many-branched streams, and wooded with scattered groves of oak and beech. If thêre was any prominent feature of the scenery, as distinguished from that of other parts of Germany, it was these groves, dividing the brīt meadōes and the golden slopes of harvest, with their dark, rounded masses of foliage, as in the midland landscapes of England. The hills tŏ the south, entirely clothed with forests, increased in hīt as we folloed thêir cōurse in a parallel line, and long before we reached Detmold I saw the monument tŏ Hermann, crowning the Grotenburg, a summit more than 1000 feet above the valley. The little capital was holding its annual horse-fair, yet I had no trouble in finding lodgings at ōne of its 3 inns, and should hav thôt the streets deserted if I had not been told that thêy wer unusually lively. The principality of Lippe has a population of a little more than a 100,000, yet none of the appurtenances of a court and state ar wanting. Thêre is an old castle, a modern palace, a theatre, barracks and gōvernment buildings—not so large as in Berlin, tŏ be sure, but just as important in the eyes of the people. A stream which cōmes down from the mountains feeds a broad, still moat, encompassing 3 sides of the castle and park, beyond which the fairest meadoes stretch away tŏ the setting sun. Ducks and geese on the water, children paddling in the shalloes, cows cōming home from the pastures, and men and women carrying hay or vegetables, suggested a quiet village rather than a stately 'residenz;' but I was very careful not tŏ say so tŏ any Detmolder. The repose and seclusion of the place took hold of my fancy: I walked back and forth, throu the same streets and linden-shaded avenues in the long summer evening, finding

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idyls at every turn; but alas! thêy floated formlessly by and faded in the sunset.* [9]

3. I took with me a young gardener of the town, and we set out in the brīt, hot morning. My plan for the day embraced the monument tŏ Hermann, the conjectured field of the defeat of Varus, and the celebrated Extern Rocks. Cool paths throu groves of oak led from the town tŏ the fóot of the mountain, having reached which I took out the 'Cantor',[9] and read: "From this point tŏ the near forest the foot-path mounts by a very palpable grade, whêrefore the wanderer will find himself sōmewhat fatigued, besides suffering (frequently) from the burning rays of the sun." The fatiguing passage, nevertheless, was surmounted in ten minutes, and thenceforth we wer in the shade of the forest. At about two thirds of the hīt the path came upon a 'Hünenring,' or Druid circle, ōne of thê largest in Germany. It is nearly 500 feet in diameter, with openings on the north and south, and the walls of ruf stones ar in sōme places 20 feet hī. Large trees ar grōing upon them. Thêre was another and greater ring around the crest of the mountain, but it has been thrōn down and almost obliterated. German antiquarians deem these remains a sufficient evidence tŏ prŏve that this is the genuin *Teutoburg*,—the fortress of Teut, or Tuisco, the chief personage of the original Teutonic mythology. Thêy also derive the name of Detmold from "Tueomalle," the place of Tuet. Thêre can be no doubt as tŏ the character of the circles, or thêir great antiquity; and, moreover, tŏ locate the Teutoburg here explains the desperate resistance of the tribes of this region both tŏ Rome and tŏ Carl the Great. Near the summit I found sōme traces of the greater circle, many of the stones of which wer used, very appropriately, for the foundation of the monument tŏ Hermann. This structure stands in an open, grassy space, inclosed by a

* The reader will find charming descriptions of the town and its nêborhood in Mrs. F.. Eleanor Trollope's novel "The Sacristan's Household."

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yung grōth of fir-trees. Thirty years ago the Bavarian sculptor Von Bandel exhibited the desīgn of a statue tŏ Hermann. The idea appealed tŏ that longing for German unity the realization of which seemed then so far distant; societies wer formed, collections made, fairs held for the object, and the temple-shaped pedestal, commenced in 1841, was finished in 1846, at a cost of 40,000 thalers. But the impression has gone abroad that the strength of the winds, sweeping unchecked from the Rhein and from Norway across the Northern Sea, is so great upon this Teutoburger hīt, that the statue would probably be thrōn down, if erected. [It has since been completed.] The desīgn of the temple-base is very simple and massiv. On a circular foundation, 60 feet in diameter by 11 in hīt, stands a structure composed of 10 clustered pillars, connected by pointed arches, the outer spans of which ar cut tŏ represent stems of oak, while heavy garlands of oak-leaves ar set in the triangular interspaces. The rude beginning of Gothic art is here suggested, not as a grōth from the Byzantine and Saracenic schools, but as an autochthonous product. Over the cornice, which is 50 feet abōve the base, rises a solid hemisfere of masonry, terminating in a ring 25 feet in diameter, which is tŏ receive the metal base of the colossos. The latter will be 90 feet in hīt tŏ the point of the sword, making the entire hīt of the monument 182 feet. I mounted tŏ the summit, and looked over the tops of the forest upon a broad and beautiful panoramic ring of landscape. The well-wooded mountains of the region divided the rich valleys and harvest lands which thêy inclosed. On all sides except the west thêy melted away in the summer haze; thêre, thêy sank intŏ the tawny Westphalian plain, ōnce the land of marshes, traversed by the legions of Varus. While yonder, beyond the ring of the forest sacred tŏ Teut, the fields wer withering and the crops wasting in the sun, here thêy gave thêir fullest bounty; here the streams wer full, the meadōs green, and the land lâfed with its abundance. From this point

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I overlooked all the great battle-fields of Hermann and Wittekind. The mountains dŏ not constitute, as I had supposed, a natural stronghold; but in thêir heart lies the warmest and most fertil region of Northern Germany.[10] Leaving the monument, my path follōed the crest of the mountain for 2 or 3 miles, under a continuous roof of beech. Between the smooth, clean boles I looked down upon the hot and shining valley, whêre the leaves hung mŏtionless on the trees, but up on the shaded ridge of the hills thêre was a steady, grateful breeze. The gardener was not a very skilful guide, and brŏt me tŏ the *Winnefeld* only after a roundabout ramble. I found myself at the head of a long, bare slope, falling tŏ the southwest, whêre it terminated in 3 dells, divided by spurs of the range. The town of Lippspringe, in the distance, marked the site of the fountains mentioned by Tacitus. The Winnefeld lies on the cōurse which an army would take, marching from those springs tŏ assault the Teutoburg, and the 3 dells, wooded then as now, would offer rare chances of ambuscade and attack. Thêre is no difficulty in here locating the defeat of Varus. That the Teuton victory was not solely the result of Hermann's military skill is prŏven by the desperate bravery with which his warriors confrōnted the legions of Germanicus 5 years later.[11] I descended the bare and burning slopes of the mountain intŏ a little valley, plunged intŏ a steep forest beyond, and, after plodding wearily for an hour or more, found myself, as nearly as I could guess, on the banks of a brook which descends tŏ the town of Horn. We had not gone far, when a mass of rock, rising like a square tower above the wooded ridge tŏ the eastward, signaled our destination.

4. The *Externsteine* hav a double interest for the traveler. Thêy consist of 5 detached masses of gray sandstone, 425 feet in hīt, irregularly square in form, and with diameters varying from 30 tŏ 50 feet. Thêy ar planted on a grassy slope, across the mouth of a glen opening from the mountains. Only a few

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tuf shrubs hang from the crevices in thêir sides, but the birch-trees on the summits shoot hī intŏ the air and print thêir sprinkled leaves on the sky. The hills of the Teutoburger Forest ar rounded and cliffless, and the same formation, it is said, dōes not reappear elsewhêre. In the base of the most northern of these rocks a chapel, 36 feet long, has been hewn—but when, or by whŏm, ar matters of conjecture. Sōme very imaginativ antiquaries insist that the Romans captured by Hermann wer here sacrificed tŏ the pagan gods; others find evidence that the place was ōnce dedicated tŏ the worship of Mithras (the sun); but the work must probably be ascribed tŏ the early Teutonic Christians. The rocks ar first mentioned in a document of the year 1093. On the outer wall of the chapel thêre is a tablet of sculpture, in hī relief, 16 feet by 12, which is undoubtedly the earliest work of the kind in Germany. Its byzantine character is not tŏ be mistaken, and, judging by the early christian sculptures and mosaics in Italy, it may be as old as the ninth or tenth century. Two of the rocks may be ascended by means of winding stairways cut in thêir sides. On the summit of the first thêre is a level platform, with a stone table in the centre—probably the work of the monks, tŏ whŏm the place belonged in the Middle Ages. By climbing the central rock, and crossing a bridge tŏ the next, one reaches a second chapel, 18 feet in length, with a rock-altar at the further end. It is singular that thêre is no record of the origin of this remarkable work. We kno that the spirit of the Teutonic mythology lived long after the introduction of Christianity, and the monks may hav here found and appropriated ōne of its sacred places.

5. By the time I reached the town of HORN, a mile or so from the base of the mountains, I was too scorched and weary tŏ go further afoot. At Steinheim I dismissed the extra post, and, as the evening was so brīt and balmy, determined tŏ go another stage on foot. I had a letter tŏ a yung nobleman,

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whŏse estate lay near a village sŏme four or five miles further on the road tŏ Höxter. The small boy whŏm I took as guide was communicativ; the scenery was of the sweetest pastoral character; the mello lĭt of sunset struck athwart the golden hills of harvest, the lines of alder hedge, and the meadōs of winding streams, and I loitered along the road full of delĭt in the renewal of my old pedestrian freedom. It was dusk when I reached the village. The one cottage inn did not promise much comfort; but the baron's mansion was beyond, and I was too tired tŏ go further. The landlord was a petty magistrate, evidently ŏne of the pillars of the simple village society; and he talked well and intelligently, while his dauter cooked my supper. The bare rooms wer clean and orderly, and the nĭt was so warm that no harm was dŏne when the huge globe of feathers under which I was expected tŏ sleep rolled off the bed and lay upon the flōor until morning. Sending my letter tŏ the 'schloss', I presently received word that the young baron was absent from home, but that his mother would receive me. As I emerged from the shadōs of the narro village street intŏ the breezeless, burning air of the morning, the whole estate lay full and fair in vue—1000 acres of the finest harvest land, lying in the lap of a bŏl-shaped valley, beyond which rose a wooded mountain range. In the centre of the landscape a group of immemorial oaks and lindens hid the 'schloss' from vue, but a broad and stately linden avenue connected it with the hĭway. Thêre wer scores of reapers in the fields, and thêir dwellings, with the barns and stables, almost formed a second village. The 'schloss'—a square mass of building, with a paved court-yard in the centre—was about 300 years old; but it had risen upon the foundations of a much older edifice. The baroness met me at the door with her two dauters, and ushered me intŏ a spacious room, the cieling of which, lo and traversed by huge beams of oak, was supported by a massiv pillar in the centre. The bare oaken flōor was brĭtly polished; a gallery of ancestral

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portraits decked the walls, but the furniture was modern and luxurious. After a friendly scolding for not claiming the castle's hospitality the nīt before, õne of the dauters brôt refreshments, just as 'Burgfräulein' of the Middle Age mīt hav dõne, except that she did not taste the goblet of wine before offering it. The ladies then conducted me throu a range of apartments, every õne of whích contained sõme picturesque record of the past. The old building was pervaded with a mello atmosfere of age and use; altho it was not the original seat of the family, thêir ancestral heirlooms had adapted themselves tŏ its fysiognomy, and seemed tŏ continue its traditions. Just enuf of modern taste was visible tŏ suggest home comforts and conveniences; all else seemed as old as the Thirty Years' War. After inspecting the house, we issued upon the *plaisaunce*—a hī bosky space resting on the outer wall of the castle, and looking down upon the old moat, still partially full of water. It was a labyrinth of shady paths, of arbors, with leaf-enframed windõs opening towards the mountains, and of open, sunny spaces rich with flowers. I was obliged tŏ continue my journey, "but," urged the hostess, "you must visit my husband's brother, who is living at the old 'burg.' We will send you along." The youngest dauter made ready tŏ accompany me, and presently a līt open wagon, drawn by a span of ponies, came tŏ the door. After my yesterday's tramp in the forest it was a delītful change. The yung lady possessed as much intelligence as refinement, and with her as a guide the rich scenery throu which we passed assumed a softer life, a more gracious sentiment. From the ridge before us rose the lofty towers of a church attached tŏ an extinct monastery, the massiv buildings of which ar now but half tenanted by sõme farmers; on the rīt a warm land of grain stretched away tŏ the Teutoburger Forest; on the left, mountains clothed with beech and oak basked in the sun. We passed the monastery, crossed a wood, and dropped intŏ a wild, lonely valley amõng the hills. Here the

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Oldenburg, as it is called, already towered above us, perched upon the bluff edge of a mountain cape. It was a single square mass of the brownest masonry, 70 or 80 feet hī, with a huge, steep, and barn-like roof. It dominated alone over the beech woods; no other human habitation was in sīt.

6. Half an hour afterwards I took leave of the noble old man, with the promise—which all the battle-fields of Hermann and Wittekind would not hav suggested tŏ me—of sōme day returning tŏ the Teutoburger Forest.—Leaving the mountains behind me, I follōed a road which slōly descended tŏ the Weser throu the fairest wīnding valleys, and before sunset reached HÖXTER. A mile further, at the bend of the river, is the ancient Abbey of Corvey, whêre, in the year 1515, the first six books of the Annals of Tacitus, up tŏ that time lost, wer discōvered. The region which that great historian has alone described thus preserved and gave back tŏ the world a portion of his works.

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[1] Abridged from BYWAYS OF EUROPE: N.-Y., *G. P. Putnam's Sons*, 1869.

7. About Bückeburg the rye-fields wer full of reapers, in an almost extinct costume,—the men in heavy fur caps, loose white over-shirts, and boots reaching tŏ the knee; the women with black head-dress, bodice, and brit scarlet petticoat. These tints of white, scarlet, and black shon splendidly among the sheaves, and the pictures I saw made me keenly regret that progress has rendered mankind so commonplace in costume. When I first tramped throu Germany, in 1845, every province had its distinctiv dress, and the stamp of the country people was impressed upon the landscapes of their homes; but now a leveling wave has swept over the country, washing out all these picturesque characteristics, and leaving the universal modern commonplace in their stead. If the latter wer graceful, or cheap, or practically convenient, we mit accept the change; but it is none of these. Fashion has at last combined ugliness and discōmfort in our clothing, and the human race is satisfied.

8. Before turning aside for Detmold and the hills of the Teutoburger Forest, let me very briefly recall the career of that spiritual successor of Hermann. Nothing certain is knōn of Wittekind's descent or early history. We first hear of him as one of the leaders of the Saxons in the invasion of Westphalia, which they undertook in the year 774, while Carl the Great was occupied in subduing the Lombards. Three years later, when this mōve-

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ment was suppressed and the greater part of the Saxon chiefs took the oath of fidelity tō the Emperor at Paderborn, Wittekind fled tō the court of his brother-in-law, King Siegfried of Jutland. He returned in 778, while Carl was in Spain, driving back the Saracens, and devastated the lands of the Rhein. After carrying on the war with varying success for four years, he finally surprised and almost annihilated the Frank army at the Süntelberg, not far from Hameln, on the Weser. Enraged at his defeat, Carl took a horrible revenge; he put tō death 4500 Saxons, who wer in his hands. All the tribes rose in revolt, acknoledged Wittekind as their king, and for 3 years more continued the desperate struggle, the end of which was a compromise. Wittekind received baptism, was made duke of Saxony, and, according tō tradition, gōverned the people 20 years longer, from his seat at Enger, as a just and humane prince. Carl IV. thēre built him a monument in the year 1877.

9. Detmold is the birthplace of the poet Freiligrath, and I went into the 2 bookstores tō see if they kept his poems—which they did not. Fifty years hence, perhaps, they will have a statue of him. I found, however, a description of the Teutoburger Forest, written by the Cantor Sauerländer of Detmold—a little book which no one but a full-blooded Teuton could have written. Fatiguingly minute, conscientious tō the last degree, overflōing with love for the subject, exhaustiv on all points, whether important or not, the style—or, rather, utter lack of style—so placed the unsuspecting author before the reader's mind, that it was impossible tō mistake him,—a mild, industrious, harmless egotist, who talks on and on, and never once heeds whether you are listening tō his chatter.

10. In the nēboring hostelry thēre is a plaster model of the waiting statue. Hermann, with the winged helmet upon his head, and clad in a close leathern coat reaching nearly tō the knee, is represented as addressing his warriors. The action of the uplifted arm is good, but the left hand rests rather idly upon the shield, instead of unconsciously repeating in the grip of the fingers the energy of the rest of the figure. The face—ideal, of course—is quite as much Roman as Teuton, the nose being aquiline, the eyebrows strait, and the lips very clearly and regularly cut. Tō me the fysiognomy would indicate dark hair and beard. I found the body somewhat heavy and ungraceful; but as it was tō be seen from belo, and in very different dimensions, the effect may be all that is designed. In the Hall of Busts in the Museum of the Capitol, in Rome, thēre is a head which has recently attracted the interest of German archæologists. It stands alone among the severe Roman and the exquisitly balanced Grecian heads, like a genial fenomenon of character totally distinct from theirs. When I stood before it, I had not learned the grounds for conjecturing that it may be a portrait of him whom Tacitus calls Arminius; yet I felt that here was a hero, of whom history *must* hav some knoledge. It is certainly a blonde head, with abundant locks, a beard sprouting thinly and later than in the South, strong cheek-bones, a nose strait but not Grecian, and

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lips which somehow express good fellōship, vanity, and the habit of command. The sculptor Bandel made a great mistake in not boldly accepting the conjecture as fact, and giving Hermann this head. Dr. Emil Braun thinks that it is undoubtedly a bust of one of the yung German chiefs who wer educated at the court of Augustus; and he adds, truly, "If this can be prōven, it will be of great importance as a testimony of the intellectual development of the German race, even in those early times." Hermann, who was born in the year 16 B. C., must hav gone to Rome as a boy, during the campaigns of Drusus and Tiberius in Northern Germany. He became not only a citizen, but a Roman knit, was intrusted with the command of a German legion, and fōt in Pannonia. He acquired the latin tung, and acquainted himself with the military and civil science of the Romans. Had the wise and cautious policy of Tiberius been follōed, he mit have died as a Consul of the Empire; but the brutal rule of Varus provoked the tribes tō resistance, and Hermann became a German again. He turned against Rome the tactics he had learned in her service, enticed Varus away from the fortified line of the Rhein, across the marshes of the Lippe, and on the southern slope of the Teutoburger Forest, in a 3 day's battle fōt amid the autumn storms, annihilated the Roman army of 50,000 men. Well mit the imperial city tremble, and the old Augustus cry out tō the shade of the slain commander, "Varus, Varus, giv me back my legions!" For five years the sovranty of Hermann and the independence of his people wer not disturbed. But after the death of Augustus, (14 A. D.), Germanicus determined tō restore the prestige of the Roman Arms. In the mean time Hermann had married Thusnelda, dauter of Segestus, another chief of the Cheruski, who had reclaimed her by force in consequence of a quarrel, and was then besieged by his son-in-law. Segestus called the Romans tō his aid, and delivered Thusnelda into their hands tō grace, 2 years later, the triumf decreed tō Germanicus. Hermann, infuriated by the loss of a wife whom he lōved, summoned the tribes tō war, and the Roman commander collected an army of 80,000 men. The latter succeeded in burying the bones of Varus and his legions, and was then driven back with great loss. Returning in the year 16 with a still larger army, he met the undaunted Hermann on the Weser, near Hameln. The terrible battle fōt thêre, and a second near the Porta Westphalica, wer claimed as victories by the Romans, yet wer follōed by a retreat tō the fortresses on the Rhein. Germanicus was preparing a third campaign when he was recalled by the jealous Tiberius. The Romans never again penetrated into this part of Germany. Hermann mit hav founded a nation but for the fierce jealousy of the other chieftains of his race. He was victorious in the civil wars which ensued, but was waylaid and murdered by members of his ōn family in the year 21. His short life of 37 years is an unbroken story of heroism. Even Tacitus, tō whōm we ar indebted for these particulars, says of him: "He was undoubtedly the liberator of Germany, having dared tō grapple with the Roman power, not in its beginnings, like other kings and commanders, but

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in the maturity of its strength. He was not always victorious in battle, but in war he was never subdued. He still lives in the songs of the Barbarians, unknōn tŏ the annals of the Greeks, who admire only that which belongs tŏ themselvs—nor celebrated as he deservs by the Romans, who, in praising the olden times, neglect the events of the later years."

11. Standing upon this famous battlefield, one cannot but recall the subsequent relations of Germany and Rome, which not only determined the history of the Middle Ages, but set in action many of the forces which shape the present life of the world. The seat of power was transplanted, it was exercised by another race, but its elements wer not changed. Hermann, a knit of Rome, learned in her service how to resist her, and it was still the Roman mind which governed Italy while she was a defiant dependency of the German Empire. Carl the Great took up the uncompleted work of Germanicus, and was the true avenger of Varus after nearly 800 years. The career of Hermann, tho splendidly heroic, dōes not mark the beginning of Germany; the race began tŏ develop only after its complete subjection tŏ the laws and arts and ideas of Rome. Thus the marvelous Empire triumfed at last.

EXPLANATION OF ACCENTS :— â = a in *are* (not as in "bāre") ; ă=a in *hall* (not as in "shall") ; ã=a in *any* (not as in "ant") ; ē= e in *hear* (not as in "health" or "heârt" or "beār" or "ëarl") ; ê = e in *there* and *their* (not as in "hēre" or "wĕre") ; ī = i in *lie* (not as in "lief" or friend) ; ō = o in *four* (not as in "ōur" or "yŏur"), or in *post* (not as in "côst"), or in *bowl* (not as in "howl," or in *rove* (not as in "lōve," or "mŏve")'; ô = o in *gone* (not as in "bōne" or "ōne") ; ŏ = o in *work* (not as in "pōrk") ; ŏ = o in *do*(not as in "so"), or in "*move*" (not as in "rōve," or "lōve") ; ō = o in *one* (not as in gône.)

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ROCCABRUNA.[1]

1. On the rīt, a cream-cōlored wall, rather crumbling, and shaken by the earthquake; behind it, eucalyptus trees, with thêir brown and gray peeled stems, and drooping, tired leaves, and small white blossom-tufts, filling the air with an aromatic scent. These tower abōve the green and golden mass of orange and lemon trees, with here and thêre the long feathers of a palm, or the tall brown spike of an aloe. Behind it all, mountains and blue sky. On the left, a white, dusty road, a flat grassy space cōvered with a tangled shade of olivs; beyond them again, walled groves of oranges, the railway, flat ground with lo bushes, a few lo buildings, the blue shining sea. It was too hot, that day in early March, tŏ walk far along the road, which would have brŏt me gradually, by beautiful turns, with magnificent vues tŏ the village I wished tŏ visit. The mule-path along the mountain-side, throu the olivs, seemed tŏ promise more freshness and shade; thêrefore, on coming tŏ the end of that cream-cōlored wall, I turned off tŏ the rīt, folloed a ruf road a little way, struc intŏ ōne of the narro footpaths which cross here and thêre under the oliv shade, and soon found myself on the mule-path, tŏ begin my stony, winding way.

2. I have sōmetimes wondered whether many people feel the enchantment of a mule-path. Tŏ me, these little mountain roads, as thêy ar found on the Riviera, ar the most interesting, the most unique, the most picturesque of "ways;" and among them all, perhaps, this road up tŏ *Roquebrune*, as thêy call it nowadays, has the largest share of thêir peculiar beauty. The road itself tŏ me is beautiful. I like its uneven pavement of stones, with a lo step every 2 or 3 yards; its gradual slope

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which is not tiring; its sudden twists and turns, so cleverly made; its rocky banks, with ferns and bushes. After going steadily up sōme little way, throu varied sunshine and shado, ōne stops and turns; and at that moment the discovery is made that ōne did not half kno the beauty of MENTONE. It lies now at ōne's feet, shining red and white and many-colored among its groves of gold and silvery green. Beyond is the sea, deep brīt blue, and the purple coast-line stretches away in sunshine, first tŏ Ventimiglia, then tŏ Bordighera, glittering white on its distant point. The opposit mountain-side lies in full sunlīt, dotted over with olivs, and with the strange effect of thêir shadōs, which lies like black stains on the ground. As I climb hīer my mule-path, this vue is always behind me, with some slīt variety in its lōveliness. But with the forest of olivs on thêir lo stone terraces all round, abōve and belo the path, it is almost difficult tŏ find eyes for anything else. Thêy ar so beautiful, with thêir solemn shade, with gleams of sunlīt making way throu the maze of small, shining, gray-green leaves; with thêir dark, rugged stems, often very old and large. As far as the eye can reach, this wood extends: thêre must be thousands of trees on this mountain-side alone. But it is not ōnly still life on my mule-path. Suddenly, perhaps, round a turn in the road, a little floc of sheep cōmes hurrying suddenly down. Thêy ar very smăll, gentle creatures, with long, soft hair—it can hardly be called wool—dark brown or cream-white. Thêir wild-looking shepherd, with his dark italian face, has a polite word of greeting for the stranger as he passes. One day, ōne of these flocs was led by a tiny child, with a cropped head, a froc down tŏ his heels, and a branch of mimosa in his hand. He walked first among the sheep, thêir little white faces crowding and pushing softly round him. Then thêre ar women, in brīt handkerchiefs, picking up olivs under the trees; and ōne often meets a mule or large ass, the rītful ōner of the path, stepping down with a gingerly grace over the stones. He bears

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on his bac an immense load of stics or grass, or a little barrel of wine slung on each side; he probably has õne ear set forward, the other back, tŏ sho that no advantage must be taken of his good-nature; and he looks at the stranger with a doubtful, intelligent eye, while his master or mistress givs a friendly nod and 'bon-jour.'

3. The most picturesque part of the mule-path ends at a little platform with a tall iron cross, and a chapel of the Madonna with a grated door. Here õne can sit on the lo wall, and look bac from the beautiful road, over the soft, restful coloring of that ocean of olivs. The sun shines warmly, but a wind with a toŭch of ice in it, Riviera-fashion, cõmes stealing round the corner. Then the road goes climbing for a little way between orchard walls, and soon passes under an old white archway and out upon the terrace,—rocky wăll abõve, hanging gardens of lemons belo, which leads strait intŏ the village of Roquebrune. One has now turned õne's bac on the Mentone side, and it is hard tŏ say which vue is the most beautiful. Nothing, perhaps, can surpass the wonderful natural beauty, in form and color, of Monte Carlo and Monaco, lying like exquisit cameos on a setting of blue sea, the rich mountain-sides rising intŏ rugged crags behind them. The Tête du Chien shines softly out beyond; and õne knoes that hidden by the nearer mountain is Turbia, the Roman tower, itself like a great roc, which commands the whole coast. It may perhaps be said here that the lõveliest vue we had at all of Monte Carlo was from Turbia. We had gone intŏ clouds, and when we reached Turbia, even the tower itself was invisible in sweeping mists. But as we stood in a thic mantle of cloud, looking down tõards the sea, suddenly under a lo round arch of cloud we saw a vision of rocs, trees, shining buildings, boats with white sails,—a summer scene, in brīt sunshine, stretching out intŏ a sea as blue as heaven. We had not gône intŏ the clouds for nothing. That day, from the terrace at Roquebrune,

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Monaco and Monte-Carlo lay in a soft blue haze, which added magic tŏ thêir beauty. Nature certainly, in a rather unprincipled way, seems tŏ dŏ her best tŏ deepen the attraction of that beautiful circle of the Inferno.

4. ROQUEBRUNE itself has the same curious, narro, climbing streets as the other little towns on the Riviera. It is much larger, cleaner, and more civilised than Castellar or Gorbio; it is also much more cheerful and in the world. Thêre is a good road tŏ it from the other side, from which the village lies smiling abŏve its terraces of vines and lemons. I hav seen the church, which is really handsom, described as 'assez coquette.' Plenty of dirt and ruins, however, ar tŏ be met on the steep and arched way up tŏ the old castle, another stronghold of the Lascaris. The children whŏ went with me wer obliged tŏ giv me up at the locked door of the castle, but kindly called "Madelon," whŏ came with her key, and tramped, in a resigned, contemptuous sort of way, up steps and along ramparts. She had a conscienee, however, and led her tourist intŏ every curious corner. She was herself sŏmething of a character; she was dirty, weather-worn, and slipshod; she knitted as she walked, and her words wer few. "Jolie vue" was her hĭest term of admiration for the brilliant panorama of sea, mountains, and Monte-Carlo at her feet. She confessed that the church was 'assez bien pour le pays.'

5. In old feudal times, in wild days of Lascaris, Grimaldi, and invading Saracens, "Roccabruna" must hav been a very important fortress, small but strong. Now its roofless walls tower, rather sad and neglected, over the village which crowds close about it, and it is of no use or comfort or glory tŏ any ŏne but Madelon and her tribe of assistant guides. The distant vue is hardly more beautiful than that from the terrace belo. It seemed tŏ me that the castle had ŏnly ŏne privilege

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of its ōn, and many people would not think it worth the climb, —that is, looking down upon the roofs of the village at its feet. It was the most curious vue of roofs I had ever seen,— old, ruinous, scattered with quaint chimneys, every different color and state of red fluted tiles, stained with mosses and weather, from gray and orange tŏ scarlet and crimson. It was a very singular foreground tŏ Madelon's 'jolie vue'; but for it, ōne need hardly say, she had no eyes at all. Old women and children seemed tŏ be the chief inhabitants of Roquebrune; most of the people, no doubt, wer out working on thêir terraces, among the precious oliv and lemon crops. The narro streets wer hot and still. An hour of Roquebrune was enuf; and I presently found myself among the olivs again, going lingeringly back tŏ Mentone as I had cōme from it,—by the mule-path.

[1] From "The Spectator" (abridged) 27 April 1889.

The editor would be pleased to learn the name and address of the author of any paper in this series published anonymously.

The editor will feel indebted, also, to any one who will kindly call his attention to any article, especially in newspapers, which the writer thinks suitable for re-publication.

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LOCH MAREE.[1]

1. It seems strange that Loch Maree, which in Scotland is most justly styled the "queen of lochs," is so little knōn. Since 1877, when, as a memorial-stone records, the "Ban Righ Bhictoria"—that is tŏ say, the "She-King Victoria"—visited the peerless lake, it has becōme rather better knōn; but still the number of its visitors is smăll, when its attractions ar considered. In the present paper, an attempt is made tŏ describe the lake and its environment in such a way that the reader may form a mental picture of the scene, and be able tŏ judge of its beauty. From the map it can be seen that the eastern shore is, rufly speaking, strait; that the direction of that shore is S. E.; and that the greatest length of the lake—more than 12 miles—lies along, or close beside, that eastern or north-eastern shore. It will appear, moreover, that the loer part of the lake, for 6½ miles from the S. E. end, is a narro sheet of water varying in width from half-a-mile tŏ a mile; and that at the opposit, or N. W. end, the lake assumes a similar shape for sōmewhat less than 2 miles, tho here it is still narroer, being of a fairly even width of about half-a-mile. Of these elongated ends we shall not hav much tŏ say. The outline of the middle part may perhaps be best described by saying that the western shore is curved rufly intŏ the shape of a rather shallo sickle, the loer elongation of the lake representing the handle. From haft tŏ point this sickle measures nearly 4 miles, and the distance from the innermost part of the bīt tŏ the strait eastern shore is about 2½ miles. We will make our survey from the top of a mountain 1,100 ft. hī—Craig Tollie by name—which forms the W. or S. W. boundary of the upper of the twŏ prolongations of the lake, its S. E. side sloping down tŏ the point-end of the sickle.

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2. A noble pair of eagles, which ar not uncommon in the district, ar wheeling majestically about the crest of Craig Tollie as we approach it by a road which it is hard tŏ believe was any worse than it is now, even before it was made, for it is difficult tŏ distinguish it from the rest of the rocky moss-land round it, and when, as happens in places, the mountain-stream chooses the road for the bed of its current, the road is quite the worst walking of any part of the ground. After a steep climb of 500 or 600 feet from the road, we reach the top of Craig Tollie, and find that a single sheep is the ōnly living creature which appears besides ourselvs upon the hī plateau. The day is quite calm, and the sky is wholy overcast with hi clouds, līt-gray, and almost semi-luminous. The air is strangely clear; and the vue in every direction is indeed marvelous. Thêre is not ōnly Loch Maree stretching tŏ the S. E. for 10 miles or more, which, at a casual glance, mīt be mistaken for 3; but look whêre we wil, thêre is a grand prospect. To the S. W. ar the cloud-wrapt hils of Skye, and tŏ the N. W., across the Minch—40 miles away at least—the hī land of the Lews is plainly visible. Groups of smaller islands lie scattered hêre and thêre, and on the coast we can see 4 or 5 large arms of the sea or salt water lochs. On the mainland ar tarns and lochs of various sizes—sōme more than a mile long—and at different levels, tŏ the number—not counting every pool—of more than 50. Without reckoning each individual peak, or the very distant hils, thêre ar, between the points of N. E. and S., not less than 30 great mountains, ranging from 2,000 ft. up to 3,500 ft. in hīt. Nineteen or twenty of these ar to the west and south of the lōer half of Loch Maree—the nearest within 6 or 7 miles of our standpoint—and the slopes of sōme of them form a great part of its western shore.

3. Scotland abounds with mountains carved by Nature intŏ shapes almost more whimsical than fancy could have drawn them; but surely nowhêre can this group—the mountains of

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Torridon—be surpassed in grotesque boldness and diversification. Thêy stand thronging ōne another, but the eye can divide them intŏ several short ranks running off from the lake. "Hils peep o'er hils, and Alps on Alps arise!" Four or five ar conical—ōne seamed by a torrent's course from top to base—with outlines steep and strait, until lost tŏ sīt behind other masses. Sōme ar vast ridges, with huge pyramidal flanks. In almost all, the roc is gray and bare, and little roundness can be seen. Among such hils another Rip Van Winkle mīt carouse with a crew of goblin topers. Twŏ cataracts gleam, ōne rīt behind the other, 5 and 10 miles away, both "frozen by distance." Tŏ-day the mountains stand in sharp relief, and not a lineament of all thêir rugged visages is lost; but yesterday, vast rolling clouds, bursting with rain, enveloped them entirely, save when, now a lofty peak, now a monstrous gable, reared its solitary form above the billōs of the air in unearthly and mysterious grandeur. A range of 6 or 7 smaller mountains starts from a point about 2 miles S. W. of our station, and trends southward intŏ the midst of the others. Between this outwork and the wide portion of the lake stands a beautiful and striking hil, called Bus-beinn or Bois-beinn. About 5 miles from us it rises in craggy knolls, with steep and almost precipitous scaurs at the waterside, to a hīt of nearly 1000 feet, and stretches away for 3 miles or more without greatly exceeding this elevation—for if it did, we should not have our vue of the other mountains—and then swels intŏ a hī, round shoulder, beyond which a grassy cone, nearly 3,000 feet in hīt, forms a shapely finial to the whole. Down the side tōards us the nearer foaming cataract rushes, flōing peacefully intŏ the lake at last between green fields and a coppice of dark fir. This spot, the westernmost of the whole lake, is knōn by the name of *Slattadale*. Of the rest of the western side, not much need be said. No very striking feature appears on this shore at the lōer end of the lake, the 6 miles of narrōer water which hav been mentioned. Near

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us it is wel wooded, and the mountain-sides running down tŏ it, tho far from tame, slope more gently than most parts of the shore, and ar divided by several broad straths. Between that tract and the steep crags by Slattadale thêre is another spot, deep in the bosom of the bay, distinguished like Slattadale by wood and verdant grass. It bears the softly sounding name of Talladale. The upper, narro portion of the lakes is hidden from our vue. It is bounded on the west by the steep scaurs in which the eastern side of Craig Tollie terminates. Between Craig Tollie and Slattadale the braes sloping down to the water's-edge ar surmounted by crags rising to a hīt of 1,300 or 1,400 feet abōve the sea, curiously split up by horizontal and vertical clefts and fissures filled with herbage. The color of the braes is most peculiar. It is not green in the least, except little patches here and thêre, but orange. This orange-cōlored grass is characteristic of the region. Thus hav we accounted for the western shore. At the foot of the lake—or, more properly the head, the S. W. end—a green valley extends until our vue is blocked by the intersecting slopes of hī mountains, and beyond them the far distance also is crowned with a diadem of shadōy summits.

4. Looking now to the eastern shore, we hav a scene far different, but with no inharmonious diversity. This, which we hav hithertŏ referred tŏ as the strait side, consists of 3 hī and noble mountains. Strait indeed it is, inasmuch as throuŏût its 12 miles of length its general direction is due S. E.; but from our lofty station we see that it is traced most delicately in curving bays and rounded coves, with here a jutting cape, and thêre a frowning promontory. The line of Scott upon the hils of Yarrow which form the southern boundary of "lone St. Mary's silent lake," ar here stil more appropriate:—

> "Nor fen nor sedge
> Pollutes the clear lake's crystal edge:
> Abrupt and sheer, the mountains sink
> At once upon the level brink;
> And just a trace of silver sand
> Marks whêre the water meets the land."

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Just a truce, as at that tapering point—evidently formed of earth washed down for ages by the rain—which projects intŏ the lake at its broadest part. That half of it which lies nearest tŏ the mountain is covered with a crescent-shaped wood of firs; the other grassy half runs far intŏ the water, with concave sides blending exquisitly intŏ a glistening needle-point of sand or shingle. The verge of this deep shore, however, is in most places the bare roc, washed brīt by lapping wavelets; tho in sōme places the clif appears too deep for the formation of any water-mark broad enuf to be discerned. At the lōer part of the lake, the woods which fringe the foot of the mountains almost all seem to gro rīt down to the water's-edg; but this may be an effect of distance. But we must shun mere details, for we hav 3 big mountains to describe. The nearest of these 3 subtends our sickle. This hil is called the nearest you can get tŏ "Beinn Airidh a 'Char," for which "*Ben Arry Har*" is a convenient eufemism. Beinn Airidh a 'Char is a mass of bare roc with a peak more than 2,500 feet hī, and a number of minor pinnacles rising over its surface, like the crowded minarets of a mosque. Another freakish point about it is that its surface is so scored and corrugated, that at a distance it appears covered with wrinkles. Thêre is no wood upon its steep sides except quite at the foot, and twŏ shallo glens form the only breaks which appear in the whole of this shore. By the water-side stands the ōnly house in sīt. The second mountain is *Beinn Lair*, a great rounded mass approaching 3,000 ft. in hīt, which runs down tŏ the water from behind Beinn Airidh a 'Char, and bounds the lake for about twŏ miles belo it. Its hīest point is hidden behind the other mountains. Beyond it, completing the eastern shore, stands *Ben Slioch*. No other single object in the whole scene is so conspicuous as this majestic mountain. It rises boldly by itself, and but for sōme outlying spurs, would be completely separated from any of the others. Like sōme primeval gardian of the lake, it stands distinguished from its compeers by greater

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hīt and independent situation. Such sentinels ar found by many lakes. As Skiddaw stands by Bassenthwaite, and Ledi by Loch Vennachar, as stern Cruachan, with his double crest, keep watch and ward by the dark waters of Loch Awe, so Slioch gards by Loch Maree. Tho it was formerly supposed tŏ exceed 4,000 ft. in hīt, and tŏ be the third or fourth of British mountains, it is now ascertained to be no more than 3,200 ft. odd; but nevertheless, it has all essential attributes of dignity and grandeur. We see its total elevation at a glance, for the lake is ōnly 32 feet abŏve the sea-level. It is conical in shape, with a peak symmetrical but not acute. Its steep but flōing sides, about half-way between the summit and the foot, interrupt thêir descent to form, on the rīt, twŏ smaller peaks, and on the left a single ōne somewhat larger, after which thêy sweep gracefully down to the lōer ground. This noble mountain is green to the top, "but his brow deep scars of thunder hav intrencht." Long ruddy seams radiate from the apex, shōing whêre the roc of which it is composed has been laid bare in warfare with the elements. If we wer near enuf, we should see, mustered around the central summit and ōnly a little belo, a circlet of inferior peaks like satellites round a planet. This little bodygard consists, tŏ all appearance, of a harder roc remaining undestroyed, while that which ōnce conjoined its casques, with ōne another and with the capital crest, under ōne protecting panoply, has been gradually remŏved Such is Ben Slioch, with whŏse exalted form the circuit of the lake, in the order of our survey, is completed.

5. The colōrs of the whole scene, tho not brilliant, ar varied, and not dul. The rocs ar chiefly gray, tho reddish tints can here and thêre be seen. The water, too, is silver-gray, save where "the wild cataract leaps in glory." Just in front is rich brown peat, and further off, on the rīt, ar the warm orange undulations, flōing down tŏ the lake-side, with brīt streaks and patches of fern and green grass intermingled. Dark firs and līt

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ash-trees giv variety tŏ the green, as dŏes the short grass on the hī levels, which is of the common hue. Singular to say, we can see no heather. Several little fields of brīt yello corn at the water's edge—ōne shining like a golden tip at the extreme end of the silver lake—add a cheerful touch to the colŏring, and a charm of peacefulness,—a foil to what wer else, perhaps, too purely wild.

6. As yet we hav said nothing of the lake itself, tho thêre the eye is fascinated by a feature which confers a charm and individualty unique among the lakes of Britain. On its broad bosom is a multitude of woody ilands, of outlines most bewilderingly intricate. In length they vary from a mile tŏ ōnly 6 or 7 yards. All. or ăll save ōne or twŏ, ar in the wide portion; so close tŏgether, that in places the narro, sinuous passages which divide them ar partly hidden by the trees, so that we dŏ not always kno with certainty whether we see separate ilands or different parts of ōne. Almost ăll ar thicly or entirely covered with dark woods, tho a few ar graced with silvan lawns; and each is girdled by a margin of gray roc, brīt throu the ceaseless laving of the water. Not counting bare rocs, or every tiny ilet that supports a solitary tree, thêy number nearly 30. Crowded as thêy lie, with intertwining channels and profiles fretted into most elaborate tracery, thêy look like that paradise throu which, in "Prometheus Unbound," the enchanted boat of Asia's soul is borne:—"Elysian garden ilets," "and watery paths that wind between wildernesses calm and green." "Peopled by shapes too brīt tŏ see," we ar tempted to add also, for sŏmething as of fairyland clings round them. The eye is so beguiled and baffled by the witchery of their winding outlines, that we ar almost fain to murmur in the voice which chants in hī aerial antifony the hymn tŏ Asia's dazzling beauty:—

> "Screen 'those looks, where whŏso gazes
> Faints, entangled in their mazes'."

One image, ōne alone, arises tŏ which these clustered ilands,

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and shimmering waterways which wreathe around them, may fitly be compared. A counterpart of what we see belo may be sōmetimes seen abōve, when in calm depths of air the moon-beams bathe sōme group of stilly clouds. Sōme of these ilets ar but rocs, ăll bare and wan; sōme līt with glades of golden green; most, clothed with wood, but girt with a shining marge, lie darkling on the mere in labyrinthine contour. And like them ar the ilands of the firmament. Most, impervious tŏ the moon, ar yet embroidered with a silver edging; sōme ar in places lustrous, but with subdued and misty līt; sōme scattered flakes and spangles glo throuŏût in argent brītness.

7. It may be confidently said that of ăll whŏ soon wil seek the glories or the beauties of this land of ever-varied charm and splendor, not ōne shal see a fairer or nobler sīt than he whŏ, from such vantage-ground as ours, looks down upon this queen of lakes reposing in her peaceful majesty, her bosom decked with ilet-gems; while mīty Slioch, chief of her hauty peerage of attendant mountains, "like Teneriff or Atlas unremŏved," stands proudly at her side.

[1] From "The Spectator" (abridged) 23 July, 1887.

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APPENZELL.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.[1]

1. The traveler whŏ first reaches the lake of Constance at Lindau, or crosses that sheet of pale green water tŏ ōne of the ports on the opposit Swiss shore, cannot fail tŏ notice the bold hīts to the southward which thrust themselvs between the opening of the Rhein valley and the long, undulating ridges of the Canton Thurgau. These hīts, broken by many a dimly hinted valley and ravîne, appear to be the front of an Alpine tableland. Houses and villages, scattered over the steep ascending plane, present themselvs distinctly tŏ the eye; the various green of forest and pasture land is rarely interrupted by the gray of rocky walls: and the afternoon sun touches the topmost edg of each successiv elevation with a sharp outline of golden līt throu the rich gloom of the shaded slopes. Behind and over this region rise the serrated peaks of the Sentis Alp, standing in advance of the farther ice-fields of Glarus, like an outer fortress, garrisoned in summer by the merest forlorn hope of sno. The green fronts nearest the lake, and the lōer lands falling away to the rīt and left, belong to the Canton of St. Gallen: but all aloft, beyond that frontier, marked by the sinking sun, lies the *Appenzeller Landli*, as it is called in the endearing diminutive of the swiss-german tung,—the Little Land of Appenzell.

2. If, leaving the lake of Constance by the Rhein valley, you ascend tŏ Ragatz and the Baths of Pfeffers, thence turn westward tŏ the lake of Wallenstatt, cross intŏ the valley of the Toggenburg, and so make your way northward and eastward around the base of the mountains back tŏ the starting point, you wil hav passed ōnly throu the territory of St. Gallen.

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Appenzell is an Alpine island, wholy surrounded by the former canton. From whatever side you approach, you must climb in order tŏ get intŏ it. It is a nearly circular tract, falling from the south tōards the north, but lifted, at almost every point, over the adjoining lands. This altitude and isolation is an historical as well as a fysical peculiarity. When the abbots of St. Gallen, after having reduced the entire population of what is now twŏ cantons to serfdom, became more oppressiv as thêir power increased, it was the mountain shepherds whŏ, in the year 1403, struc the first blo for liberty. Once free, thêy kept thêir freedom, and established a rude democracy, similar in form and spirit tŏ the league which the Forest Cantons had founded nearly a century before.[10] An echo from the meado of Grütli reached the wild valleys around the Sentis, and Appenzell, by the middle of the 15th century, became ōne of the original states out of which Switzerland has grōn. Twice had I looked up tŏ the little mountain republic from the lōer lands tŏ the northward, with the desire and the determination to climb ōne day the green buttresses which support it on every side; so, when I left St. Gallen on a misty morning, in a little open carriage, bound for Trogen, it was with the pleasant knoledg that a land almost unknōn tŏ tourists lay before me. The only summer visitors ar invalids, mostly from eastern Switzerland and Germany, whŏ go tŏ drink the whey of goat's milk; and, altho the fabrics woven by the people ar knōn tŏ the world of fashion in all countries, few indeed ar the travelers whŏ turn aside from the near hīways. The landlord in St. Gallen told me that his guests wer almost wholy commercial travelers, and my subsequent experience among an unspoiled people convinced me that I was almost a pioneer in the paths I traversed.

3. It was the last of April, at least a month too soon for the proper enjoyment of the journey. In the rich valley of St. Gallen, out of which we mounted, the scattered houses and cloud-like belts of blossoming cherry-trees almost hid the green;

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but it sloped up and down, on either side of the rising road, glittering with flowers and dew, in the flying gleams of sunshine. Over us hung masses of gray cloud, which stretched across the valley, hooded the opposit hils, and sank intŏ a dense mass over the Lake of Constance. As we passed throu this belt, and rejoiced in the grŏing clearness of the upper sky, I saw that my only prospect would be in cloud-land. After many windings, along which the blossoms and buds of the fruit-trees indicated the altitude as exactly as any barometer, we finally reached the crest of the top-most hīt, the frontier of Appenzell and the battle-field of Vöglisegg, whêre the herdsman first measured his strength with the soldier and the monk, and was victorious. I rose and looked to the north. Seen from abŏve, the mist had gathered intŏ dense, rounded clouds, touched with silver on thêir upper edges. Thêy hung over the lake, rolling intŏ every bay and spreading from shore tŏ shore, so that not a gleam of water was visible; but over thêir heaving and tossing silence rose, far away, the mountains of the four German states beyond the lake. An Alp in Vorarlberg made a shining iland in the sky. The postilion was loud in his regrets, yet I thôt the picture best as it was. On the rīt lay the land of Appenzell—not a table-land, but a region of mŏuntain ridg and summit, of valley and deep, dark gorge, green as emerald up tŏ the line of sno, and so thicly studded with dwellings, grouped or isolated, that thêre seemed to be ŏne scattered village as far as the eye could reach. To the south, over forests of fir, the Sentis lifted his huge towers of roc, crowned with white, wintry pyramids.

4. I looked, involuntarily, tŏ find sŏme difference in the population after passing the frontier. But I had not counted upon the leveling influence which the same kind of labor exercises, whether upon mountain or in valley. So long as Appenzell was a land of herdsmen, many peculiarities of costume, features, and manners must hav remained. For a long time, however, Outer-Rhoden, as this part of the Canton is called, has shared

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with that part of St. Gallen which lies belo it the manufacture of fine muslins and embroideries. Thêre ar looms in almost every house, and this fact explains the density of population and the signs of wealth on every hand, which would ōtherwise puzzle the stranger. The houses ar not ōnly so near tŏgether that every man can call tŏ his nêbors and be heard, but thêy ar large, stately, and even luxurious, in contrast tŏ the dwellings of other country people in Europe. The average population of Outer-Rhoden amounts tŏ 475 persons tŏ the square mile, being nearly double that of the most thicly settled portions of Holland. If ōne could only transport a few of these houses tŏ the United States! Our country architecture is not only hideous, but frequently unpractical, being at worst shanties, and at best city dwellings set in the fields. An Appenzell farmer livs in a house from 40 tŏ 60 feet square, and rarely less than 4 stories in hīt. The twŏ upper stories, however, ar narrōed by the hī, steep roof, so that the true front of the house is ōne of the gables. The roof projects at least 4 feet on all sides, giving shelter to balconies of carved wood, which cross the front under each ro of windōs. The outer walls ar covered with uprīt, overlapping shingles, not more than 2 or 3 inches broad, and rounded at the ends, suggesting the scale armor of ancient times. This covering secures the greatest warmth; and when the shingles hav acquired from age that rich burnt-sienna tint which no paint could exactly imitate, the effect is exceedingly beautiful. The lōest story is generally of stone, plastered and whitewashed. The stories ar lo (7 or 8 feet) but the windōs ar placed side by side, and each room is thōroly līted. Such a house is very warm, very durable, and, without any apparent expenditure of ornament, is externally so picturesque that no ornament could improve it. Many of the dwellings, I was told, could not be built with the present means of the population, at the present prices of labor and material. Thêy date from the palmy days of Appenzell industry, before machinery had re-

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duced the cost of finer fabrics. Then, ōne successful manufacturer competed with another in the erection of shōy houses, and 50,000 francs (a large sum for the times) was frequently expended on a single dwelling. The vue of a broad Alpine landscape, dotted all over with such beautiful homes, from the little shelf of green hanging on the sides of a rocky gorge and the strips of sunny pasture between the ascending forests, tŏ the very summits of the lōer hīts and the saddles between them, was sōmething quite new in my experience.

5. Turning around the point of Vöglisegg, we made for Trogen, ōne of the twŏ capitals of Outer-Rhoden, which lay belo us, across the head of the deep and wild St. Martin's Tobel. ('Tobel' is an Appenzell word, corresponding precisely tŏ the 'gulch' of California.) My postilion mounted, and the breathed horse trotted merrily along the winding level. One stately house after another, with a clump of fruit-trees on the sheltered side, and a ro of blooming hyacinths and wall-flowers on the balcony, passed by on either side. The people we met wer sunburnt and ugly, but thêre was a ruf air of self-reliance about them, and thêy gave me a hearty "God greet you!" ōne and all. At *Trogen*, I stopped at the principal inn, twŏ centuries old, the quaint front painted in fresco, the interior neat and fresh as a new toy—a very gem of a house! The flōor upon which I entered from the street was paved with flat stones. A solid wooden staircase, dark with age, led tŏ the guests' room in the second story. One side of this room was given up tŏ the windōs, and thêre was a charming hexagon oriel in the corner. The lo cieling was of wood, in panels, the stove a massive tower, faced with porcelain tiles, the flōor polished nearly intŏ whiteness, and all the dōors, cup-boards, and tables, made of brown nut-wood, gave an air of warmth and elegance to the apartment.

6. The hostess provided me with a guide and pac-bearer, and I set out on foot across the country tōards Hundwyl. We

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walked twŏ miles tŏgether before I guessed how to unravel the guide's speech. It is almost as difficult to learn a dialect as a new language, and but for the key which the Alemannic gave me, I should have been utterly at sea. The road was lively with country people, many of whom wer traveling in our direction. Those we met invariably addressed us with "God greet you!" or "*Guatti!*" which it was easy tŏ translate intŏ "Good-day!" Sōme of the men wer brilliant in scarlet jackets, with double rōs of square silver buttons, and carried swords under thêir arms; thêy wer bound for the 'Landsgemeinde,' whither the law of the Middle Age stil obliges them tŏ go armed. The wild 'Tobel', opening downward tŏ the Lake of Constance, which now shimmered afar throu the gaps, wer left behind us, and we passed westward along a broken, irregular valley. The vivid turf was sōn with all the flowers of spring,—primrose, violet, buttercup, anemone and veronica,—faint, but sweetest-odored, and the heralds of spring in all lands. So I gave little heed tŏ the weird lines of cloud, twisting throu and between the severed pyramids of the Sentis, as if weaving the woof of storms. The scenery was entirely lōvely, and so novel in its population and the labor which, in the long course of time, had effaced its ōn hard traces, turning the mountains intŏ lifted lawns and parks of human delīt, that my slo feet carried me throu it too rapidly. We must hav passed a slīt water-shed sōmewhêre, tho I observed nōne; for the road gradually fel tōards another region of deeply cloven 'Tobels', with snōy mountains beyond. The green of the landscape was so brilliant and uniform, under the cold gray sky, that it almost destroyed the perspectiv, which rather depended on the houses and the scattered woods of fir. On a ridg, overlooking all this region, was the large village of *Teufen*, nearly as grand as Trogen in its architecture. Here the large and handsom houses, the church and schools, led me, foolishly, tŏ hope for a less barbarous dialect; but no, it was the same thing everywhêre. I feared that the little village of

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Hundwyl would be crowded. But thêre was stil time tŏ claim private hospitality, even if this should be the case, so we marched steadily down the valley. The Sitter, a stream fed by the Sentis, now roared belo us, between hī, rocky walls, which ar spanned by an iron bridg, 200 feet abōve the water. The roads of Outer-Rhoden, built and kept in order by the people, ar most admirable. This little population of 48,000 souls has within the last 15 years expended $700,000 on means of communication. Since the people govern themselves, and regulate thêir expenses, and consequently thêir taxation, thêir willingness to bear such a burden is a lesson to other lands. After crossing the airy bridg, our road climbed along the opposit side of the Tobel, tŏ a ridg thrust out from the foot of the Hundwyl Alp, beyond which we lost sīt of Teufen and the beautiful valley of the Sitter. We wer now in the valley of the Urnäsch, and a walk of twŏ miles brôt us tŏ the village of Hundwyl.

7. Taking a weaver of the place as guide, I set off early the next morning for the village of Appenzell, the capital of Inner-Rhoden. The way led me bac intŏ the valley of the Sitter, thence up tōards the Sentis Alp, winding around and over a multitude of hils. The same smooth, even, velvety carpet of grass was spread upon the landscape, covering every undulation of the surface, except whêre the rocs had frayed themselvs throu. Thêre is no greener land upon the earth. The grass, from centuries of cultivation, has become so rich and nutritious, that the inhabitants can no longer spare even a little patch of ground for a vegetable garden, for the reason that the same space produces more profit in hay. The green cōmes up tŏ thêir very dōors, and thêy grudg even the foot-paths which connect them with thêir nêbors. Thêir vegetables ar brôt up from the lōer valleys of Thurgau. The first mōing had begun at the time of my visit, and the farmers wer employing irrigation and manure tŏ bring on the second crop. By this means thêy are enabled tŏ mo the same fields every 5 or 6 weeks. The

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process gives the whole region a smoothness, a mello splendor of colŏr, such as I never saw elsewhêre, not even in England. A walk of twŏ hours throu such scenery brŏt me out of the Sitter Tobel, and in sīt of the little Alpine basin in which lies Appenzell. It was raining slōly and dismally, and the broken, sno-crowned peaks of the Kamor and the Hohe Kasten stood like livid spectres of mountains against the stormy sky. I made haste tŏ reach the compact, picturesque little town, and shelter myself in an inn. Out of the bac windo I looked for the shattered summits of the Sentis, which rise 5,000 feet abŏve the valley, but thêy wer invisible. The vertical walls of the Ebenalp, in which ar the grotto and chapel of Wildkirchli, towered over the nearer hils, and I saw with regret that thêy wer stil abŏve the sno line. It was impossible tŏ penetrate much further without better weather; but I decided, while enjoying my trout, tŏ make another trial—tŏ take the road tŏ Urnäsch, and thence pass westward intŏ the renowned valley of the Toggenburg.[11]

8. In the afternoon I set out for Urnäsch, with a brīt boy as guide. Hot gleams of sunshine now and then struc like fire across the green mountains, and the Sentis partly unvailed his stubborn forehead of roc. Behind him, however, lōered inky thunder-clouds, and long before the afternoon's journey was made it was raining belō and snōing aloft. The scenery grew more broken and abrupt the further I penetrated intŏ the country, but it was everywhêre as thicly peopled and as wonderfully cultivated. At *Gonten*, thêre is a large building for the whêy-cure of overfed people of the world. A great many such, I was told, come to Appenzell for the summer. Many of the persons we met not only said, "God greet you!" but immediately added, "Adieu!"—like the *salve et vale!* of classical times. Beyond Gonten the road dropped intŏ a wild ravîne, the continual windings of which rendered it very attractiv. I found enuf tŏ admire in every farm-house by the way-side, with its warm wood-colŏr, its quaint projecting balconies, and coat of shingle

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mail. When the ravîne opened, and the deep valley of Urnäsch, before me, appeared between cloven hĭts of sno, disclosing 6 or 8 square miles of perfect emerald, over which the village is scattered, I was fully repaid for having pressed farther intŏ the heart of the land. Thêre wer stil twŏ hours until nĭt, and I mĭt hav gône on tŏ the Rossfall,—a cascade 3 or 4 miles hĭer up the valley,—but the clouds wer threatening, and the distant mountain-sides already dim under the rain. At the inn I found several herdsmen and mechanics, each with a bottle of Rheinthaler wine before him. In order tŏ reach the Toggenburg, thêy said, I must go over the Krätzernwald. But tŏ cross the Krätzernwald without a guide,—never! For twŏ hours you wer in a wild forest, not a house, nor even a 'Sennhütt' (herdsman's cabin) tŏ be seen, and no proper path, but a clambering hither and thither, in sno and mud. But all nĭt the rain beat against my chamber windo, and in the morning the loer slopes on the mountains wer gray with new sno. In such weather the scenery is not only shrouded, but the people ar shut in thêir homes,—whêrefore further travel would not hav been repaid. I had already seen the greater part of the little land, and so gave up my thwarted plans the more cheerfully. When the post-omnibus for Herisau came tŏ the inn door, I took my seat thêrein, saying, like Schiller's "Sennbub'," "Ihr Matten, lebt wohl! ihr sonnige Weiden!"

9. The country became softer and lŏvelier as the road gradually fell tōards Herisau, which is the richest and stateliest town of the Canton. I saw little of it, for we had brŏt the Alpine weather with us. The architecture of the place, nevertheless, is charming, the town being composed of country-houses, balconied and shingled, and set down tŏgether in the most irregular way, every street shooting off at a different angle. A mile beyond, I reached the edg of the mountain region, and again looked down upon the prosperous valley of St. Gallen. Belo me was the railway, and as I sped tōards

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Zürich that afternoon, the top of Sentis, piercing throu a mass of dark rain-clouds, was my last glimps of Appenzell.

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[1]From BYWAYS OF EUROPE (abridged) N.-Y., *G. P. Putnam's Sons*, 1869.

10. I find sōmething very touching and admirable in this fragment of hardly noticed history. The people isolated themselvs, held together, organized a simple yet sufficient government, and maintained thêir sturdy independence, whjle thêir brethren on every side, in the richer lands belo them, wer fast bound in the gyves of a priestly despotism. Individual liberty seems tō be a condition inseparable from mountain life; that ōnce attained, all other influences ar conservativ in their character. The cantons of Underwalden, Schwyz, Glarus, and Appenzell retain to-day the simple, primitiv forms of democracy which had thêir origin in the spirit of the people nearly 600 years ago.

11. The people of Inner-Rhoden ar the most picturesque of the Appenzellers. The men wear a round skull-cap of leather, sometimes brilliantly embroidered, a jacket of coarse drilling, drawn on over the head, and occasionally knee-breeches. Early in May the herdsmen leave thêir winter homes in the valleys and go with thêir cattle tō the Matten, or lofty mountain pastures. The most intelligent cows, selected as leaders for the herd, march in advance, with enormous bells, sōmetimes a foot in diameter, suspended tō thêir necks by bands of embroidered leather; then follo the others, and the bull, whō, singularly enuf, carries the milking pail, garlanded with flowers, between his horns, brings up the rear. The Alpadores ar in thêir finest Sunday costume, and the sound of yodel-songs—the very voice of Alpine landscapes—echoes from every hil. Such a picture as this, under the cloudless blue of a fortunate May day, makes the heart of the Appenzeller lit. He goes joyously up tō his summer labor, and makes his herb-cheese on the hits, while his wife weaves and embroiders muslins in the valley until his return.

The editor would be pleased to learn the name and address of the author of any paper in this series published anonymously.

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SAINT-PAUL DU VAR.[1]

1. Among the hil-towns of the Riviera, nōne is more curious in itself, and beautiful in its surrounding, than Saint-Paul du Var. It stands very hī, very near the mountains, between the valleys of the Loup and the Var, but can be easily approached by road either from Cannes, Antibes, or Nice. Driving from Antibes, we cross the flat country, the plain of the Brague, with that unmatched vue of sea and sno-mountains, which almost, tŏ my mind, makes Antibes* the most beautiful spot on the Riviera. Then, not long before reaching the little station of Vence-Cagnes, we turn intŏ the valley, and go gradually climbing intŏ the hil-country. These great winding valleys ar wonderfully grand; the forms of the ground, its sweeping curvs, the mountain-spurs which advance intŏ them, the sudden corners from which sōme glorious mountain-vue breaks in upon us, sno and purple crags, the wide slopes rich with vines and olivs, and all rose-pink with almond-blossoms; here and thêre a river loitering down its gray, stony bed, the look of which is enuf tŏ suggest those torrents which sōmetimes sweep away bridges and men's lives in thêir wild fury; and far away, backed by the mountains, standing forward proudly on what it seems stil tŏ think its ōn impregnable roc, such a place as Saint-Paul,—houses crowded, church-tower rising hī abōve them, strong walls of defense all round. One has seen such little hil-towns in the bacground of old italian pictures, with a tall line of cypresses, perhaps, thêir stif gray stems and pointed foliage in themselvs the making of a picture. These landscapes, the landscapes of the old painters, whŏ drew Nature as thêy saw her, becōme familiar tŏ ōne's eyes on the Riviera. It

* *See No. 74 of* TRAVEL:—"CAP D'ANTIBES."

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is rather like making acquaintance with a real person whŏse portrait ōne has long knōn, and finding him or her even more striking, more engaging, than the most literal portrait.

2. It is not very long after leaving the hī-road that ōne catches the first glimps of Saint-Paul, very far off, standing out yello and gray against its bacground of mountains, the nearer range purple, washed with rose, the farther, dazzling sno. Long before it cōmes intŏ sīt again, we cross the Loup by a smart new bridge; the old ōne was washed away by the torrent sōme years ago. Then we pass under the picturesque little town and old château of Villeneuve-Loubet, with a curious tower built by Saracen prisoners. This was the castle of Romée de Villeneuve, Dante's pilgrim Romeo, and for several hundred years ōne of the strongholds of the great Villeneuve family, stil surviving in Provence. It afterwards belonged tŏ the equally famous Lascaris, and it was ōne of thêir descendants whò lent it tŏ François I.

3. Saint-Paul lies thêre on its roc in the sunshine, and the beauty of its situation strikes us with wonder as we cōme slōly climbing nearer it. After passing throu the village of La Colle, we cross a broad valley, between rich fields of olivs, long grass, vines, figs, almonds, and vegetables, with the mountains towering on ōur left. Then, turning tŏ the rīt, we pass under sōme trees, with stone benches, a sort of boulevard under the walls, and find ourselvs at the gate of the little fortified town. Thêre is no ōne tŏ dispute ōur entrance now. Under heavy archways, throu a sort of winding passage, whêre gates and portcullises ōnce wer, we walked quietly intŏ the deserted place. It seems as if no ōne had touched Saint-Paul since its last siege, or since its great families went away. The old circling walls remain the same, hardly even ruinous; thêy wer built by Mandon in the time of François I. Saint-Paul has never spread outside the walls, and is not likely tŏ dŏ so now, for its great days ar past, the days in which the seneschals

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of Provence lived thêre. It is almost too remote now tŏ rise again; its few inhabitants liv on the produce of thêir fields, and probably dŏ not care very much about the unique beauty of thêir strange qld town; but in saying this, I remember sŏmething which proves the contrary, at least in ŏne instance. After all, it is not ōnly strangers and foreiners whŏ go away with Saint-Paul 'a la tête.' We walked throu several narro old streets and lanes of hī, dark houses, and past a picturesque well, and found our way intŏ the church, which is really fine, and very clean and well kept, like all the churches in this country. Cŏming out intŏ the sunshine again, the stil sunshine and dark shadōs of the street, we saw a woman standing at a house-door. I mention this, becaus she was the ōnly living thing we had yet seen in Saint-Paul, except a lōnely hen pecking near the gateway, and a cat which ran away from us up a dark passage. Afterwards we met a man, whŏ looked at us in surprise. But certainly at first, it seemed as if the people of Saint-Paul had all hidden themselvs, or rather, gŏne away altŏgether; for the place was utterly stil, and felt as lonely as it looked. The main street leads strait from the church, throu the middle of the little town, down tŏ the ramparts on the south side, whêre thêre is now another gate, leading down intŏ the valley tōards the sea. We did not go that way, but wandered round tŏ the eastern ramparts, and walked sloly along them, every moment more struc with the singular beauty of the place. A narro, stony, and rather dangerous path led along close tŏ the top of the walls, over which we looked down intŏ a ravîne full of orange and oliv trees. Beyond and behind it rose the mountain-range; here and thêre a village, with its tall campanile, niched in under sŏme crag. Tŏ the rīt, the narro road which circles the town divided us from gardens full of orange-trees, golden with fruit—the oranges about here ar celebrated;—beyond these, again, rose the hī houses of the town and its church-tower.

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4. Follōing ōur little path round the walls, we came at last tŏ the south-east corner of the ramparts, whêre an old woman in a shady hat, with a quaint, ugly, intelligent face, was standing, eating oranges, and looking at the vue. Her clothes wer old and poor, but the amiable dignity of her manners seemed tŏ sho that she was a person of sōme note in Saint-Paul. We stood thêre with her, talking, for a long time. The sun was hot; the oranges which she kindly offered us wer sōur; but the freshness, purity, and life of the mountain air we breathed wer wonderful, and the vues wer glorious, whether we turned round tŏ look at the shadōs on the mountains, the glitter of the sno, the splendid sweep of the range away tōards Grasse and the west, or gazed down tŏ the sea, over the ravînes and rocs belo Saint-Paul, over the rich valleys, pink and shining in the sunshine, broken by hils and by towers, throu which the little rivers run and join, tŏ the blue, brīt horizon of sea and sky, Antibes glittering white, away tŏ the south-west. The extraordinary peace and stilness, the distance, as it seemed, from the world, of this strange little town and magnificent landscape, made an impression that ōne is not likely tŏ forget. Our old friend presently told us that she was a native of Saint-Paul, but her husband had been a 'gendarme,' and thêy had lived at Marseille. "Mais j'avais toujours Saint-Paul à la tête:" and so, when it was possible, she had cōme bac tŏ her old home. And then she pointed down tŏ a little walled square under the ramparts whêre we wer standing,—the cemetery of Saint-Paul, with its rōs of wooden crosses, and bead-wreaths, and a little new chapel which was building. She explained tŏ us the exact spot whêre she was tŏ be buried, looking gravely down, and saying, "Faut penser ă l'éternité." And we could hardly imagin a more beautiful place of repose. When we had left her, and had gône throu the town again, and lingered on the ramparts on the other side, and then reluctantly made ōur way bac throu the gateway again, we at last saw the population

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of Saint-Paul. For sŏme time we heard a drum beating in the distance; we now found a cheap-jac's cart drawn up on the boulevard, and a lively sale going on in the middle of a crowd of dark, good-tempered-looking men and women. The hoarse shrieks of the seller, the rattle now and then of the drum, pursued us intŏ the valley as we left Saint-Paul behind us. But when we look bac tŏ that day, the cheap-jac's clatter and crowd seem tŏ fade away intŏ nothing; the ōne living figure of Saint-Paul, for us, is ōne old woman standing on the wall, in brīt sunshine and clear air, with that splendid landscape round her, eating oranges, and thinking of eternity.

[1] From "The Spectator", (abridged) 1 June 1889.

EXPLANATION OF ACCENTS :— â = a in *are* (not as in "bāre") ; ă = a in *hall* (not as in "shall") ; ã = a in *any* (not as in "ant") ; ē = e in *hear* (not as in "health" or "heârt" or "beār" or "ëarl") ; ê = e in *there* and *their* (not as in "hēre" or "wëre") ; ī = i in *lie* (not as in "lief" or friend) ; ō = o in *four* (not as in "ōur" or "yŏur"), or in *post* (not as in "côst"), or in *bowl* (not as in "howl," or in *rove* (not as in "lōve," or "mŏve")' ; ô = o in *gone* (not as in "bōne" or "ōne") ; ö = o in *work* (not as in "pōrk") ; ŏ = o in *do* (not as in "so"), or in "*move*" (not as in "rōve," or "lōve") ; ō = o in *one* (not as in gône.)

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THE CHATEAUX OF TOURAINE.

1. Thêre is no province of France fuller of fine and curious old houses, of ghosts, legends, and old family traditions, than Anjou; bŭt perhaps, tŏ a foreiner, any deep interest in these things is what ōne may call an acquired taste. You must liv a certain time within the old white walls 3 yards thic, you must lōve the voice of frogs and owls, you must breathe the pure simple air, must lay aside your teutonic searchings of heart, must belleve what is told you, lâf, be filosofical, accept a civilisation which is in sōme ways oddly different from yours,—all this before the old french spirit, stil alive in those sun-baked, tapestried châteaux, those white villages among the woods, along by the little rivers, whêre the trembling poplars shed on grass and water thêir downy blossoms like a shower of sno, can lay hold on you with its indescribable charm. Stil, with all opportunities, the lōve of Anjou will never be an universal sentiment. Most people like deeper colors, broader outlines, finer architecture, real history; and all these thêy can find in Anjou's very distinguished sister-province, Touraine.

2. From thêir beauty, splendor, and historical interest, and from the people whŏ lived in them, thêre is not a more remarkable group in France than the five châteaux lying east of Tours, near the Loire,—Chenonceaux, Amboise, Chaumont, Blois, Chambord. French people visit them constantly; in the train, in the little country omnibus, on the sunny roads, in the grand, gloomy old rooms, you meet cheerful family parties, father, mother, and children, with round straw hats,—brown, agreeable faces,—and large bunches of wildflowers in thêir hands. I dŏ not kno whether english travelers ar pleased tŏ despise them; but certainly I met no English during the few days I spent

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among them. And even of the Frenca thêre wer comparativly few, not enuf tŏ disturb the strange atmosfere of silence and loneliness which now surrounds these old royal houses, once built, and lōved, and lived in by sōme of the most brilliant people in Europe.

3. Thêre is sōmething mysterious in the beauty of CHENONCEAUX; it is like a fairy palace, a place seen in a dream. It is so unique, that Queen Catherine de' Medici's great fancy for it dōes not seem strange. Chaumont, which she gave tŏ the duchess of Valentinois in a forced exchange for it, is a much more ordinary sort of castle; tho, for me, I should rather hav Chaumont, which has more human associations. Chenonceaux is a hidden place; tho the old village, with its dark climbing roofs and brīt flowers, must always hav been near it, thêre is no friendliness, no lordliness even, in the attitude of château tŏ village. It is the beautiful house of an enchanter, of a witch, of a bad fairy,—certainly it was in the days of Catherine. One fancies that even tŏ this day the villagers may be a little shy of going down that avenue, of passing the tremendous pride and scorn of those twŏ Sphinxes whŏ gard the entrance tŏ the 'cour d'honneur.' And yet the sun is shining over the broad space of glōing gravel, the great stif garden on the left is full of roses, and the palace seems tŏ smile as it frōnts you, white and gray, with its beautiful windōs, and all its turrets and chimney-tops crowned with a gilded flourish of vanes. It dōes not stand on dry ground, this fairy building; the River Cher floes under it, round it, ripples about its feet for ever; a peacefully flōing river, with green ilands here and thêre, and great trees on the farther bank, tŏ which thêre is no bridge but the château itself. For nearly 400 years now, the Cher has reflected those walls and turrets and windōs, and the strange contrasts of men and women whŏ hav lived thêre. Before those days, the river, so much older than all, reflected ōnly a mil. But the mil, and the estate, and an old manor

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hard by, fel intŏ the hands of ōne Thomas Bohier in 1496, and he, whŏ must hav been a man of imagination, built this splendid house on the foundations of the mil. He no doubt dreamed of founding a family; but the son whŏ succeeded him, and for whŏm he may hav meant the device, 'S'il vient à point, me souviendra,' did not keep his remembrance long, but became bankrupt—the Bohiers wer Norman tax-collectors—and in this way Chenonceaux passed intŏ the hands of François I., whŏ made a very splendid hunting-box of it. With Henri II. began its days of greater splendor, as the home of Diane de Poitiers, whŏ played very much with her new toy, and built the wonderful bridge which connects the great 'pavillon' with the other bank of the Cher. Then came dark days, splendid stil, but with witchcraft and cruelty added tŏ other wickedness, when Catherine drove out Diane and lived in her house. Even now her portrait looks down with a sort of cold triumf; it is a pale, refined, sly, cruel face. One feels as if a better time for Chenonceaux may hav been its ōnership by Louise de Vaudemont, whŏ mōrned here for her murdered husband, Henri III. And then, in later days, its associations ar more brilliant, tho not exactly charming. One can picture pretty wel what Mr. and Mrs. Dupin wer, amiable 'filosofes,' entertainers of Rousseau, Voltaire, Bolingbroke, and so on. Chenonceaux has never been a hī or a holy place; its associations ar not exactly sweet, at any time of its history, tho brilliant with all the attraction that each age could giv. Mrs. Dupin, thēy say, was spared by the Revolution, which demanded of her, then a very old woman, ōnly tŏ burn sōme deeds and pictures rather too aristocratic. Very nice of the Revolution; and Mrs. Dupin was no doubt a most agreeable and delītful person. But I, cōming from Anjou, hav learnt tŏ lōve the old ladies whŏ wer guillotined. Mrs. Pelouze, the ōner of Chenonceaux, has restored it within and without; the rooms ar magnificently arranged, in "style Louis Treize," &c. I rather think that

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the great taste and knoledge of Mr. Charton, whŏ has beautified so many of the Anjou châteaux, hav been at work here too. But its outside beauty is, perhaps, the most impressiv thing about Chenonceaux. When I was thêre, nobody was at home, nobody mŏving about the place. A country-woman, in her blue gown and white cap, mīt cross the court with a basket; but her steps died away, and then thêre was no sound, except the gentle splash of the river against those great old piers, and the distant rustling of the tăll trees in the avenue. I stood on the terrace looking for a long time, til I went slōly bac tŏ breakfast at "Le Bon Laboureur," in the midst of pottery and fotografs and flowers. Then I very nearly rushed bac down the avenue again, at the risk of missing my train, tŏ make quite sure that I had not been dreaming ăll the morning, and that the Château de Chenonceaux was real.

4. CHAUMONT, the exchange for Chenonceaux, older than it by 400 years, is a contrast tŏ it in every way. Not possessing its singular beauty, not suggestiv of magic or wickedness, tho Catherine's cabalistic signs ar tŏ be seen everywhêre, and her astrologer, Ruggieri, lived and worked in ōne of those round towers. Her bed-curtains, stripes of oliv-green velvet and faded silk embroidery,—her 'prie-Dieu,' her 'livre d'heures,' her candlestic, and many other relics, hav probably always been at Chaumont; and the old rooms, rugged, ancient, hung with Beauvais tapestry, and flōored with dark, glazed tiles, hav been arranged with a taste, a vraisemblance, which, tŏ my mind, surpasses the splendid restoration of Chenonceaux. Here you hav not the reproduction of the old, but the old itself,—rusty, worn, threadbare, and real. Diane's portrait smiles from the wall of her room. She dōes not look as if she hated Chaumont; tho any ōne whŏ lōved Chenonceaux must hav found it, as a building, a sōmewhat dismal exchange. As a building ōnly; for the situation of Chaumont is magnificent. It stands hī abōve the Loire, with its village about its feet, and

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from a distance looks truly majestic and royal. It is not very easy tŏ visit, being more than half-an-hour's walk from the little Onzain Station, on the line between Amboise and Blois. And walk you must, for thêre is no omnibus or conveyance tŏ take you. Perhaps the afternoon sun is blazing down, that June day, on the long road which leads tŏ the Loire. But the poplars giv a little shade, strait and tăll as thêy ar, and thêre is a pleasant green roadside tŏ walk on, and in ponds and marshy places belo the road, intersected by lines of poplars and willōs, the frogs ar croaking deliciously. The sound takes ōne bac tŏ a certain dear avenue in Anjou, and makes ōne forget heat and dust, and the uncertain distance of Chaumont; makes ōne even forget tŏ envy the men and women in blue whŏ jog by, drawn by strong white horses, and look a little curiously at the traveler walking alone. Then we cōme tŏ the suspension-bridge over the great, wide, slo-flōing Loire. Thêre is Chaumont at last, far away, hī on the left bank, a group of gray towers rising out of trees, hī abōve the village and the church spire. It looks an alarmingly long way off stil. "Défendu de trotter:" so the white horses with thêir carts go stumping and rumbling on over the wooden bridge, and the solitary tourist folloes them. It takes about ten minutes tŏ cross the river here. Then the road goes throu the village, past various quaint old buildings, til you turn intŏ the shady avenue of the château, climbing up, up intŏ the park, whêre thêy ar making hay, and immense cocs stand about among beds of roses and geraniums. Round about an english château these grass slopes and banks would be kept in a very different kind of order; but we hav no trim lawns here. Thêre among the hay-cocs you *may* meet a sweet-faced old woman whŏ stops tŏ talk tŏ you and makes twŏ discoveries which delīt her,—that you ar english, and traveling alone. And perhaps when you hav seen the château and its wonders, and hav lingered as long as you can on the beautiful terrace abōve the Loire, you may strōl down

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throu hay and roses tŏ her shady lodge by the gate, and drink milk out of a little brown pot, and talk confidentially tŏ her and her sturdy old husband. And if she has lŏved you at first sīt, you may find sŏme sweet pink roses waiting for you, and she may run out intŏ the sunshine, before you part, and fetch scented geranium-leaves for you tŏ take home tŏ England. Au revoir, dear old friends! friends of a quarter of an hour! "Nous sommes très vieux!" she says, with a smile and a sī, and her husband adds that thêy hav been thêre 50 years already. Anyhow, if I never see you again, you ar the ŏne sweet human touch which endears the recollection of Chaumont.

5. The associations of AMBOISE ar as varied as life itself. It has been the scene of many tragedies, murders, imprisonments, from the days of its founder Cæsar tŏ the present time. Chlodwig and Alaric met thêre, Louis XI. lived thêre, Charles VIII., most attractiv of kings, was born aud died thêre, striking his head against the lo stone lintel of a doorway which has survived him 400 years. Here, riding up the broad sloping road in the Tour des Minimes, which leads from the town belo tŏ the top of the castle, Carl V. visited François I., whŏ also entertained here a stil more distinguished stranger. Then came horrors enuf, when the bodies of Huguenots hung in rŏs from the balcony overlooking the Loire;—the strong old bars ar thêre stil. After those days, many State prisoners pined away thêir days in Amboise, and perhaps the beauty of thêir prison did not make captivity less hard tŏ bear,—certainly not tŏ Abd-el-Kader and his wild Arabs. But now the grim old château seems tŏ hav dŏne with gloom for ever. White and gray and stately in the sunlīt, it stands hī on its rocky platform abŏve the little town, which is itself full of picturesque roofs and towers; houses dating from Louis XII. and François I. ar tŏ be found in every street of these towns on the Loire. Amboise is full of life and mŏvement. On its long shady road,

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beside the river, a fair is held, and thêre ar rōs of gay booths, —flowers, cutlery, china, caps, handkerchiefs, a lottery-wheel spinning here and thêre, whêre, if you ar lucky, you may win a long pink stic of 'sucre de pomme' for twopence; strings of horses walking throu; heaps of splendid fruit and vegetables on the grass under the trees; dark grave faces ready tŏ smile, eager voices,—that 'air gentil' which, in such a scene in England, is so dismally absent.

6. But we must leave the fair, with all its small attractions, and go up throu the narro white streets, and by a 'place' with lo trees, and so up a steep slope with long grass and poppies, under the great walls, which ar all tapestried with green and wildflowers. A sort of tunnel in the roc, with old gateways, brings you up intŏ the great court of the château, which is now a most enchanting garden. Trees, grass, a wilderness of roses and other flowers, cover the top of this hī platform. On ōne side thêre is the white stone building, now being restored tŏ sōmething of its earlier beauty,—all which remains of the great castle; on the other side, garding and blessing the town, —the castle defends it tōards the Loire,—stands the Chapel of St. Hubert, with its hī delicate spire and wonderful carving. But the vue is the great charm here, in this garden lifted abōve the world. One hardly notices the dark, crowded roofs of the town, but looks away along the course of the stately Loire, with its bridges, flōing on tŏ the sea, glittering in the splendid sunshine, between the brīt fields and smiling slopes of Touraine. Perhaps the most striking thôt connected with this château-garden of Amboise is, that here lies buried Lionardo da Vinci, —certainly a more distinguished guest of king François than even Carl V. One wonders whether he cared much for being here, whether he found much inspiration among the Tourangeaux. He certainly did not like dying here, if the eyes of his bust, which stands here in the garden, hav any truth in them; thêy gaze away at the passing river with a fixed, eternal

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sadness. The count of Paris has been restoring the Château d'Amboise for the last 11 years, and it is not nearly finished. "Pour la nation!" thêy say,—certainly an ungrateful nation. Perhaps the works wil be stopped, now that the master may not visit them any more.

7. BLOIS is, perhaps, the most historical and the least personal of all the royal castles on the Loire, and has the uninteresting fate of being national property. In its great days, 300 years ago, the history of Blois was the history of France. One can not connect it with the private life and fancies of any particular king or queen. All the stately procession, bad and good alike splendid, walk in the cloisters and courts of Blois, and throu its richly-painted rooms. Charles d'Orléans, Louis XII. and Anne of Brétagne; François I., his guests and his follōing kings; Catherine de' Medici, whose rooms and oratory ar rather terribly near the 'oubliettes' of the château, and whŏ died here, struc with horror and remorse at last after the murder of the duke of Guise; Henri IV., Marie de' Medici, Gaston d'Orléans, Louis XIV., Stanislas Leczinski; and, in later days, Napoléon and Josephine, Marie Louise and her son. In this century, the château has been a barrac and a powder magazine; but in the last few years it has been restored, and now those empty rooms and galleries echo with the feet of tourists. You walk on strips of matting along the polished flōors, and look at the beautiful colors of wall and cieling, and refurnish the rooms in your mind for Henri and Catherine, and feel as if you wer not in the home of kings and queens, but in thêir very magnificent prison. The Château de Blois is dead, with all its splen dor; but it is worth while, in the glōing heat of the day, tŏ stand under Louis XII.'s red cloister, and look at the lōvely white façade tŏ the rīt, with the crowned "F" and the Salamander marking everywhere the work of François le Magnifique, and the open staircase tower standing lītly forward, a crowning feat of the Renaissance, almost unmatched in Europe for grace

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and beauty. Nobody knōs the names of the architect, builder, and carver whŏ worked on that north wing of the Château de Blois; but thêy wer probably nativs of Blois,—the same, perhaps, whŏ built Chambord. These Tourangeaux ar very clever people. The Château de Blois stands hī abōve the town, looking down on the Loire, and on all the narro streets of houses which go winding and climbing round it. The town has great attractions—a grand old church, St. Nicholas—and many of the streets and lanes ar flīts of steps, sōmetimes with a flower-garden or a clump of trees in the middle of them. Thêre ar curious old houses in these streets, which Mr. Joanne describes as "étroites, tortueuses, escarpées, désertes." Every ōne whŏ lōves an old french town knōs what that means, what lōvely cōlor and shado, what masses of flowers in dark corners, what busy old brown women, and smiling yung girls, and quaint little cropped children. Twelv o'cloc strikes, and all the bels in the city break out intŏ music overhead, sōme hī, sōme lo, the whole air ringing with them. If the fascinations of Blois hav kept you wandering and climbing about since half-past êt, you begin tŏ be hungry, and find your way bac tŏ the hotel as fast as the shop-windōs wil let you. Mountains of strawberries on this early day in June, and crême de St. Gervais in little brown pots, with vine-leaves tied over them! Is not this enuf tŏ cōver any small annoyances, and sweeten ōne's temper for the day?

8. Then CHAMBORD, the last of the group of five châteaux,—the largest, the saddest, the loneliest, ōnce, perhaps, the most magnificent. You drive from Blois throu a cheerful country, wide and open, with many-cōlored fields and vineyards and distant woods. Here and thêre is a little white stone village, or a farm by the road-side, and everywhêre ar blue figures mŏving,—loading hay-carts, weeding crops, tending animals. But with the park of Chambord all this life ceases; you drive along a broad clearing between lo dismal-

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looking woods, the remains of the great forest which the Princess of Wagram, tŏ whŏm Napoléon had given the place, cut down 50 years ago. It is a very long road throu the forest, perfectly strait and stil; you hav gône sŏme distance before you ar aware of a faint vision of towers and pinnacles, stil far away, closing the end of the avenue. At last you cŏme tŏ Chambord,—the Versailles of Touraine. Thêre stands the great lonely palace, a wonderful, fantastic mass of towers and turrets and pinnacles, soaring gray roofs, hī ornamented windōs, and amazing chimney-pots, all fretted and carved in the wonderful ways of the Renaissance, with the crowned "F" and the Salamander everywhêre. Round about it, on the borders of the wood, stand a few scattered houses, twŏ inns, and a church on a small rising ground. Here you ar in the very nest and cradle of Legitimism. The whole place, including the dark-eyed 'gardien,' with his air of melancholy sweetness, seems tŏ be mōrning for Henri Cinq and the old line of kings; for til his death, Chambord could feel, forsaken as she mīt be, that she stil belonged tŏ a King of France. Here ar kept his old toys,—a park of artillery given him when he was six years old; and here ar gifts from Legitimists of all ranks, tapestry from great ladies, ironwork from a locsmith of Blois. The most remarkable things about Chambord ar its enormous size, 440 rooms, and the great double spiral staircase. Thêre ar 13 great staircases, but this is the chief of them. It is in the middle of the building, and on every story you can step out on four great rooms. One of these rooms was formerly a theatre, whêre 'M. de Pourceaugnac' and 'Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme' wer acted for the first time before Louis XIV. The staircase ends in a lofty lantern, the hīest part of the building; and if you climb so hī, you ar rewarded by a curious vue of roofs, turrets, chimney-pots, and forest. François I. lived much at Chambord during his last years, and entertained Carl V. with hunting-parties. Of follōing Kings, it was Louis XIV. whŏ

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came here most, caring more for a palace than a castle. Then it was the refuge of old Stanislas of Poland, with his funny red face, the father of poor Queen Marie Leczinska. One of the charming things at Chambord is her picture by Vanloo; a pretty, happy, smiling face, with sweet brown eyes. Thêre ar a great many interesting pictures at Chambord, Bourbon family portraits, belonging now, I suppose, tŏ the duke of Parma. Among them thêre is a clever, good-humored, sensible, plain woman, Mrs. de Maintenon. I looked at her with the strangest conviction of knōing her perfectly, and then remembered buying fotografs in a shop at Blois that morning from a good lady whŏ was the very image of her. The glory of these old houses is probably past for ever, but the fate of Chambord seems the saddest of all. Chenonceaux and Chaumont belong tŏ rich people whŏ restore and admire and pet them. Blois is a 'monument historique.' Amboise sees her ōner banished, but is not without hope for the future. Only poor Chambord seems alone in the world, as she sits in the middle of her dwarfed woods, all her fantastic splendor forgotten and forsaken. Yet perhaps in her old Legitimist pride she would rather belong tŏ an italian prince, her Henri's nefew, than tŏ any Frenchman of the present day. In sōme French hearts this kind of loyalty is a passion, and the atmosfere of Chambord helps ōne tŏ understand it.

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The editor would be pleased to learn the name and address of the author of any paper in this series published anonymously.

The editor will feel indebted, also, to any one who will kindly call his attention to any article, especially in newspapers, which the writer thinks suitable for re-publication.

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A PYRENEAN HOLIDAY.[1]

1. During our stay at San Sebastian, my husband kept chanting tŏ himself, with a rather irritating iteration,—

> "Oh! for a blast on that dread horn,
> On Fontarabian echoes borne,
> That tŏ King Charles did cŏme,
> When Roland brave and Olivier,
> And every paladin and peer,
> On Roncesvalles died."

I never could quite understand tŏ what dread horn it was that Sir Walter here referred. I suppose he was under the impression that Carl's reargard could hav made thêir blast of distress heard from Roncevaux as far as Fontarabia, a distance certainly not provided with effectiv reflectors of sound at fixed intervals for the whole way. But whether Carl really heard the horn of the heroic Roland all the way from Roncevaux tŏ Fontarabia or not, Henry had that horn's blast on his brain, and I frequently heard him referring tŏ it in the watches of the nīt. He was terribly annoyed at missing Fontarabia on the way tŏ San Sebastian; we had paid extra tŏ go round by the old place, but the post-boy shammed unconsciousness of the engagement, and availing himself of our ignorance of the rīt turn, took us strait tŏ San Sebastian, replying tŏ our remarks and remonstrances,—"Est-ce-que nous allons par ici à Fontarabia?"—"Nous avons payé dix francs d'avantage pour aller par Fontarabia," with a lofty wave of the hand, and a "Parfaitement, Monsieur," or a pretended indication of whêre Fontarabia was situated. Of course, this was ōnly the way tŏ make a fixed idea more haunting, and the deception practised made Henry, I am sorry tŏ say, suspicious of a general conspiracy among the Basques tŏ hide Fontarabia from english eyes. He imagined, I believe, that thêy would fall upon our rear as thêy did on Carl's, and cut us off before we got tŏ Fontarabia, so anxiously did he peer out behind the carriage, as wel as before, as we drove along; but nothing worse than a

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heavy shower of rain follōed us, glooming heavily over the summit of Jaizquivel, the mountain which looks down upon Fontarabia, as we arrived. And we wer indeed "beaucoup frappés" with FONTARABIA. The mediæval little town stands massed tōgether on a steep conical hil by the mouth of the Bidassoa,—palace, castle, cathedral, all blended intō a frowning group of sullen, formidable grandeur; the little town beneath it huddles close under those mīty walls, while the broad sands, and a great sea, broken by a few bare, pointed rocs, and a lōvely Pyrénéan vue, ar commanded from Carl V.'s palace-roof. The lōer town is given up tō fishermen, whō ar the only activ population of Fontarabia now. Carl V.'s palace and castle ar for sale,—and any ōne whō would buy them would certainly hav a most dismal and picturesque abode, with walls 3 yards thic, spacious dungeons for rooms, and a glorious terrace-roof tō make up for the darkness underneath. I could not help thinking of Shelley's cheerful anticipation of the ruin of Venice, the ōne in which he dwels so pleasantly on the cōming time,—

> "When the sea-mew
> Flies as ōnce before he flew
> O'er thine iles depopulate,
> And all is in its ancient state,
> Save whêre many a palace-gate
> Topples o'er the abandoned sea
> As the tides change sullenly."

Fontarabia could hardly be better described. Its vast, bullet-riddled walls ar mōldering away, and when the fishermen hav drawn up thêir fleet of boats on the shore, as thêy had when we wer thêre, the sea-mew flies over deserted ilands and great gloomy houses, from which the carved arms and iron balconies ar slōly dropping away, and over tides which, on that lowering day at least, certainly changed most sullenly. Thêre was no guide tō dō the honors of the place. A company of little boys, with but a few words of French tō share among them as thêir ōnly stoc-in-trade, did the honors for us of the cathedral and

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the great castle. An older boy opened the spacious sacristy of the cathedral, a great room opening on the sea, crowded with old pictures and carved apostles, and mĭty chests of drawers, in which gorgeous chasubles wer carefully hidden; and finally, a man appeared tŏ charge us for our ascent intŏ the castle. But the only blast of any horn which we had the satisfaction of hearing "on Fontarabian echoes borne" was the penny trumpet of a spanish infant, in those grim defiles which pass for streets.

2. We wer really approaching the main range of the mountains when we reached PAU, which is tŏ the Pyrénées what Bern is tŏ the Alps, the land of promis from which you survey in all its beauty the great northern chain. Was it Richelieu or was it Guizot whŏ said, after concluding a Franco-Spanish marriage contract, "Il n'y a pas de Pyrénées"? Whŏever it was, the 'mot' rang in ŏur ears throuŏut ŏur journey, suggesting repeated contrasts between the magnificent self-wil of french statesmanship, and the great natural facts which it is so much easier tŏ *think* away than tŏ get rid of. But Pau is the last place whêre ōne would wish tŏ think ąway the Pyrénées. The terrace at Pau may wel vie in charm even with the terrace at Bern, tho it cannot rival it in grandeur. One usually forgets that Pau is rather south than north of Florence, so that the vue of the Pyrénées from Pau is the vue, not of a range like the Alps, dividing the North of Europe from the South, but of a range planted in the fairest region of Europe, whêre the sun givs tŏ everything a glo and a splendor and a mellōness of which Switzerland knoes nothing. Bern, picturesque as it is, lies huddled tŏgether, as if the houses needed tŏ keep each other warm in the long winter. Pau is brīt and spacious, and has all that air of basking gladly in the warm līt, which constitutes tŏ ŏur anxious Northern temperaments half the fascination of the South. The ripening fields of Indian corn dye the wide landscape with the richest cōlors; just opposit the great

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terrace, the undulating vineyards of the green Jurançon hils make a beautiful foreground; while the wide stretch of deep blue mountains from the cloven peak of the Pic du Midi d'Ossau on the west tò the square ridge of the Pic du Midi de Bigorre on the east, fils you with longing tŏ reach that enchanted-looking horizon of amethyst and sapfire-cōlored air. Chestnuts and poplars not ōnly marking the course of the Gave de Pau belo you, but, grouped all over the rich landscape, giv it every variety of shade; and the stately castle of Henri IV., towering behind you on the rīt, with its steep lawn and mass of blazing salvias, gave a fine finish tŏ the brīt landscape, and reminded us that we wer in the old kingdom of Navarre,[12] long a debatable land between France and Spain.[13]

3. If Pau is the foretaste, LOURDES, the goal of the pilgrims, is the first true taste of Pyrénéen scenery. As we reached the station, a long procession of pilgrims became visible approaching the church built over the grotto of the Virgin, and for more than half an hour afterwards this procession was stil wīnding on beside the rapid river up tŏ the broad pavement whêre the pilgrims kneel and pray. The scene was a very striking ōne. Tŏ the south, the great peak of the Pic du Midi de Viscos, as it is called, which towers up abōve Argelès, and ōne or twŏ glacier-sprinkled nêbors, wer shining in the burning sun. On the east, the grim castle of Lourdes, on its perpendicular roc, the most unassailable of fortresses before the discōvery of artillery,—the Black Prince's captains held it for months against a large french army,—completely dominates the dirty little town. Tŏ the west, stand the church and grotto of the Virgin, close by the rapid Gave, intŏ which, in the middle of the little town, a large tributary is poured from the valley of Argelès. Thus the līt and beautiful modern church of the Virgin and the grim castle of the feudal ages, each skirted by the river, directly front each other; while rugged mountains rise over both, themselvs surmounted by a stil grander chain

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on the southern horizon. But at Lourdes for a time ōne forgot the mountains,—ōne cannot forget for an instant that frowning castle which, even in this century, has had an English prisoner, Lord Elgin having been shut up thêre by Bonaparte,—in the multitude of the pilgrims.[14] On the whole, we liked the faces of the women-devotees much. Thêy wer pure, and sweet, and earnest, but the men, I thôt, often looked more crafty than pious. The whole thing had in it too much of the whirl and excitement of a watering-place. These devotees themselvs could hardly pray, I should think, amidst such feverish surroundings, amidst the hum, and glare, and busy feet, and eager externality, and vivid ripple of expectation, of that strange scene. One was glad tŏ look up at the mountains in thêir solemn rest.

4. Amid this dismal autumn rain, it is hard tŏ realise the sunny lovliness of the valley of *Argelez*, whêre the twŏ wild forks of the Gave de Pau, the ōne descending from the glaciers of the Vignemale, the other from the glaciers of the Cirque de Gavarnie, unite, and the widening valley enjoys at ōnce the shelter of the great mountains,—the Pic du Midi de Viscos, as it is called, standing out like a northern sentinel of the hīer range, 2 or 3 miles abōve Argelèz,—and also the southern air and southern sunshine shut out by the towering ranges abōve. Lord Houghton, in the picturesque little poem on the tragic fate of Mr. and Mrs. Patteson, whŏ wer drowned in the Lac de Gaube, under theVignemale, within a month of thêir marriage, nearly 50 years ago, touches off Argelèz very vividly, and describes ōur route too:—

"Thêy loiter not whêre Argelez,
The chestnut-crested plain,
Unfolds its robe of green and gold,
Its pasture, grape, and grain;
But on and up whêre Nature's heart
Beats strong amid the hils,
Thêy pause, contented with the wealth
That either bosom fils."

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Chestnut-crested, Argelèz certainly is, but also poplar-peopled. The poplar, France's favorit tree, is nowhêre more luxuriant than in the lōer valley of the Pyrénées, sharing the vineyards with the maple, grouped around the cottages, marking the courses of the rivers, and often turning the approaches tŏ the little towns and hamlets intŏ shady and pleasant boulevards. Only in the fields of Indian maize the poplars ar carefully cleared away. However, in spite of its exquisit beauty, "we loitered not" at Argelèz, but hastened "on and up whêre Nature's heart beats strong amid the hils," and first, up the western fork of the Gave de Pau, as far as Cauterets, the road being engineered along the side of the mountain at a giddy hīt abōve the dark ravîne, the stream beneath every now and then flashing intŏ the rapids which Tennyson found, both in appearance and voice, so full of memories, when he revisited them, after twŏ and thirty years' absence:—

> "All along the valley, stream that flasheth white,
> Deepening thy voice with the deepening of the nīt;
> All along the valley, whêre thy waters flo,
> I walk'd with ōne I lōved twŏ-and-thirty years ago;
> All along the valley, while I walk'd tŏ-day,
> The twŏ-and-thirty years wer a mist that rolls away;
> For all along the valley, down thy rocky bed,
> Thy living voice tŏ me was as the voice of the dead;
> And all along the valley, by roc, and cave, and tree,
> The voice of the dead was as a living voice tŏ me."

We had no such memories, but it added greatly tŏ the interest of the journey tŏ think of the immortal friendship which wil be memorable for ever tŏ all whŏ can read the english tung, and of the sudden flashes of recollection in which it was renewed, in the white foam and uproar of the torrent, after the story of it had long been amongst the greatest of our english possessions. Our driver's chîef object of interest, however, was naturally very different, and was reached just as we passed fairly intŏ the valley of Cauterets, a little beyond Pierrefitte, and saw, as we thôt, twŏ lumbering birds swoop down intŏ the

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valley from the mountain. The postboy was all elation, and explained tŏ us that thêy wer big baskets, containing 50 pounds wêt each, and that thêy wer the means of communication between the mountain works of an English lead and copper company, and the village whence thêy get thêir provision, and tŏ which thêy transmit in this way thêir ore. The baskets slid down along wires, which we could only just discern, and wer hoisted again by a wire attached. We did not loiter at Cauterets even so long as at Argelèz, but started off again at ōnce, I riding a stout little 'ânesse,' whŏ was, as ōur guide assured us, with a mild humor of his ōn, "dans la fleur de son âge," and Henry trudging by my side, "on and up whêre Nature's heart beat strong amid the hils," and whêre, I am sorry tŏ say, poor Henry's heart very soon began tŏ beat, if not strong, at least uncommonly fast. The climb tŏ the *Lac de Gaube* is 2,600 feet, and tŏ a man without very sound lungs is exhausting. In spite of three rests upon my 'ânesse,'—rests tŏ him, but not tŏ her, for her poor little hind legs "gave" alarmingly beneath his wêt in descending,—he was quite il at nīt with the exertion. A Frenchman and his wife, whŏm we triumfantly passed on the way, and whŏ did not even attempt tŏ reach the Lac de Gaube, divided thêir donkey between them on less equitable principles, she taking almost all the fag,—and gasping after him with white face,—and he, unconcernedly enuf, almost all the riding. I am rather against "women's rīts" in England, but in France I really dŏ think thêy bear so much more of the burden and heat of the day, that thêy mīt just as wel hav the power too. We toiled on, past gleaming waterfalls, past the *Pont d'Espagne*, whêre the branch path tŏ Spain diverges, and whêre the torrent rushing down from the Lac de Gaube unites with that which cōmes from the valley of Marcadou in Spain, in a tumultuous fall, then throu steep, desolate pine-woods, til we came suddenly on the wild green tarn at the foot of the Vignemale, fed by a waterfall from its glaciers.

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This is said tŏ be, if not the largest lake in the Pyrénées, at least *among* the largest, tho the whole circuit of it is only 2½ miles. The cold mists had been follōing us all the way, and arrived soon after us, so we saw the little lake perfectly for only about 5 minutes. Then in rushed a blast of what our guide called "brouillard sec," and dry enuf it was, tho very cold, and whirled about the little tarn, now falling over the glaciers of the grand Vignemale, now crossing over tŏ our side and resting over the little "restaurant" by which the loneliness of the lake is spoiled, or settling down upon the rudely bescribbled monument tŏ poor Mr. and Mrs. Patteson.

5. Of all the lōvely spots in the Pyrénées, SAINT-SAUVEUR, tŏ which we drove from Cauterets, is, I think, the most lōvely. It is a hamlet terraced on the side of the mountain, at the mouth of the ravîne which leads up tŏ Gavarnie, while the valley of Luz, and that up which you drive tŏ Barège, is spread at your feet. Thus you hav the double enjoyment of a mountain-side, a ravîne beneath you, and a fair valley in the mid-distance. The Gave, spanned by a beautiful bridge, which is ōne of the many gifts of the late Emperor Napoléon tŏ the 'Hautes Pyrénées,'—whêre the people ar stil Imperialist almost tŏ a man,—runs in its deep gorge, 200 feet under you; on a beautiful shōlder of the opposit mountain stands, just over Luz, a quaint little village church, looking up tōards Barège, and a poplared avenue ascending from the little town of Luz connects it with the village and baths of Saint-Sauveur. The costume of the women, whŏ wear white, blue, or red hoods, gracefully brŏt tōgether under the chin, is most picturesque; and tŏ watch the little processions of peasants—the men in blue 'berets,' and the women in thêir hoods—follōing the religious banners which the priests carry along the steep banks of the stream, is a perfect gallery of living pictures. Never did we meet any peasantry so lively.

6. And, then, what is thêre in the Pyrénées, or indeed in

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the Alps, tŏ surpass the CIRQUE DE GAVARNIE? Throu gorge after gorge,—ōne of them called the Grand Chaos, for the desolateness of its ruined rocs,—you drive tŏ what looks like the gates of sōme mīty amfitheatre,—the outer walls 5,000 ft. in hīt, on whŏse vast shelvs of roc, as sōme lines I remember, put it, hosts of superhuman beings mīt stand tŏ witness sōme final tragedy of human life. Ledge beyond ledge of mountain, hollōed out in monster semi-circles, each sprinkled liberally with glaciers, and each shelf supported on gigantic walls scored all down with the blac lines made by dripping water, while over the lōest of them, 1,200 ft. in hīt, a lōvely cascade leaps on tŏ the green stage,—ōne is never weary of gazing at this stupendous scene, at ōnce so like the achievements of elaborate art, and so far beyond the greatest powers of man. Whŏ was it wrote those lines beginning, "Curv beyond curv of mountain terrace wild?" Thēy certainly must hav been written after seeing sōme scene like this,—perhaps the Fer-à-Cheval at Sixt, in Switzerland, tho even that seems tŏ me nothing beside the Cirque of Gavarnie. All words ar impotent in such a scene as this, but whŏever wrote the lines mentioned must, I think, hav seen either Gavarnie or a cirque as grand:—

"Curv beyond curv of mountain terrace wild,
Tier abōve tier of solitary sno,
I marvel at these mīty platforms piled
As tho for witnesses of sōme great wo.
Tŏ this green stage the glaciers slōly creep,
And dwindle with the centuries of sun;
Tŏ this green stage the eager cataracts leap,
Exulting in a life so late begun.
Glad of the earth, the river bounds along,
The pine-trees shoot, the mosses clothe the roc.
's it for this the hosts celestial throng?
That unseen myriads tŏ those platforms floc?
Tŏ see the centuries of cold despair,
Bursting at length in buoyant gladness thēre?"

No doubt that it is a little stilted, tho it recurs so tŏ my mind;

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but ōnly a true poet could help being a little stilted, in trying tŏ describe such a scene as the Cirque of Gavarnie.

7. The change from Saint-Sauveur tŏ Bagneres de BIGORRE is a plunge from perfect peace intŏ the gay world, even at the end of September when the season is quite over. Bigorre disappointed us a little. Miss Thackeray has made the most of the Adour and its ilands, and perhaps we did *not* make the most of it. 'Geoffry Smith' went tŏ the top of the Bedat before breakfast, and found not ōnly "opal morning lĭts, with refractions of lōveliest cōlor painting the hils and brooks, the water-plants, the fields whêre the women wer working already, and the slippery mountain-sides, whêre the pine-trees grew and the flocs and goats, with thêir tinkling bels, wer grazing," but found his Undine, too, sitting on a roc in the middle of the stream with reeds and water-leaves in her hair. Now, early rising is not my forte, and we did not see Bagnères de Bigorre as that "fair early riser" saw it. Tŏ us, it seemed hardly more beautiful than a more fashionable Malvern transplanted tŏ the side of a river in the south. The great mountains ar quite distant. The avenues in the nêborhood ar a little formal and desolate, leading tŏ nowhêre in particular, but just dabbed down on a bare hil-side, like a ready-made dol's avenue on a green-baize cloth, without, apparently, any final cause. Our little 'table-d'hôte' room was festooned with artificial flowers. The bazar was extensiv and tawdry; and we wer rather haunted by old ladies whŏ wer always eating, and whŏ talked in a deep bass voice; and altŏgether thêre was an air of inferior fashion about Bigorre which recalled Lord Alfred Vargrave and Lord Lytton's "Lucile." But perhaps I am prejudiced. We had ōne lōvely drive; and ōne walk in which an angel of an old woman whŏ abode at Gerde, seeing I was tired, insisted on mounting me on a donkey with a sac for a saddle and a foreloc for the ōnly bridle, by which bridle she herself led the creature; and whŏ afterwards fed me plentifully with peaches.

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If ever thêre was a good woman, it was that benevolent old Samaritan of Gerde. But take it as a whole, Bagnères de Bigorre reminded me more of that foppish and dreary "Lucile," than of Miss Thackeray's lōvely picture. No doubt, the fault was mine.

8. However, we wer glad at heart when we found ourselvs in the carriage, climbing the mountains on ōur way tŏ Luchon. We took the road which, as Miss Thackeray says, "goes bursting over the great Col d'Aspin, whence you may see the world, like a sea, tossing and heaving at your feet, and trembling with the lĭts upon a thousand hils." And a wonderful way it is. When you leave *Paillole*, you pass just by the source of the Adour,—the cradle of the river which we had seen breasting the terrible Atlantic breakers belo Bayonne; and then the pass wĭnds intŏ a thic and fragrant pine-wood. As you emerge from the pine-wood, you see, looking bac, first the Pic d'Arbizon, and then the grand and almost turretted top of the Pic du Midi de Bigorre, in the near distance, seemingly gazing after you with a grim and threatening air which makes you almost nervous at tŭrning your bac upon them. It was a lōvely late September noon,—and yet I had sōme of the feeling which Wordsworth describes as haunting him in his starlĭt ro on Esthwaite Water, when,—

> "Behind the craggy steep til then
> The horizon's bouud, a huge peak, blac and huge,
> As if with voluntary power instinct
> Upreared its head. I struc, and struc again,
> And grōing stil in stature the grim shape
> Towered up between me and the stars, and stil,
> For so it seemed, with purposes of its ōn,
> And measured motion like a living thing,
> Strode after me."

But this haunting feeling produced by the presence of ōne or twŏ grand summits suddenly appearing, and seeming tŏ follo you about, was soon remŏved by the magic springing open of the landscape, as if sōme secret spring had been touched, intŏ

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ōne of the most marvellously lōvely scenes I ever beheld. A single step, and thêre before us lay ridge upon ridge of distant mountain-chains, all bathed in that deep rich blue which ōne associates more with southern oceans than southern skies, sōme crowned, sōme covered, with glaciers, sōme concentrating thêir essence, as it wer, in ōne or twŏ bare and jagged peaks, sōme rippling away in undulating lines like a reef beneath a tropical sea. At ōur feet lay the basin in which Aspin and Arreau lie, so deep beneath that you seemed tŏ be able tŏ thro a stone tŏ the very bottom, down the side of which the mountain-road, in sōme of the longest and sharpest zigzags I ever saw, carefully threaded its way. A very pretty girl, whŏ was shepherding sōme sheep on the mountain-side, with twŏ little brothers and a favorit dog, came tŏ entertain us while we lingered, and present us with mountain bouquets, chattering all the time in excellent and intelligible French of the different mountains before us. Thêre was the Val d'Aure and Val de Luron, beneath us; and far beyond, the Pic de la Pez, and the Pic de Claribède, and the Crabioules—those glaciered hīts which tower abōve the many cataracts of the Val du Lys—and the great Maladetta itself with its mīty snōs, and all the mountains of Venasque, and a hundred more, stretching away in great ridges of turquoise, east and west. How reluctant we wer tŏ leave! Our 'voiturier' became impatient at last, and began tŏ drive slōly off, and ōne of ōur little attendants, pointing at him, said, "Il veut s'en aller." So we wer soon trotting down the steep inclines,—a descent, during which ōne of the horses, being yung and restless, and the other not very sure-footed, I was plunged in deep anxiety,—tōards the beautiful town of *Arreau*. The next day's journey, over the Col de Peyresourde, was beautiful enuf, tho not like that over the Col d'Aspin. It took us beside one or twŏ very old towers, built, it was said, in the old days by the english [!][13] dukes of Bourdeaux tŏ resist the Spanish incursions,—beside sunny banks whêre hosts of lizards

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wer darting in and out, and great thistle-flowers, as large, and brīt, and hard as sunflowers cast in burnished metal, gemmed the bank,—beside chestnuts and olivs and beeches, and the mouths of lōvely, rich valleys, whêre village and village church seemed set on hī tŏ encourage the lōer valleys in the long and laborious mountain ascent, til we reached the opening tŏ the Lac d'Oo.

9. Lord Lytton says that in gazing on the Lac d'Oo the whole "secret of the Universe" flashed on his soul,—which, no doubt, explains a good deal which has since happened. We can hardly say the same, and as,—like other persons on whom the whole secret of the universe has flashed,—Lord Lytton declined tŏ tel it, and we had no talent for rediscovering it, we regarded the little lake, I think, rather as the place whêre Lucile and Lord Alfred Vargrave got wet, and did not engage themselvs, and the Duc de Louvois lamed himself and his horse, than as a great key tŏ cosmical secrets. It was here that Lord Lytton

> "—Caut the great choral chaunt, mark'd the dread pageant mŏve,
> The divine Whence and Whither of life! But, O! dauter
> Of Oo, not more safe in the deep, silent water,
> Is thy secret than mine in my heart. Even so,
> What I then saw and heard, the world never shal kno."

That "even so" is a fine touch. Certainly, *we* never knew it, and had sōme doubts whether it was worth knōing. The *Lac d'Oo* itself is as like the Lac de Gaube as ōne mountain tarn fed by glaciers is tŏ anōther; but tŏ us, at least, was more engaging. The day was lōvely. The handsōm impostor whŏ called himself ōur guide, becaus he rode (on a lame horse) in ōur company, with a beautiful red sash round his waist, and charged handsōmly for both himself and the lame horse, as wel as, I hav no doubt, for the sash, was, at least, picturesque. Thêre is always sōmething very grand about these deep mountain solitudes, and the ruf, steep zigzags which lead tŏ them, and the Lac d'Oo, which is fed by ōne great waterfall, and

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drained by another wider, fuller, but of much less hīt, is certainly amongst the most beautiful of Pyrénéan tarns. But after all, the descent, in the lengthening shadōs of the mountains, with the declining sun shining full on the eastern range which we thêre faced, was even more beautiful than the Lac d'Oo. And when we regained ōur carriage and drove intŏ Luchon, we agreed in thinking that no lake, whether in the Pyrénées or the Alps, has in it the ōne-hundredth part of the beauty of a great mountain vue.

10. For ordinary travelers like us, LUCHON is certainly the lōveliest spot in the Pyrénées. It was desolate when we wer thêre, being a place intended for organised gaiety, and laid out for a fashionable crowd which had departed. The company which assembled at ōur little 'table d'hôte' was like the muster of a few ghosts of the past. But in spite of all this, in those early days of October, Luchon was exquisitly lōvely. The mornings wer cold and crisp, the noons not more than warm and golden, and the evenings fresh; and the drives or rides wer full of grandeur at every turn. The *Val de Lys*, with its deep-set cascades,—ōne of them, called the "Hell-hole," burrōing intŏ the rocs til you could hardly catch the gleam of its waters, —was a strange resort of decaying glaciers, glaciers not exactly going down in the world, for as thêy shrink, of course thêy rather ascend, but in the sear and yello leaf, shrinking intŏ themselvs, and yet leaving clear traces of what in thêir vigorous youth thêy had been. But the grandest of our expeditions was that tŏ the *Pic d'Entecade*, tŏ which you turn off from the Hospice de Luchon. That was a day I can never forget. The drive itself was grand enuf, up a road almost as steep as a mountain torrent. Then, on horsebac, we entered a pine wood, and, after many steep zigzags, came out on the bare mountain-side, tŏ meet a team of Spanish muleteers and thêir gaily-trapped mules, descending with thêir wine-skins intŏ France. Then going on and up throu steep meadōs, past a

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tiny tarn which glittered like a brilliant turquoise in the sun, we left our horses just tŏ mount the last rocky brow, and found ourselvs on ōne of a thousand peaks, towering up in a host all round us, as far as the eye could reach, so that the Pyrénées seemed not a *chain*, but rather a circular forest, of mountains, of which ōurs was the centre. The Garonne sprang just beneath us; tŏ the south-west the huge Maledetta, with its world of snōs, rose conspicuous abōve the whole chain. But turn whêre we would, thêre wer innumerable peaks in the direct line from the eye tŏ any single point of the horizon. If we saw ōne peak, we certainly saw 500, probably more, for I made an effort tŏ compute, and failed utterly when I had got tŏ 300. A spanish shepherd-boy, whŏm we found at the top, was, excepting ōur guide and his son, ōur only company. Thêre wer 30 villages, french and spanish, within sīt,—we wer in Spain,—and around us fluttered a few brīt butterflies, and ōne or twŏ swallōs. It was ōur farewell tŏ the Pyrénées. The next day we wer driving rapidly down by the banks of the Garonne, whŏse source we had just seen; and on the third day, when watching from Montrejeau the lōvely dawn flush the glaciers of the Maledetta, and bathe the distant mountains in a sea of gold, we said that the time of memory had begun, and that except in that softened reflection of the past which unhappily groes less vivid with every month and year, for us at least it was but too true that "il n'y a pas de Pyrénées."

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[1] From "The Spectator" (abridged) 13 Nov., 1880.

12. The author's knoledge of history is less admirable than her appreciation of scenery and poetry. Pau was not in Navarre, but in Béarn, a district united tŏ the crown of Navarre by marriage.—W : M. G.

13. Talking of Henri IV., it was a great pleasure tŏ Henry, whŏ was brŏt up on Mrs. Markham's histories, tŏ see the tortoise-shel which served for that able king's cradle. Richard Markham,—the same whŏ is stated tŏ hav cōme tŏ his mother, "with tears in his eyes," tŏ ask her tŏ tel him sōmething of English history,—an unnatural request, of which no rit-minded boy would hav been guilty,—asks what it was that was so curious about Henri

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IV.'s cradle, on which the historical lady replies, "It was nothing more than the shel of a tortoise, and was long preservd, perhaps is preservd stil, in the castle of Pau, which was Henri's birthplace." Wel, thêre it was, and thêy tel you in the castle,—which is wel restored and carefully looked after as a sort of national palace,—that at the Revolution, when the people wanted tŏ destroy everything especially royal, the keepers of the château substituted a false tortoise-shel, which was broken tŏ pieces by the populace, and secretly preserved the true ōne for more temperate generations. The good Mrs. Markham's historical consciousness has so often been called in question, that Henry seems quite delited tŏ find that her *anecdotes* at least ar not fabulous.

14. We must hav seen near a thousand, I imagin, in the single day we spent thêre, and more men than women, tho thêre wer at least 200 nuns amongst them. The church was crowded tŏ the very dōor. Priests wer celebrating mass at several distinct altars, and outside the grotto, whêre great candelabra of mity candles burned beneath the image of the Madonna, thêre was, during the whole time we wer thêre, a crowd of people, scores of them on thêir knees, reciting litanies tŏ the Virgin. Here wer sic people drawn in bath-chairs, evidently going throu a novena for the recovery of thêir health; there was an epileptic surrounded by her friends, lâfing idiotically; here was a simple-looking girl, with a large image of the Madonna, which she could hardly carry, bringing it tŏ be blessed; and then every half-hour or so, a hymn would be raised, in which all the voices joined, while the clear rushing of the Gave filled up the momentary intervals. At nit, thêre was a great procession of pilgrims tŏ the grotto,—twŏ and twŏ,—each holding a lited taper; and this went on for hours. I doubt if during a single hour of the nit the grotto was deserted. And the little town was all in keeping. The street leading tŏ the church is crowded with booths full of "objets de piété," statuettes of the Virgin, rosaries of all sorts and sizes, medallions, crucifixes, pictures, all blessed by consecrated hands; the saleswomen, of course, as eager tŏ sel as wer the cabmen tŏ entice you tŏ drive hither and thither. Most of the shops boasted of sōme connection with the poor girl whŏ first saw the vision of the Virgin,—Maria Soubirous; ōne was the shop of her brother, ōne of sōme other relativ; all sold pictures of her. Thêre was a regular bureau for the sale of the miraculous water. Often you wer stopped by kindly-looking nuns begging you tŏ giv tŏ thêir special charity, and promising tŏ pray for you in return. Even at the 'table d'hôte,' twŏ or three such deputations came round. Certainly never was piety so elaborately organised.

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CAPRI.

BY ROBERT MC LEOD.[1]

1. I am sitting on the roof of the Hôtel Tiberio, a famous inn of Capri. The town-cloc has just struc half-past 22, and the sun has already gône down behind the Anacapri clif, leaving me in shado. But for fully an hôur longer the eastern peaks of the iland and all the distant landscape wil remain bathed in yello lĭt. It is middle-May. It has been õne of those days, rarer elsewhêre than here, when not a single cloud has been seen in the sky; yet tōard the horizon the air is not so clear as õne mĭt expect. A faint spray-like haze softens without hiding the outlines of all distant things. In more unsettled weather the air is sõmetimes marvelously transparent. I was standing here at this same hôur the other day. One dense bank of rain-clouds had drifted away from the bay tŏ the mountains behind Naples and another was marching blacly up from the S. W. Sõme straggling mist was scrambling over the Anacapri peak and tumbling down the clif. The whole sky was heavy and sombre, but with patches here and thêre of undimmed blue. Every object in sĭt appeared with startling distinctness. It looked but half an hôur's voyage in a small boat tŏ any point of the contracted horizon. Naples is more than 20 miles away, and yet I could easily distinguish the curv of the Chiaja, Castel dell' Ovo and other familiar features of the city. St. Elmo was most sharply defined, and I fancied it deserted, for else it seemed tŏ me that I ôt tŏ hear the tread of the sentry pacing his beat and the jests of his comrads lounging on its walls. Every house on Procida, every seam on Ischia's rugged slopes, was distinctly visible: Vesuvius was dangerously near. But the haziness which robs me of all this

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tŏ-day is a good weather-sīgn, and promises sunshine and long walks for tŏmorro.

2. The Anacapri clif, rising like a huge wall tŏ a dizzy hīt half a mile off, limits the vue tŏ the west: other hils stil nearer shut out the prospect tōard the east. Tŏ the south ōne catches a glimps of the open sea which stretches away tōard Sicily. This lōvely bit of water seems tŏ hang like a blue vêil between the twŏ hils which encase it. These almost meet belo, yet leav room in the little valley between them for a mediæval Carthusian monastery, whŏse cool cloisters now echo the word of command, the measured tread and the bugle-calls of a camp of soldiers.

3. The land belo me, which slopes down on either side tōard the sea, presents an unbroken succession of orange and lemon groves, vineyards and oliv and fig orchards. A magnificent date-palm is grōing in a nêbor's garden, and here and thêre a stone pine, with its flat, spreading top, suggests ōur Northern forests. In every direction peep out lo, white houses, all of stone, with roofs flat around the edges, but swelling in the centre intŏ a flattened dome in the saracenic style—just such houses as ar seen everywhêre in Syria and Palestine. Now that the heat of the day is over and the husbandmen hav returned from the field, the families ar gathered on the housetops tŏ breathe the fresh evening air. The yung men and women talk in groups or lean over the parapet tŏ chat with passers-by, while the old women sit twirling the never-idle spindle.

4. Tŏ the north lies spread out before me the incomparable Bay of Naples. I see its shores from Vesuvius tŏ Ischia. Certainly no spot on earth has so charmed men by its beauty, nor is any other more replete with human interest. Here is the volcano whŏse lava and ashes hav preserved for us the treasures which envious Time would else hav destroyed. Here perished Plinius, and here is Vergilius' tomb. A matchless curv

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sweeps from the summit of Vesuvius tŏ the plain, and from the plain tŏ Camaldoli. The long bending shore is studded on every side with modern pleasure-villas, as it formerly was with those of the Romans. On a gentle slope lies the sunny capital which surpasses all others in gayety, poverty and wickedness. Thêre is the gulf of Baiæ, dear tŏ Horatius, and the Avernian lake, and the entrance tŏ the loer world. Just behind Cape Misenum lie the ruins of Kumai, the earliest of the Greek colonies in Italy, and thêir outpost in thêir great struggle with the Tyrrhenian races. Yonder lo-lyeng iland is Procida, the home of Graziella [22] and of him whŏ planned the Sicilian Vespers. On the extreme left Ischia rises steep from the sea, its lofty mountains blasted and scarred by ancient volcanic fires.

5. The Anacapri clif, a wall of roc rising 1600 feet abōve the sea, stretches quite across the iland, as if meant by Nature tŏ be an impassable barrier. The débris of a hundred centuries lies at its base in a steep slope which blends gradually with the more level tract belo. Fancy suggests that the plain is climbing up the precipice; and so it is. In most places it has stil 600 feet tŏ climb, but in ōne spot it has nearly reached the top. Wind and rain, Nature's great levelers, ar steadily dŏing thêir work. When the storms of perhaps ten more centuries shal hav broken down the last obstacle here, the dense masses of arbutus which now clothe the hīer parts of the slope wil reach tŏ the top of the ridge, and when these pioneers of vegetation shal hav served thêir turn and collected soil about thêir roots, thêir dark foliage wil in turn giv way tŏ terrace-walls and the dull green of the oliv.

6. The wonderful cōloring of this clif and its ever-varying tints make it ōne of the most beautiful objects in Nature. It is hard, unfeeling limestone, yet never was human face more affected by the play of the passions than is it by every change of the hŏur and the weather. Its aspect has that infinit variety which belongs tŏ the sea and the clouds. It smiles, it

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frowns; it is serene, it threatens. At times it bares its whole being tŏ you, at others it vêils itself in mist. In the early morning its surface gleams and flashes as the sun shining full against it flōōds every roc and cranny with līt. Tōard noon shadōs cast by its projections creep over it and assume queer and ever-changing forms. The increasing shade of the declining day brings out the līter tints, and the patches of green herbage, now becōme quite dark, contrast strikingly with thêir bare bacground. Rich purples and delicate shades of gray ar the prevailing cōlors with which distance invests the clif, but approach it closely and you find in every small bit of it not a dozen, but a hundred tints—reds, yellōs, browns of every shade, with streaks of intensest blac and white. The almost vertical dip of the strata givs a ready passage tŏ the water which, tricling down from abōve, oozes out throu every tiny chink and spreads over the whole surface. A chemist would explain that the mineral compounds with which the water becōmes charged on its way throu the roc ar rusted, so tŏ speak, by the action of the air, and in consequence assume these various cōlors. Thêre ar great patches of lichens, too, which so closely resemble the roc as usually tŏ attract no notice; but when rain has darkened the clif these humble intruders stand out tŏ the eye like surprised chameleons.

7. The wilderness of the ragged outline of this clif against the sky is broken in 3 places by buildings. The castle on the left is a relic of the Napoleonic wars. It stands on the hīest point of the iland, the summit of Monte Solaro, more than 2,000 feet abōve the sea. The white building just tŏ the rīt of it, with ōne huge archway visible, is a hermitage, whŏse lonely tenant gards a small chapel. The hīest point on the extreme rīt, a most inaccessible-looking crag, is crowned by the ruins of a mediæval castle, knōn now not by the name of its founder, but by that of its more famous destroyer, the dreaded pirate Barbarossa.

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8. On the gently-sloping tableland, hidden behind this clif, lies Anacapri or Upper Capri, a village of greater extent than Capri itself. Perched so hī abōve the sea, tŏ which ōnly precipitous paths descend, it is most like a populous hermitage. Quite remŏved from contact with the changing world, its greek customs and simple manners of 2,000 years ago stil cling tŏ it. For ages the ōnly road between these twŏ villages—which, in thêir separation from the rest of the world, ōne mīt think would hav been drawn more closely tŏgether—has been that zigzag line of steps cut in the sheer face of the roc at the extreme rīt of the clif, a wonderful piece of ancient engineering. The steps ar 535 in number, and represent an ascent of about as many feet. A carriage-road tŏ connect the villages has been begun. Starting from the piazza of Capri, it runs for a long way nearly on a level, climbs a hundred feet hīer by twŏ bacward turns, and just now ends abruptly on reaching the clif. For the rest of the way it must be blasted out of the roc. For many months a dozen little blac specs hav been crawling cautiously about on the face of the clif. Thêy ar workmen, secured by ropes tŏ the crags abōve. Thêre has been a steady clang of hammer and dril, with now and then a flash, a puf of white smoke, a report tossed from hil tŏ hil, a shower of roc and dust clattering down, and the trac of the new road may already be traced by the whiteness of the freshly-broken roc. When it is finished thêre wil scarcely be a more glorious drive in the world. Thêre is another path between the two Capris, climbing over the middle and hīest part of the clif, but such a path as hardly affords even the mountain-goat sure footing.

9. The hil which hides from sīt the left of this grand clif-wall is called *Castiglione*. Its sides ar terraced nearly tŏ the top, and yield abundance of wine and oil. The picturesque deserted fort which caps it, and whŏse crenated battlements look so wel against the sky, is several centuries old. At the foot of Castiglione, just over the red roof of the monastery

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shapel, twŏ rocs rise abruptly from the sea. From here thêir outlines blend intŏ õne. The ragged and pinnacled top of a third roc peeps over the side of Telegraf Hill, a little farther tŏ the left. These ar the *Faraglioni*, or Three Brothers. Thêy ar jagged, wild and picturesque: the water breaks in showers of foam around thêir bases, and thousands of guls hav a home on thêir inaccessible summits. No visitor tŏ these shores whŏ has any skil in the use of brush and pallet fails tŏ bear away a sketch of these crags. Thêir irregular outlines look wel in a picture, and the weather-stained gray and the iron rust of thêir sides can easily be imitated by the cõlors of the tourist. These rocs may best be vued from the Punta di Tragara, a point on the Telegraf Hill whêre a terrace overhangs them. The path thither is a favorit promenade, as it cõmes nearer tŏ being a level way than any õther on the iland. On a brīt day like this it is delītful tŏ idle away an afternoon on the grassy slope under this terrace, with the white guls sweeping solemnly overhead. On the steep hilside beneath ar set the nets for catching quails. These pretty birds, tired with thêir long flīt over the sea, alīt by thousands here in May and September, and many of them fall intŏ these cruel snares. When, after a few hours' rest, the floc takes wing again, thêre ar always left behind sõme weak stragglers, which ar easily caut in huge hand-nets. Quail-hunting here was õnce a favorit sport of the Bourbon kings of Naples, and the bishop of Capri used tŏ derive his chîef revenue from the same source, whence his diocese was knōn as the Quail bishopric. If thêre is the slītest swel upon the sea, the Faraglioni ar fringed at thêir base with foam, and the water around them is green with sunken air-bubbles. As the wave rises it rushes furiously intŏ the cavities of the roc, and bursts against the blac jutting tungs with the rumbling of dul thunder. As it falls slōly bac the foaming streams which pour down every seam of the drenched roc ar like tresses of silver hair. Such may hav been the dripping locs of Aphroditē as she rose from the sea.

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10. Tŏ the left of the Faraglioni thêre lies in the water another roc called *Monacone*. It is lo and accessible, and on it ar the ruins of a tŏmb. This roc is all which remains of an iland, ōnce much larger, tŏ which the emperor Augustus jestingly gave the name of Apragopolis, or Dŏ-nōthing Town, from the idleness of sōme of his suite whŏ used tŏ resort thither. Of the three hils which bound the vue tŏ the east, the ōne on the rīt is the conical Tuoro Grande or Telegraf Hil. It is crowned by a square box painted with broad horizontal bands alternately blac and white. This peaceful building is a signal-telegraf station. Thêre is an uncertainty about the workings of even the most modern institutions of Capri that harmonizes admirably with the simplicity of the inhabitants and the primitiv style of life ōne leads here. The steamboat is supposed tŏ cōme every day, but is timid, and is often not seen for a fortnīt. The post has erratic ways, nor dōes the telegraf escape the general fatality. I was favored ōne evening by ōne-half of a message of which the rest did not cōme til the next morning.

11. The gentle elevation next tŏ the left is the *Tuoro Piccolo*, and last of all cōmes the hil of *San Michele*, a wild mass of roc which hangs directly over the village. The ruins on its top ar those of a fort: thêy enclose the remains of a stil older chapel, and both occupy the site of a roman villa. The immense wall which girds the hil just belo the summit supports a Roman terrace whŏse massiv substructure is a puzzle tŏ antiquarians. It consists of a series of some 50 water-tīt chambers connected by dōorways and stil in good repair. The use of these chambers is unknōn. One ingenious explorer, ashamed not tŏ find any explanation at all, suggests that thêy formed a swimming gallery.

12. On ōne of the visits of Augustus a withered tree suddenly put forth new leaves and branches, and he was so pleased by this good omen that he bôt the iland from the city of Naples, giving Ischia in exchange for it. That was a turning-

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point in the destinies of Capri. Under Augustus and Tiberius, 12 palaces wer built and dedicated, ōne tŏ each of the 12 chief deities. Thêir sites wer chosen tŏ suit the different seasons. Sōme wer on hiltops, sōme on sunny slopes and sōme along the shore; and tŏ them wer added theatres, baths, cisterns and everything which could contribute tŏ the cōmfort of thêir luxurious ōner. A network of fine roads took the place of the former goat-paths of the iland, a līthouse and several harbors wer built, and the hilsides wer carved intŏ terraces which in the distance looked like hanging gardens. In this retreat Tiberius spent the last ten years of his life, and Capri became the virtual capital of the empire. On the summit of the most eastern headland, which San Michele now hides from vue, stood the Villa Janis, the palace in which Tiberius usually lived. Succeeding emperors allowed its magnificence tŏ fall intŏ disuse and decay. Since then earthquakes hav broken it, the storms of centuries hav worn it away, every peasant whŏ has needed stones for a wall or marbles tŏ adorn his hut has quarried in these ruins, and yet enuf is left tŏ-day of this colossal building tŏ excite the wonder and admiration of every visitor. Several rooms with vast arched cielings remain intact, a beautiful way paved with mosaic has been partially uncovered, the ground-flōor of a theatre can be traced, and ōne may visit a perfect labyrinth of smaller rooms on different levels. Sōme of them ar choked with rubbish, ōthers serv as cow-stables, while in ōthers cabbages ar grōing. In 1804 a German, whŏse curiosity tempted him tŏ dig in this mine, found a handsōme statue and sōme vases. Thêre ar of cōurse legends connected with this spot. A peasant child, crawling throu obscure passages, is said tŏ hav stumbled upon a hall whêre stood a superb equestrian statue, but no ōne has since been able tŏ find it. Tiberius could certainly hav chosen no more lōvely spot for his self-imposed seclusion.[19] The features of the landscape on which his eye must so often hav rested wer the same as those which

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delīt the traveler tŏ-day, except that Vesuvius was then a lo, rounded hil, covered with vineyards and pastures and peaceful flocs, and giving no sīgn of the sleeping fires which wer soon tŏ overwhelm the smiling vıllages of the plain.[20]

13. Many forein artists ar attracted tŏ Capri by the fine roc-studies and the pure greek type of the women, and in every direction may be seen the large windōs of thêir studios. The pretty girls of the iland ar no less dangerous sirens, I think, than those of old. At least, it is no uncommon thing for an artist tŏ fall in lōve with and marry the model whŏm his pencil has so often delineated, and whŏse beauty has perhaps given him his first success in his profession. The genial climate, which makes the winter seem an earlier spring, induces many invalids tŏ spend the cold season here; while the fame of the scenery, and especially of the lōvely Blue Grotto, brings a constant stream of transitory visitors. In fact, an excursion tŏ Capri in good weather is ōne of the most refreshing things in the world. One's first visit is naturally tŏ the *Blue Grotto*, whêre the boat seems tŏ hang suspended between twŏ azure heavens. Here, as the readers of 'The Improvisatore' wil remember, took place the strange meeting between the blind Lara and her future spouse, when he gave her the herbs that wer tŏ restore her sīt. The walks, or rather scrambles, about the iland ar numerous and of infinit variety, and an afternoon's excursion is sufficient tŏ furnish a chapter of adventures. You may climb tŏ the edge of the clif, and, looking over, watch the play of sunlīt and breeze on the water mottled blue and green belo, and see great steamers, like little toy ships, glide by; or descend tŏ the cave of *Matromania*, whêre ōnce the mysterious worship of Mithra was conducted; or visit the *Grotta del Arco*, whêre Augustus found bones which he took tŏ be those of giants and heroes, and whêre less romantic bones ar stil tŏ be picked up; or you may go down tŏ the seashore, whêre perpendicular walls of roc crowned by dismantled batteries tower abōve you,

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and whêre the waves sport with the fallen marbles of a Roman bath or the massiv piers of an ancient port.

14. Whichever path you take, a great cactus, like a many-handed giant, seems ready tŏ clutch at you from over the walls. Unshod donkeys cõme on you by surprise, while a band of children in wooden clogs wil clatter by you like a troop of horses. You see peasants working diligently in thêir vineyards, boys gathering edible snails for the Naples market, and long files of handsom girls, scantly clothed, carrying building-stones and mortar on thêir heads. You cõme across a group of children half naked, and as happy as fresh air and play can make them. Begging with this people is an instinct. On the uncultivated hilsides and in every crevice of the roc whêre a little soil has lodged gro wild flowers in profusion. Thêre ar nearly a thousand species on this small iland, and of these I hav found over a hundred in bloom in January. Thêre ar orchids which counterfeit the bee, the fly and other insects, a most delicately-marked crocus and shŏy cuforbias. The cyclamen and anemone, the cistus and narcissus and the white heather, carpet the hils with red, yello and white. But the lŏveliest of all the flowers is the 'Lithospermum rosmarinifolium,' which is almost peculiar tŏ Capri. Thousands of these stare at you from the inaccessible crags with thêir large open eyes, which ar of a darker and purer blue than I hav seen in any other wild flower.

15. From the moment õne sets foot on this iland the monotony of life seems gône. Thêre is a new freshness in the air, a new beauty in sea and sky, a new type of features, an unusual style of dress. Even the striking of the cloc is mysterious, for the old italian style of counting tŏ twenty-four o'cloc is stil in vogue, and the day begins with Ave Maria, half an hour after sunset. It is here accounted wisdom tŏ kno when noon cõmes, for it varies throughout the year from half-past 15 tŏ 19 o'cloc. One hears much of the perils of the coral-fishery, in which hundreds of the yung men annually embark in order

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tŏ earn by the severest toil enuf tŏ enable them tŏ marry, and other strange and wild stories abound, of which lōve and revenge, murder and suicide, ar the exciting themes.

16. Even a new code of morals seems tŏ prevail here. Not that the Capriots ar by any means a depraved race. Thêir morals tŏ-day ar in fact much better than ōne mīt expect, considering that the Taphians wer thêir ancestors and Tiberius thêir schoolmaster. It is ōnly that thêir ideas of what constitutes morality differ in sōme respects from ōurs. Tŏ marry a foreiner, for example, is the ambition of every pretty Capri girl, but thêy ar not at all nice about the ceremony, being quite satisfied with Scotch law of mutual consent. And, strange tŏ say, the public opinion of the iland fully sustains them in this course. The government insists on the performance of the ceremony of marriage before a magistrate: the priests maintain the doctrin that the Church alone can give marriage its true sanction. Seeing the doctors thus disagree, this simple people seem tŏ hav sagely decided that both may be wrong, and that perhaps no ceremony at all is best.[21]

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[1] From "Lippincott's Magazine" (abridged) Sept., 1876.

18. In 1808, when the French had scaled the hits of Anacapri from the sea, the defeated english wer driven tŏ seek refuge on the summit of Monte Solaro. In the nit twŏ Corsican companies in the English service tried tŏ descend by this path. Sōme succeeded, but not a few, losing thêir foothold in the darkness, fel over the precipice.

19. Whŏover, musing amid these ruins, tries tŏ re-erect the stately walls, repeople them with the retired emperor's court, and picture tŏ himself thêir daily dŏings, opens for himself ōne of the saddest pages in human history. He whŏ dwelt here was master of the civilized world, but a slave tŏ his passions. Secure from observation and danger in this inaccessible retreat, and surrounded by gangs of slaves from the last wars in Germany, Syria and Africa, whŏ wer toiling tŏ subdue the savage nature of the iland, Tiberius indulged his depraved appetites by every species of debauch, and gratified the cruelty of his nature by inventing new tortures for those whŏm his caprice destined tŏ death. The hand of Time has destroyed the infamous Sellaria, an establishment in which Venus was worshipped with novel rites, but tradition stil points out the "Salto di Tiberio," the spot whêre, in sit of

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the emperor, criminals wer thrōn down a clif 1800 feet hi intō the sea, and thēre beaten tō death by the oars of boatmen stationed tō receive them. It was while the world's master was devoting his last years tō lo pleasures on this iland that the tragedy of Calvary was accomplished, and it is likely that news of the event was brōt tō him here. For nine months, while the conspiracy of Sejanus was in progress, Tiberius did not venture tō set foot outside of the Villa Janis. And it was here that, after the conspirator's death, those proscriptions wer planned that made the streets of Rome run with blood. Tiberius was on the mainland a day or two before his death, and, altho quite il, he tried tō return tō Capri, that he mit from this iland, as from a citadel, punish with impunity certain senators whō had displeased him. But bad weather obliged him tō put bac, and he died in the house of Lucullus, near Cape Misenum.

20. It adds not a little tō the romance of a visit tō this spot tō find that the ruins ōf the emperor's villa ar surmounted by a chapel and a hermitage. Happy, panting strangers whō daily toil up for the vue look with aw and veneration upon Fra Antonio, "the poor hermit whō gards this sanctuary," for in these terms is he spoken of in the inscription that asks for contributions. Here is the world's vanity rebuked: here is the silence of the nit broken by fervent prayer. This holy man doubtless fasts much, tho few traces of it appear on his rubicund visage. He doubtless flagellates himself, not with a simple cord like that around his waist, but with another, perhaps, full of iron spikes. It is a pleasure tō help on his devotions, and the spirit feels liter for dropping a coin intō his box. Such wer my thōts when first I entered his humble cell, but familiar acquaintance with things dispels, alas! many pleasing illusions. Ah, Fra Antonio, how hast thou improved upon the austerity of the Middle Age! Here, indeed, is a model hermit! It is plain tō him that tō be holy ōne need not entirely eschew society nor despise good living. Accordingly, he often descends tō the village tō take a meal, and wil even pass the nit thēre in bad weather. But when the morning sun shines britly and the steamer is in sit, which never fails tō bring tō his shrine pilgrims whō may be expected tō put sōmething intō his box, then he quicly betakes himself again tō his lonely home. This gentle hermit is a tender-hearted man, and not indifferent tō those sweet ties of Nature which link the members of ōne family; and if a taste for his calling may be inherited, I fancy he wil not lac successors.

21. The most characteristic amusement of the Capriots is the dance called the tarantella. It is knōn in sōme other parts of the Neapolitan province; but ōnly at Capri can it be seen in perfection. It is the custom on New Year's Eve for youths and maidens tō go about tō the houses of thēir friends in bands, attired in thēir traditional costume and bearing branches of oliv and myrtle. If a tarantella is already going on, the new-comers join in it unceremoniously; if not, thēy speedily improvise ōne, and thus thēy dance out the old year. I was in a peasant's house on ōne of these occasions. The

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company was ranged closely around the walls, the fiddler was scraping vigorously away, and various couples wer on the flōor. Suddenly a new turn was given tō the gayety by the arrival of Mariuccia, the model, a noted beauty and ōne of the best dancers of the iland. She was barefooted: a scarlet bodice enclosed her dainty waist, and on her white gown lemon-leaves wer stitched in slanting rōs. Her hair was neatly dōne up and fastened behind with the *spadella*. A yung man accompanied her, dressed in white and with a red sash about his waist. The new couple take the flōor. Thēy stand a short distance apart, facing in opposit directions, the left shōlders being presented tō each other. The wēt rests on the rīt foot, the left is thrōn forward, while the hands ar held above the head, the whole position being exactly the same as that of many of the dancing-girls in the frescoes from Herculaneum. Thēy keep time tō the music by springing with the rīt foot and by snapping thēir fingers or clapping thēir hands. Now thēy suddenly change position, rest upon the left foot and advance the rīt. Now thēy stand almost bac tō bac, the rīt shōlders touching, the heads thrōn so far bac that thēy can look intō each other's eyes. The left foot is held in air, and, springing in unison upon the rīt, thēy go slōly around. This is the prettiest figure of all. Thēre is another in which, standing far apart, and with the body greatly curved, thēy *swoop* around with marvelous quicness; and indeed it is a dance which admits of many variations. All at ōnce the music slackens. From 160 beats tō the minute it falls tō about 120: the tarantella ceases, and the sloer tarascona begins—a mere monotonous balancing, designed tō give rest tō the dancers. While the tarantella fascinates ōne by its exquisit and ever-varying postures and its graceful motions, the thōro enjoyment of it by the dancers adds tō it another charm. Here is neither the languor of the ballroom nor the made-up beauty of the stage. Tō these hardy youths and girls dancing is a delīt, and the real pleasure which sparkles in thēir eyes and gloes in thēir cheeks kindles a like pleasure in the spectators. This dance derives its name from its fancied resemblance tō the frenzied dancing which is stil in vogue in Southern Italy as a cure for the bite of the tarantula. This poisonous spider spins no web, and is seldom seen except at harvest-time. Its bite causes shooting pains all over the body. The friends of the person bitten gather around him and play by turns on various musical instruments, while the sufferer begins a slo dance. Not until the instrument and the tune, as well as the person playing, ar all in perfect consonance with the mood of the patient dōes the cure begin tō take effect. But when that moment comes the dancer's step quickens, his eye kindles, he fairly shrieks with pleasure, and he dances furiously for hours until utterly exhausted. He then falls asleep, and wakes perfectly cured.

22 See Griswold's "Descriptive List of Novels," No. 721.

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IN LOER BRETAGNE.

BY E: HARRISON BARKER.[1]

1. If anyōne wil take up the map of France and glance along the far western coast until his eye rests upon the extreme point of the mainland, he is then looking at Land's End of Cornwall in Gaul. That wedge-like piece of country, which has the Bay of Douarnenez on the north, and the Bay of Audierne on the south, is Cornouaille proper—called by the nativs Kerné. It is probable that these Bretons hav sōme closer bond of kinship with the true Cornish of Cornwall than thêy hav with the Welsh. If the map be stil kept before the eye, it wil be noticed that the little promontory that stretches out intŏ the sea due west from the French mainland bears a certain similarity tŏ that larger promontory which finishes at the south-western extremity of England. The coast of this piece of land, lying between the twŏ bays already mentioned, is marked by wilder asperities, by a more sublime desolation than that of any other part of France. From the Pointe du Raz tŏ within a league or so of Douarnenez, the rocs ar for the most part so hī and precipitous as tŏ present an almost impassable barrier between the land and the sea. These granit walls ar scalloped intŏ innumerable little bays and creeks, which, altho thêy rarely afford a landing-place, offer invaluable shelter tŏ fishing-boats in foul weather. The winning beauty of the golden beach is almost absent here; but those in whŏm the lōve of desolation is strong wil experience all the delīt which can be derived from loneliness and grandeur, wandering along these barren cliffs amid gorse and heather, whêre few sounds ar heard save the melancholy cries of the sea-birds, and the roar of the waves breaking perpetually upon the rocs belo.

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2. On this shore, a little west of the town of Douarnenez, is the village of *Treboul*. Here, on a clif, just abōve a small beach, forming when the tide is lo a semicircle of the smoothest sand, which can be reached by a zigzag path down the bracken-fringed and thorn-entangled rocs, is a lo-built house, with granit walls and red-tiled roof, wrongly termed a chalet. Here I spent three months, except when the vagabond spirit was leading me over the moors, or in the wasteful places by the sea. Now, as I write by the winter fire, and recall my impressions of those pleasant summer days in Brétagne, Tréboul stands at the head of the pageant. I am standing on a little bridge at the head of an inlet of the sea, which fills with water and becōmes a reach of level sand, with a shallo stream in the middle, every 12 hours. This creek servs as a harbor; beyond it is the Bay of Douarnenez, the yello, sun-bleached rocs shining from the farther shore; and beyond these, again, is a range of purple moorland hīts. Houses cluster by the quay and up the sides of the steep and rocky hils, capped by twŏ windmils, whose long sails ar forever describing circles upon the sky and leaving trace of nŏne. Abōve the hīest houses rises a church, new and white. At the entrance of the inlet between Tréboul and Douarnenez is a small iland nearly surrounded by great rocs, and on this is a līthouse. A fleet of fishing-boats is running intŏ the harbor with the flo, the resplendent sunshine cōloring the dark sails sienna-red and amber. This is the modern village, but thêre is a much older Tréboul lying beyond the windmils. On the summit of a grassy clif, over which the salt spray is driven by the wintry storms, is a small time-worn and lichen-stained church, which, as it is approached from the land, is half hidden by embowering elms. From the wooden cieling hangs the model ship which is suspended in most of the sea-side churches of Brétagne.

3. We left Tréboul ōne morning early in September under

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a blue sky, and feeling the generous warmth of the long-hidden sun. Our way lay throu Douarnenez. The tide was coming in, and we had tŏ wade across the inlet. The town is picturesquely situated, and it allures the stranger from a distance; but it can sho scarcely any buildings of interest, except a singularly massiv modern church in a heavy Romanesque style. Thêre is no dirtier place in Brétagne—an assertion which may seem rather rash tŏ those whŏ kno sŏmething of other fishing-towns. Thêre ar wīnding walks by the sea which would be delītful could ōne be as indifferent as the nativs evidently ar tŏ foul odors. After threading our way throu narro strēets which oozed pestilential moisture, we breathed again pure air on the wooded clifs at the S. E. corner of the bay. Here a narro path runs over the rocs amid bracken, bramble and gorse, skirting the precipice, which is naked in places, in others clothed with shrubs, stunted trees, and tangled herbage. These clifs led us tŏ the Sables du Riz—a half-mile or more of perfect beach forming the head of the bay. At hī tide the sand is covered by the waves, except whêre the pale sea-holly groes a little belo the line of the short grass and thistles. The waves wer coming in in long white parallel lines; the rest of the sea was of glassy stilness. Could we resist the temptation of casting ourselvs intŏ that blue sunlit water? In a few minutes the guls rose upon the wing as we ran down the smooth sand and dashed intŏ the sea. What a swim was that tŏ be remembered in after-years!

4. Having crossed the Sables du Riz the traveler finds himself on the northern shore of the bay, which is alternately of savage grandeur and of calm, enticing beauty, accordingly as the rocs dwindle tŏ lŏse themselvs in sand, or rise in awful precipices, undermined and honeycombed by the waves. These rocs sho every variety of hue which granit wears, but thêir prevailing tint is a reddish yello. Whêrever roots can force thêir way intŏ the crevices of the granit and gather mold about them,

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the roc is hidden by a green tapestry of ivy and gorse, honeysuckle, bramble and teucrium, all tangled and flashed with flowers from the ridge whêre the long grasses wave in the breeze down tŏ the dripping blocs which the seaweed has clothed with its fantastic leavs and bladders, and whêre streamers of grass wrac lie bleaching. At the base of these clifs the granit spreads out tōards the sea like the gnarled roots of ancient elms, now disappearing and now rising abōve the sand in rugged masses, scalloped and holloed by the waves. We left the coast; but before taking the hīroad tŏ Châteaulin, we folloed for sōme distance the course of a limpid stream, running throu ōne of those grassy, fertil valleys which, in Finistère, ar rendered much more smiling by the contrast of the stern moors and gorse-covered hils which ar the prevailing features of the country. We mīt hav spent a pleasant day in this valley; but the thôt of the distance which lay between us and the hospitable inn which we hoped tŏ find at Locronan for the mid-day meal, made us turn from the meadōs tŏ the road. After climbing a hil, we came in vue of the graceful spire of a church in the village of Kerlas. After resting a few moments at a wretched little inn, whêre it was impossible tŏ hold any conversation, because the woman whŏ was in authority thêre knew no French except words having special reference tŏ her business, we tramped away again on the sunny road, along the borders of which the vervein's specs of blue had climbed hī upon the wiry stems, and the mallōs pushed far over the dusty grass; for the summer, alas! was wel nī spent. We passed ŏne of those wonderful Bréton lanes between hī banks, planted chiefly with oak and holly, and which ar so completely arched over with dense foliage that thêy look like tunnels. After this thêre was little tŏ notice until we came in sīt of the massiv tower of the church of Locronan. Having reached this village, we entered an inn which had a modern air of cleanliness and comfort. Thêre wer others more picturesque; but picturesqueness

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shōs a tendency tŏ combine with dirt. An old inn with a gabled roof, little dormer windōs with leaden lattices, overlapping storeys, sooty chimney-corners, whêre õne can sit with õne's feet upon the heârth, and receive in õne's face the savory steam arising from the swing pot, possesses undeniable charms for the wayfarer in search of the poetic and the romantic; but it is neither poetic nor romantic tŏ encounter things in the dish which nip a splendid appetite in the bud, and spoil the sweetest temper for a full hour. Our meal was substantial, without being such as tŏ make us linger at the table. The Bretons ar bad cooks. Thêy ar as little like the French in this as thêy ar in other respects. If the women sho any zeal or competence in the kitchen, it is in the art of making pancakes out of buckwheat flour. The cakes ar as thin as wafers, and hav tŏ be folded several times before thêy begin tŏ hav a serious consistency. Such being thêir character, thêy ar rarely eaten otherwise than with the fingers; thêy thêrefore tend tŏ uphold the deeply-rooted contempt for forks which is another peculiarity of the Breton. As regards õne article of food, the Bretons ar perhaps more fastidious than any other people. This is butter, which forms, with bread, oatmeal, and pancakes, the chîef of thêir diet.

5. The church of Locronan has a strikingly venerable appearance. The building is in the main of 15th century construction, but the general architectural character conveys the idea of greater antiquity. Châteaulin, whêre we intended tŏ pass the nīt, lay sõme 12 miles off. As we skirted the desolate, hī hil, made famous by St. Ronan's oxen, we wer charmed by the vue of the broad valley, with its innumerable green fields surrounded by tall hedges which lay between us and the Bay of Douarnenez. Wer we in rugged, solemn Brétagne, or wer we looking at a Devonshire landscape? As we went on, the country became more barren and moorlike; but the beautiful heather made the roadsides purple with its countless bels.

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A slender spire came intŏ vue across the plain, but the church tŏ which it belonged was quite hidden by a dense grove of elms and oaks. The spire rose abŏve the village of Kergoat. While we wer among the elms and oaks, we loitered awhile at ŏne of those old moss-grōn wels which affect the imagination in such a strange way that few people can pass ŏne without stopping tŏ look down it. On leaving the village, we passed a roadside cross (bearing the date 1553) which had fallen far out of the perpendicular. The road now ran between hī hedges of holly and ferny banks. Dark little lanes, completely arched over with foliage, led away tŏ the scattered hamlets and farms. We entered the village of Cast, which lies at the foot of that range of hī hils called the Blac Mountains. It was nearly dark when we reached the mountains, which, with thêir mantle of gorse and heather, really look blac under the gray skies. For more than an hour we wer walking over the dark moorland, and at a sufficient hīt for the nīt wind tŏ be unpleasantly cold by contrast with the heat of the day. We met no ŏne, nor did we see a gleam of līt from a cottage windo until we dropped far down intŏ the valley on the northern side of the range. Then we came upon *Chateaulin* suddenly by turning a bold granitic hill. What a wonder met ŏur eyes! Here in the heârt of Lower Brétagne was a town of 3,500 inhabitants līted by electricity. Intŏ shops with dōor-jambs lurching forward or sideways under gabled roofs, modern science had walked, and had hung a lamp whŏse brilliant flame was fed by a water-wheel. The situation of Châteaulin is picturesque. Its twŏ principal streets ar on the banks of the winding Aulne, which is both a river and an inlet of the sea, communicating with the harbor of Brest. From Châteaulin upwards it becomes a mirror, whêreon escarped hils thro the semblance of thêir tree-grōn steeps, thêir jutting granit and thêir barren solitudes. Rising hī abŏve the town on the southern side ar clifs of slate and granit, bare whêre the escarpment denies a foothold tŏ vegeta-

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tion; in other places, whêre the slope is gentler, clothed with trees. We climbed the side of a clif tŏ a chapel originally connected with with a castle, of which only sŏme insignificant fragments remain.

6. As we left Châteaulin (called Casteline by the Brétons), we took the road tŏ Le Faou, which for sŏme distance folloes the Aulne tŏards the sea. We came tŏ the village of Port Launay, its gabled houses looking upon the brīt water; at its bac wer hī hils, abandoned tŏ the desert-lŏving furze, and the fateful pine. Steep clifs sloped tŏ the water's edge. Our road now turned away from the lŏvely Aulne, which we left regretfully. After passing throu a district wel stocked with apple-trees, from which the fruit had already been carried away tŏ make cider, the signs of cultivation vanished, while the gorse and heather reappeared. Beyond the tableland, at the bottom of a charming valley, whêre a stream went flashing throu verdant pastures, was a village called *Pont du Buis*. Here we stopped at an inn which would be termed a hedge-tavern in England. The flŏor of trodden earth, the artless benches and tables brôt tŏ mind ŏur walking days in Auvergne. Presently we wer walking by the sparkling water in a green valley, whêre the lordly elm and sky-soaring poplar cast thêir great shadŏs over the peaceful meadŏs, and the cattle wer feeding with thêir feet deep in grass. Thêre was a distant vue of hī hils behind a vêil of blue mist, and of yello sands whêre the dancing stream met the salt water of the sea. The road drew us gently from the valley up its hilly sides, and again we wer crossing the hī level land. The bracken was stil burning in the sunshine, and the bees wer stil humming among the heather-bels as we descended intŏ another valley, whêre ŏur day's journey was tŏ end. Thêre, close tŏ a narro arm of the sea, lay *Le Faou*. It is a town of ŏne street, but it is a street that is in itself a romance. Here all influences make the spectator believe that he is living 3 centuries ago. Old houses with overlapping stories, gabled roofs, and far-stretching eaves, ar tŏ be seen here and

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thêre in many towns of Brétagne; but at Le Faou most of the houses ar of this pattern. Timber enters largely intŏ the construction of these old dwellings; oak beams cross the surfaces at all angles, the spaces between the timbers being usually faced with small pieces of slate. In the angle of every gable is a little windo, from the sil of which an under-garment may be seen hanging tŏ dry, unless the place is taken by a small garden. Supposing the garden tŏ be thêre, leaves and flowers wil half hide the opening with thêir luxuriant beauty. The inn which offered us shelter was modern and unromantic. It was the ōnly ōne at Le Faou whêre it was possible tŏ lodge. We negotiated at the dōors of others which wer delītfully picturesque. But our proposals wer ill-received, and we wer sent tŏ the house whêre commercial travelers stopped. We had a wel-served dinner and comfortable beds. After dinner we went intŏ a bac kitchen whêre the monthly washing was going on. Washing is not the word; it was the monthly boiling. Thêre was a large swing-pot filled with water, boiling over a wood fire. A servant, wearing the large white coif of Châteaulin, stood beside it with a ladle in her hand, with which every twŏ or three minutes she took up sōme of the boiling water and emptied it intŏ another receptacle. This was a large iron vessel several feet hī, over the top of which a coarse linen cloth had been laid. The cloth was covered by a thic layer of wood-ashes, and the water was poured over these, so that when it fel upon the linen beneath which needed cleansing, it was charged with potash. The water passed throu perforations intŏ a lōer vessel, from which it was taken and pōured bac intŏ the pot over the fire. Our landlady was an enthusiastic advocate of this system, which is here generally folloed. She attributed tŏ it the brilliant whiteness of the Brétagne linen, and the length of time it lasts. She could not find words strong enuf tŏ express her disgust for soda, which played havoc with the best sheets ever made from flax.

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7. The next morning, after a breakfast of bread and milk, folloed by bōls of coffee, we wer shōing the peasant children, whŏ wer on thêir way tŏ school, our best pace upon the road tŏ Daoulas. It was ōne of those chil, misty mornings at the beginning of autumn, which foretel a fine day, but make ōne grieve for the passing summer. Our first halt was at a wayside dipping-wel, with a niche over it for the statue of a saint. We met the arm of the sea on ŏur left, then came tŏ hilly country, whêre thêre wer scarcely any flowers, but whêre the monotony of bracken and gorse was broken by dwarfish oak, beech and ash. At a small village called Camfront, the costume changed. The women wer wearing blac hoods and white sleeves. We reached *Daoulas* (a town of 850 inhabitants) about mid-day. We climbed the hilside, upon which Daoulas is chiefly built, tŏ the church that overlooks it. Our 3 days' walking tour ended at Daoulas. Here we found the railway and after ōne of those severe trials of patience, such as all can understand whŏ hav traveled on Brétagne lines, we reached Tréboul that nīt; and when we had stretched ŏur limbs upon oùr beds, we did not need the song of the sea washing the broken granit and tossing the weed at the foot of ŏur clif tŏ lull us tŏ sleep.

8. One Sunday morning late in September I was a solitary tramp on the road tŏ Plougastel-Daoulas. I had passed the nīt at Daoulas in a little inn which was far from being luxurious, but which was capable of affording all I needed. The bil, which included dinner, was sōmething less than 3 francs. Brétagne is a country whêre the walking tourist wil probably spend less money than anywhêre else in France. With the best wish tŏ be extravagant, he wil note with increasing surprise the tenacity with which the change of a 20 franc-piece clings tŏ his pocket. Gradually rising, I reached a tableland, whêre thêre wer many stunted oaks. Here I saw the sea flashing a little belo me on the left. It was ōne of the many inlets of the vast

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harbor of Brest. My road led away from it; it sunk intŏ a wooded valley surrounded by gorse-covered hils. Beyond *Loperhet* the road was up hil and down dale; the sides wer fringed with holly-bushes and tall genista—much hīer than the common broom. *Plougastel* was reached about noon. The village is built upon a bare hil a few miles from the sea. The place would be uninteresting but for its famous calvary, remarkable for the quaintness of its art—stil more so for the animation expressed in the figures. When I think of the meal I had at Plougastel the imagination refuses tŏ warm. It was of twŏ courses. The first was soup. The next was tripe, cut intŏ very small pieces, but exceedingly leathery throu insufficient stewing. Fortunately the bread was fairly good, and the butter excellent. Twŏ hours of the afternoon wer spent when I was wayfaring again in the open country between Plougastel and Landerneau. For the first four or five miles the land was flat and uninteresting. The dreary plateau passed, the road sloped down intŏ a broad valley. In the bottom was the blue sea—the estuary of the *Elorn*, winding along the plain between wide margins of yello sand, and all around wer hils covered with woods, or with gorse in golden flower. Masses of granit rose sheer from the almost level land. I climbed õne of these rocs tŏ the point whêre it ended abruptly in a naked peak. It was troublesõm work, for I was sõmetimes up tŏ my middle in gorse and bracken; at others I had tŏ tread upon matted masses of whortleberry. In places sweet chestnut, dwarf oak, and beech formed a dense scrub. Even the peak was not really bare; it was tapestried with long gray lichen, and the dry, reddish racemes of wall cotyledon long past its flowering mingled with small-leaved ivy in the crevices of the granit and feldspar.

9. The valley of the Elorn is called the cradle of chivalry. On the western side of the estuary was the round table at which King Arthur sat with his knīts. Here stood the Château

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de Joyeuse Garde, mentioned in the songs and romances of the Round Table. The name is stil given tŏ sŏme ruined arches, the Gothic character of which disposes of the hypothesis, so pleasing tŏ romantic spirits, that thêy ar a portion of King Arthur's castle; but thêre is sŏme subterranean work which may be of more ancient origin. In the calm evening glo the walk throu the valley was too quicly over. As I went on, the sea narroed until it became a stream. A lane between hī hedges that changed twilīt almost tŏ nīt brôt me tŏ *Landerneau*. Sŏme portions of this town of 9,000 inhabitants ar of archæological interest. In the narro, crooked streets, whêre ferns hang from the walls, 16th century houses, with overhanging stories and gables which look as if thêy mīt tumble any minute upon the passer-by ar numerous. In the middle of the lo bridge which spans the river is a mediæval mil, with curious archway and moldings; and not far from it is the Maison de la Sénéchaussée, with numerous niches for the statues of saints, and tuerets at the angles, ending belo in 'culs de lampe.' The date of the building is 1510. Thêre was a heavy sea-mist hanging over the country as I left Landernau and took the road tŏ Sizun. It was a chil and cheerless morning, but just such a ŏne as in September promises a warm and brilliant day. The scenery suddenly revealed unsuspected charms. The road ran alŏng the side of a hī, densely-wooded clif, and belo it was a narro, gorge-like valley, at the bottom of which was a roaring stream hidden by trees. The opposit hil was clothed with gorse in full flower, and brown bracken, except whêre the granit stood out in savage nakedness. Hīer in the valley the stream came intŏ vue, flashing in the midst of green meadōs. The road was tunneled throu a projecting mass of granit, upon the rugged sides of which the delicate white blossoms of the sea-campion mingled with the golden pea-flowers of the furze. The mist had quite cleared, and the sun was shining with summer-like heat when I reached a tableland from which a church-spire

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rose hī against the blue sky. It belonged tŏ the village of *La Martyre*, tŏ see which I had left the direct route tŏ Sizun. The road at the entrance of the village passed throu a farmyard. I lunched at a little inn facing the church, and altho I taxed the resources of its larder tŏ the utmost, the repast consisted of boiled eggs and bread & butter. The woman whŏ boiled the eggs was a puzzled-headed creature whŏ kept on forgetting what she wished tŏ dŏ. She was at least half an hour over this very simple matter, and the eggs wer as hard as bullets. One meets such women in Brétagne with distressing frequency. Thêy ar more often indolent and obstinate than stupid. Thêir obstinacy is of the kind termed pig-headedness; for it makes them turn about and face another way whenever thêy ar urged tŏ mŏve a little faster in a certain direction. This tendency is characteristic of the people, altho happily it dões not affect all individuals equally. The room whêre I ate my frugal meal was embellished with numerous religious prints, images, and crucifixes. Such taste as the peasantry hav for artistic objects is invariably associated with the duties and aspirations of religion.

10. Sizun's splendid spire is a landmark for many a mile around. Its imposing hīt is increased by the circumstance that the church and town ar built upon a hil. This slender, lance-like spire, which, seen from the plain, seems tŏ pierce the clouds, expresses, with its turrets and pinnacles, the crowning idea of Gothic art; but it must, nevertheless, be classed with Renaissance architecture. The inn at Sizun whêre I passed the nīt was as quiet as the õne at Landerneau was noisy; it was dul and uninteresting. The next morning I set out in the direction of Pleyben. A range of barren hils, called the Montagnes d'Arrée, lay tŏ the south, and had tŏ be crossed. I knew that a long and troublesõme walk was before me, but the desert, which began at the foot of the dark hils, had for me an attraction. The morning was beautiful, all the more so becaus the nīt had been tempestuous and rainy. Myriads of diamonds

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sparkled upon the grass, the brown bracken and the bramble leavs in the hedgerōs. The road sloped intŏ a valley, cut intŏ a great number of small fields, separated for the most part by hī banks, on which tall hedges flourished like little woods. In this way thousands of acres ar wasted, even whêre the soil is productiv; but the farmer's loss is the artist's gain. Thêre ar immense tracts of land in France rendered dismally monotonous tŏ the eye by the absence of hedges. At length the ascent began, and after passing the little village of *St. Cadou*, I was fairly in the hilly region. Having reached the top of the first ridge, I saw a vast expanse of moorland, broken intŏ hils and valleys, but all overgrōn with gorse, heather, and bracken. At the bottom of a little valley, whêre a stream went twisting and sparkling amidst shallōs and gorse, wer a few clusters of houses, called *St. Rivoal*. I kept quite within the bounds of prudence in telling the innkeeper tŏ let me hav the best he had. The best was a plate of beef which, after having been boiled tŏ rags tŏ make soup, had been fried with butter. The house possessed wine, but it was so bad that I could not drink it. The cider was not much better.

11. I had long since left the road tŏ Pleyben, and was now going out of my way in order tŏ ascend the *Mont St. Michel*, which, altho less than 1,300 feet hī, is the most elevated point in Brétagne. As I rose the gorse disappeared and then the chief vegetation was heather and short grass. The chapel dōor was locked, but I could see by a broken windo that the interior was ruinous and neglected. From the top of this hil the vue was desolately beautiful. I descended the Mont on the eastern side, and, after sōme difficult walking throu the pricly gorse, struc the road tŏ Brasparts. After Brasparts, the moor quite disappeared from the valleys, and was ōnly continued on the tops of the hils. The country was wel wooded, and carefully cultivated. I reached Pleyben at nītfall, thōroly tired after my day's journey, much of which had been over ruf ground. I

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found a substantial-looking inn, with dormer windōs along the whole line of the roof. All the houses wer dwarfed tŏ insignificance by the church and its majestic tower. Near tŏ it, so near as tŏ be architecturally combined with it, was the calvary, which is almost as celebrated as the ōne at Plougastel. What a sum of of faith and what energy of religious purpos ar sealed in these rocs of sculptured granit raised by the hands of men in this poor town of 5,000 inhabitants! The picture of the poetic Aulne, wīnding among its gardian hils, was driven from my mind by the scream of a locomotiv. I had reached Châteaulin, and the train which was tŏ take me bac tŏ the granit roc by the sea whêre I had pitched my summer tent was in sīt. As I was being carried beyond the Blac Mountains, I tried tŏ console myself for thus hastily parting from the Aulne by saying that I would return and make a long pilgrimage by the green margins of its winding water.

12. The sea breaking against the granit rocs belo ōur chalet made an uproar which mīt be described as sublimely infernal. But the storm blew itself out by the morning. It was just the day I needed for the plan I had in mind—a tramp along the coast tŏ the Pointe du Raz. I walked over the wild clifs, golden with gorse, out of which arose at intervals an enormous bōlder or jagged mass of granit. On the rīt lay the bay, intensely blue, and dotted with sardine boats. The sea vanished as I entered a pine-wood. Then the trees wer left behind, and I was again upon the moor. Sōmetimes I was standing on the edge of a clif, looking down upon the tumultuous sea far belo, rushing intŏ the caverns and striking the rocs like a battering-ram. Catching sīt of a church-spire, I made directly tōards it, and soon found myself at *Beuzec*. After Beuzec thêre was the moor again; but its monotony was relieved by clumps of maritime pines, and on the clifs near the coast by windmils. The promontory became so narro that the sea lay at a distance of a few miles on either side. I mistook my way,

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and found myself on the Bay of Audierne. Leaving the sea, I passed a romantic-looking grange, with an old gateway with pillars of gray granit. On reaching the fishing village of *Plogoff* I decided tŏ stay thêre for the nīt. The inn was more roomy than the ōne at Beuzec, and the people in it wer much more cheerful, but thêre was not a suspicion of luxury in the accommodation. The fuel burning on the heârth was not wood, nor coal, nor peat—it was *manure* in small blocs like brics. This singular fuel makes a very good fire. We reached the coast near the little Baie des Trépassès. It looked so beautiful then that its dismal name seemed quite inapplicable. It is, nevertheless, a place of horrible associations. Upon that curved strip of golden sand, over which the sea murmurs so softly in calm weather, more corpses hav probably been thrōn than upon any ether bit of coast of the same length in the world. It is bordered by hī clifs, the base of which has been honeycombed by the sea. The waters of this bay ar supposed tŏ cover the ruins of the ancient city of Is, the story of whose destruction has been made the subject of an opera. Fishermen declare that when the water is very clear thêy can distinguish the vague outline of buildings or fragments of them at the bottom of the bay. We wer now approaching the end of the promontory, whêre the granit was piled like an outer bastion raised against the invading ocean. Its upper ridges bristled with blac spines like the bac of a fabulous sea-monster. At first we walked over short turf, whêre thêre wer sōme lingering flowers of thrift and stil more of centaury, here so dwarfed that the waxy pink blossoms crept close tŏ the ground. Then we began tŏ wīnd amongst rocs from which the brīt-green sapfire hung its fleshy leavs, and the lichen its gray-green beard. The sun was now so warm that the lizards came out of thêir crevices and lay basking on the granit blocs. The fisherman led me along the brink of horrible precipices, and shōed me a roc whêre cormorants build; then we passed throu a hole in a

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fallen mass of granit, and came suddenly upon an abyss. Blac, gloomy rocs rose far abõve ȯur heads, almost shutting out the sky, and in the gulf belo the sea dashed and whirled. When we began tŏ return by the southern side of the roc, I did not like the prospect. I was expected tŏ walk a considerable distance upon a narro ledge on the side of a precipice which was not quite vertical, but would hav prŏved sufficiently so tŏ make mincemeat of me had I missed my footing. But when I heard that Sarah Bernhardt had walked this very ledge without wincing, I felt that it would be disgraceful not tŏ tread in her footsteps, even at the risk of my nec. On, thêrefore, I went, holding affectionately tŏ the roc, and looking at the sea as little as possible.

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[1] From WAYFARING IN FRANCE, *Bentley*, 1890, (abridged.)

EXPLANATION OF ACCENTS :— â = a in *are* (not as in "bāre") ; ă=a in *hall* (not as in "shall") ; ã=a in *any* (not as in "ant") ; ē= e in *hear* (not as in "health" or "heârt" or "beār" or "ëarl") ; ê = e in *there* and *their* (not as in "hēre" or "wëre") ; ī = i in *lie* (not as in "lîef" or friend) ; ō = o in *four* (not as in "ȯur" or "yŏur"), or in *post* (not as in "côst"), or in *bowl* (not as in "howl," or in *rove* (not as in "lõve," or "mŏve")'; ȯ = o in *gone* (not as in "bōne" or "õne") ; ŏ = o in *work* (not as in "pōrk") ; ŏ = o in *do*(not as in "so"), or in "*move*" (not as in "rōve," or "lõve") ; õ = o in *one* (not as in gȯne.)

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FROM CONSTANZ TO INNSBRUCK.

BY BLANCHE WILLIS (HOWARD) TEUFEL.[1]

1. A garden by the water's edge,—a garden whêre clematis and woodbine and grape-vines run all over thêir trellises and up the graceful yung locust-trees and down over the stone-wall tŏ meet the water plashing pleasantly belo, and reach out everywhêre that vine-audacity can suggest in utter abandonment of luxuriance!—a garden whêre superb blood-red roses ar wêd down by a sense of thêir sweetness, and pure white ōnes look tall and stately and cool and abstracted by thêir side. At the rīt a point of land extends intŏ the lake, so thicly covered with trees that from here it looks like a little forest, and the houses ar almost concealed in the fresh green; and the trees look taller than anything except a funny old building which was ōnce a cloister, ȧnd is now a palace, and has twŏ queer, tall towers which rise far abōve the tree-tops at the extremity of the point. At the left, faint and shadōy in the distance, rise the Alps and the mountains of Tirol. Thêre ar bath-houses along the shore. Small boys ar prancing about gaily in the water. On a rocky beach, peasant-women in brīt-cōlored dresses ar standing by tubs, dipping garments in the lake and wringing them dry. Sōme of them ar kneeling. The sun is warm, and beats down on thêir uncovered heads, and the work is hard, and I don't suppose thêy hav any idea thêy ar making a picture of themselvs, on the rocky shore with the bacground of trees. But everybody is a picture this morning. Thêre is a yung man standing in a ro-boat, which an old fisherman lazily propels here and thêre before my eyes. The youth is really statuesque, balancing himself easily in the dancing boat, strong, supple,

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graceful, his arm extending the long fishing-rod. A rosebud of a girl in a white morning-suit and jaunty sailor-hat leans over the railing of a pavilion built out intŏ the lake from the garden. Thêre ar people reading, sketching, drinking thêir coffee or beer, in comfortable nooks throu the pretty garden. All is quiet and restful, with ōnly the rippling of the water and the shouts of the merry mermen tŏ break the stilness. Now dōesn't it seem as if ōne ŏt tŏ write an exceptionally pleasant letter from so pleasant a spot? But, alas! thêre is not much tŏ say about it when ōnce you hav tried tŏ tell how it looks,—that it is a calm, peaceful, pretty place, whêre you could stay a whole summer and lose all feverish desires tŏ explore and climb and see sīts. Tŏ sit here in the garden, leaning on the wall amōng the vines, is happiness enuf. In the morning early, the lake smiles at you and talks tŏ you, and you see far away great masses of rose-cōlor and pearl-gray, with snōy summits gleaming in the sunshine, and your eyes ar blessed with thêir first vue of the Alps. The outline of the opposit shore is misty and many-cōlored, and has also its noble hīts. At sunset, too, is the garden a dreamy, blissful spot, as the little boats float about in the golden līts, and the water and the mountains assume all possible lōvely hues, then sink away in a deep violet, and the stars cōme out and german lōve-songs go up tŏ meet them.

2. The place is FRIEDRICHSHAFEN; it is really a new place and a commercial place,—and these adjectivs ar certainly not attractiv,—but then the newness is not conspicuous, and the commerce, so far as we summer birds of passage ar concerned, almost invisible. It all is on the Lake of Constanz, or the Bodensee, which, if you want useful information, is 42 miles long, 8 miles wide, is fed principally by the Rhein, and whŏse banks belong tŏ 5 different States,—Bavaria, Würtemberg, Baden, Switzerland, and Austria; a sheet of water whŏse shores ar green and thicly wooded, whêre gay little steamers run, constantly displaying the flags of thêir several countries,

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between the principal places on the lake, and whêrever you go you hav beautiful mountain scenery. You see the Alps, the mountains of Bavaria, the Baden hils, Tirol, and you don't always kno which is which; but thêy pile themselvs grandly amõng the clouds, õne range behind the other, in a way that tŏ the unaccustomed vision dões not exactly admit of labeling, and you don't care what thêir names ar. You ar content tŏ feel thêir beauty, tŏ wonder and be silent. Friedrichshafen may be a busy place, but it dões not seem so. Content and rest pervade the atmosfere. Serenity is written on every face. It may be many people would weary of its roses, and the ripple of the water; of its gardens, that look as if thêy wer grõing directly out of the lake; of the blue, hazy, changing mountains far away; of its perfect quiet: but thêre ar others whŏ would lõve it wel, and whŏ would not tire of it in many a long summer day.

3. 'Auf Wiedersehen', and not 'Lebewohl,' we said tŏ pleasant Friedrichshafen, as the little steamer left those kindly green shores and we sailed away, not for a year and a day, like the owl and the pussy cat in the beautiful pea-green boat, but for an hour or so ōnly. Tŏ *Lindau* we came, having, as we approached, charming mountain scenery. The town is on an iland, connected with the mainland by an embankment and railway bridge. It is a little place, but very striking as you look at it from the water, having a lofty monument (a statue in bronze of Maximilian II.), a picturesque old Roman tower, and, at the entrance of the harbor, a fine līthouse, and a great marble lion on a hī pedestal, garding the little haven and his Bavarian land. We remained part of a day here, having before ŏur eyes a beautiful picture,—the mountains of Switzerland directly across the lake, narro at this point, with the līthouse and the proud, ever-watchful Bavarian lion rising, bold and sentinel-like, in the foreground. You look between these twŏ over the placid water tŏ the hīts beyond.

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4. From Lindau we sailed tŏ Bregenz, whêre the lake and mountains hav quite another expression. It would be difficult tŏ say which is the most attractiv place on the Bodensee. You feel "How happy could I be with either, wer t'other dear charmer away," and it is of course a question of individual taste. One person prefers the mountains near. another watches them lōvingly from a distance. One likes tŏ live on lo land by the water's edge, and look up tŏ the mountain-tops; another perches himself hī, and finds his happiness in looking down upon the lake and off tŏ other hīts. But the shores ar lōvely everywhêre, much frequented yet quiet, crowded with villas, private cottages, hotels, yet secluded and restful if ōne chooses. Bregenz is a quiet place, a real country-place, with mountain vues and mountain excursions without end. The common people hav intelligent, happy faces, pleasant, cheerful ways, quicness of repartie, and civility. The women giv you a smiling "Grüss Gott." The commonest man takes off his hat as you pass, and if you go by a group of rollicking school-boys every hat cōmes off courteously. *Gebhardsberg* is the first place tŏ which people usually go from Bregenz. We went, as in duty bound. It is a mountain—a castle—a pilgrimage church—a vue; and tŏ say that ōne commands a vue of the entire lake, the valley of the Bregenzer Ach and the Rhein, the Alps, the sno mountains of Appenzel and Glarus, with mountains covered with pine forests in the foreground, conveys a very faint idea of the beauty before ŏur eyes. In the visitors' book in the tower wer sōme german rimes, which, rufly translated, went sōmewhat in this way:—

"Charming prospect, best of wine,
Be joyful, then, O heart of mine;
Farewell, thou lōvely Gebhard's hil,
Thou Bodensee, so fair, so stil.
It makes ōne glad tŏ drink good wine,
And praying makes life more divine.
If you would be both good and gay,
Pray wel and drink wel every day."

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Sōme ōne remarks,—

> "What belo was far from clear,
> Is no less dark when we stand here."

And a very enthusiastic person writes,—

> "Here flies from us sorro, here vanishes pain,
> Here bloom in our hearts joy and freshness again.
> Whŏ can assure us, and how can we kno,
> That heaven is fairer than this scene belo?"

5. Thêre is a place in this nêborhood the name of which I refuse tŏ divulge, because, if I should tell it and disclose its attractions, the next steamer from America would certainly bring over too many people tŏ occupy it, and so ruin it. I shall keep it for myself. But I wil describe it, and awaken as much longing and unrest and dissatisfaction with american prices as I can. It isn't exactly a village, but it is near a village. It has shady lanes which wind about between hedges; houses which ar placed as if with the express purpos of talking with ōne another,—ōnly 3 or 4 houses, with superb old trees hanging over them. Thêre is the nicest, brītest of 'Fraus,'—whŏ ōns this bit of land, the houses and the hedges and trees close by the water's edge, a boat, a bath-house, and a great dog,—a happy, prosperous wido, with a dauter tŏ help in household matters, and tŏ go briskly tŏ market tŏ the nêboring town. So happy is she, ōne thinks involuntarily her 'Mann' was perhaps aggressiv, and that tŏ be free from his presence may be tŏ her a blessing from Heaven. She livs in a house whêre the cieling is so lo ōne must stoop going throu the dōors. The windōs and dōors ar all open. The tables and chairs ar scoured snōy white. She brings you milk in tall glasses,—it is cream, pure and simple. And then she takes you intŏ the house close by, with great airy chambers, and broad lo casements, under which the water ripples softly, and she tells you, without apparently knōing herself, ōne of the wonders of the age,—that she wil rent her four rooms in this detached house for forty gulden a month, and serv four persons from her ōn dwelling

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with fruit, meat, cream, the best the land afford; and forty guldens ar about twenty dollars, gold. (This must not mislead the unwary. Thêre ar places enuf here whêre you can spend quite as much as you do at home.) We did not quite faint, but we wer very deeply mŏved. We did not even tel the good woman that her terms wer not exorbitant, crafty, worldly creatures that we wer. Here was ōne spot unspoiled by the madding crowd. We wer not the ōnes tŏ bring pomps, and vanities, and hī prices tŏ it. So we choked down ŏur amazement, and hypocritically remarked it was all very pleasant, and we thôt perhaps we mīt return. Return! Of cŏurse we shall return! When all things else fail, and ducats ar painfully few, then wil we flee tŏ this friendly abode, and liv in a big room on the lōvely lake, so near, indeed, that we can almost fish from ŏur windōs; hav a boat tŏ ro, a bath-house at ŏur service; quarts, gallons of cream; and the swiss mountains before ŏur eyes morning, noon, and nīt; and all for five dollars a month. I am telling the truth, but I dŏ not expect tŏ be believed. I am tempted tŏ write its name,—its pretty, friendly, suggestiv little name,—but I will not. It ends in LE, it sounds like a caress, so much wil I say; perhaps, so much is indiscreet. Don't waste your time looking for it. You wil never find it. We ōnly happened tŏ drift thêre. It really is not worth yŏur while tŏ search for it. It is quite secluded, quite out of the way, a sleepy-hollo that I am sure *you* would find dul. Thêre ar many green, sweet nooks, many pretty villages, many cleanly little cottages, many smiling, broad-browed, clear-eyed women, on the shores of the Lake of Constanz; but ŏur woman, ŏur cottage, ŏur cream, ŏur mountains, ŏur *treasure*, you wil never, never find.

6. I feel a deep and ever-increasing sympathy with explorers of strange lands whŏse narrativs a harsh world pronounces exaggerations. What if thêy dŏ say that the unknōn animal which darts across thêir path has five heads and seven-

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teen legs? Thêre is a glamor over everything in an utterly new place,—the very atmosfere is deceptiv. After a while, things assume thêir natural proportions, but at first it seems as if ōne really did see with ōne's ōn eyes all these redundant members. Even here in the beaten trac of travel, writing as honestly as possible from my ōn point of vue, I feel like begging my friends tŏ put no faith in anything I say. The mcuntains in themselvs ar intoxicating enuf tŏ turn ōne's head; but then of cōurse much depends upon the kind of head ōne possesses. At sunset by the lake, the vue over the water is of soft, wooded slopes, with huge rocky masses beyond, hīt upon hīt rising in hazy blue, the snōy summits just toŭched by the Alpine glo.

7. Bludenz is a little town in Vorarlberg, which means, you kno,—or you don't kno,—the coŭntry lying before the Adler or Arlberg, and the Arlberg is the watershed between the Rhein and Donau, and the boundary between Vorarlberg and Tirol. Bludenz is [i. e., *was* til the completion of the railway tŏ Innsbrück in 1884] a railway terminus, which fact may not interest the world at large, but it did us hugely. We rejoiced in the thôt of the great post-wagon, the cracking of whips and blōing of horns, and long, delītful, breezy rides over the hils and far away. Our after-experience of this lively whip-cracking and horn-blōing has led us tŏ the conclusion that it is decidedly at its best in the opera, whêre the Postilion of Lonjoumeau sings his pretty song and cracs his whip for a gay refrain; and that it is all very wel, when you yourself ar going off early in the morning amid the prodigious noise and the excitement of stōing away passengers and packages, while a crowd of village loafers stand gazing and gaping at you,—in short, when you ar "in it," you kno; but when it is ōnly ōther people whŏ ar going, ōnly thêy for whŏm all the noise is made and you ar roused from your gentle slumbers at half past four perhaps, you dŏ not regard the postilion and his accomplishments with unquali-

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fied admiration. You wish you had gône tŏ the "Eagle," or the "Ox," or the "Lamb," or the "Swan," or the "Lion," or tŏ any other beast or bird, rather than tŏ the "Post," whêre the "Post" omnibus and its relativs make your mornings miserable. These ar always the names of the inns in these little towns. Thêre is usually a "Crown" too, and often an "Iron Cross." But people with nervs must n't go tŏ the "Post." Our party left its nervs in the city before starting off on a ruf tour, yet even we hav suffered at various inns which bear the names of "Post," but which should properly be called "Pandemonium." But we ar neglecting Bludenz, for which little town we mean tŏ say a friendly word. It is usually deemed ōnly a stepping-stone tŏ sōmething hīer and better, but we liked it. The mountains rise on both sides of the village and its ōne long road, whêre we walked at sunset, crossing the bridge which spans the foaming, tumbling, rushing Ill. Beyond the ravîne of the Brandnerthal, the Scesaplana, the hīest mountain of the Raeticon range, rises from fields of sno. We strolled along, breathing the sweet, pure air, meeting groups of peasant-girls, all of whŏm carried thêir shŏes in thêir hands. It was a fête day, and thêy had been at vespers, putting thêir shŏes on at the church dōor and remŏving them when thêy came out. This most practical and admirable method of saving shŏe-leather, I venture tŏ recommend tŏ the fathers of large families. It must be superior tŏ "copper-toes." When we came bac tŏ take ōur supper in a garden, sōmebody was playing Strauss waltzes, with a toŭch so lōving, spirited, and magnetic, it seemed as if the mountains themselvs must whirl off presently in response. In this land a garden whêre people drink beer and wine, eat, smoke, rest, think, enjoy, all in the open air, is sōmetimes made of most delītful surroundings; but on the other hand it sōmetimes means twŏ emaciated, dyspeptic trees, a gravel flōor, and half a dozen wooden tables with wretchedly uncōmfortable chairs. But if it is an enclosure in the open air with ōne table

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large enuf tŏ hold a beer-mug, it is stil a garden. Our Bludenz garden was pleasant enuf, however, and we sat thêre til the mountains sank deeper and deeper intŏ the gloom; and the 'Mädchen' whŏ waited upon us told us about her nativ village, whêre her brother was schoolmaster; ŏur landlady came, too, and talked with us, quietly, and sŏmewhat with the manner of a hostess entertaining guests. It was all very pretty and simple and kindly, and seemed the most natural thing in the world, as it happened. The people here had intelligent faces, clear eyes like children, and pleasant, courteous ways. The trouble about all these little places is, we don't like tŏ leav them. It seems as if the new place could not be so pretty, the new people so kindly and simple and honest, and we go about weakly, leaving fragments of our hearts everywhêre.

8. Then the mountain tramps we had, climbing hī for a vue, and then glorying in it! The scenery from Bludenz tŏ Landeck is a series of picturesque, varied vues. The road ascends with many windings tŏ the pass of the Arlberg, when you ar at last in Tirol; and the green, richly wooded mountains, the jagged, rocky ŏnes, the lofty peaks whêre the sno gleams, tŏgether with the pure, invigorating air, and the swing of ŏur mountain chariot with its five horses,—which, if not very rapid, wer at least strong and fresh,—made altŏgether a thŏroly enjoyable experience. On the *Arlberg* we gathered ŏur first Alpine roses. Thêy ar not so very pretty, except when thêy gro in masses so luxuriant as tŏ giv a rosy effect tŏ a broad slope. That is, thêy ar pretty, but thêir graceful cups droop so quicly when you take them from thêir nativ air and nativ hīts, that thêy ar disappointing. At *St. Christoph*, which is almost at the top of the pass, we stopped long enuf tŏ refresh ŏurselvs with a glass of Tiroler wine, and wer taken intŏ a little chapel behind the inn tŏ see a wooden statue of St. Christopher, whŏ seems tŏ be held in peculiar veneration in this region, being painted or carved in many churches and even on the walls of

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houses. This was a great creature of 8 or 9 feet, standing in the corner of the chapel, with glaring, beady eyes, glossy blac painted hair, and a huge staf, tŏ represent the pine-tree of the sweet old legend, in his hand; while on his shōlder was perched the child Jesus, with a face like a small dol. He was as funny and grotesque a saint as the world can boast, yet ŏur hearts went strongly out tŏ him when we learned what a very little peasant-boy it was whŏ had made him with his pocket-knife out of a bloc of wood, and particularly when we observd his saintship's legs, never too symmetrical, but now hacked and chipped intŏ utter deformity, and wer told the reason. Every child in this nêborhood whŏ must leav his mountain home takes a bit of St. Christopher with him as a talisman against home-sickness. Poor little souls! Lōvely air and lōvely hils! No wonder the children fear 'Heimweh' wil cōme tŏ thêir hearts when thêy can no longer see the little village houses all huddled tŏgether round the church with the tall spire, while the green hils rise on every side, and the morning mists rōll from them, and the evening glo warms and glorifies thêir cold, white summits, and the impetuous mountain torrent goes foaming by. We felt premonitory symptons of homesicness ŏurselvs for those fair and noble hīts, and we wanted very much tŏ beg for a bit of St. Christopher's knee-pan. But thêy would not hav given us an atom of the dear old, hideous, overgrōn giant-saint, worthless heretics that we ar.

9. Thêy said *Landeck* would not please us, but it did. Thêy said it was not pretty, but it was. Thêy said we should not stay thêre, but that is all thêy knew about it or us. In itself, so far as its houses ar concerned, it is not attractiv, it is true; but it lies in a very picturesque way on both banks of the Inn, which rushes and roars constantly at this point, and the hils around ar bold and beautiful. It has its ancient castle, on the hīts directly abōve the town; but the castle now is a failure, whatever proud tales its walls mīt tel us could thêy speak,—a

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failure even as a "ruin," I mean. It is not very hī, but the path is steep; and when you get tŏ the top you wish you had remained belo, for thêre is nothing tŏ reward you. The vue is no finer than you can hav from almost any point here; and the castle is simply nothing tŏ see, being ōnly a few gray walls without form or comeliness, in the shade of which, the day we visited it, sat a few poor old women, whŏ now occupy it, with snails and bats and wind and storm, rent-free.

10. Tŏ *Zams*, the next village, you walk along the river road past fields of grain, whêre cornflowers and poppies ar gayly grōing, and the water hurrying from the mountains sings its loud. bold song, and everywhêre around ar the varied hues and hīts of the Tirolean Alps. At Zams thêre is a beautiful waterfall, which you must seek if you would see, for it hides itself from the world. Over a bridge, along the river road, then throu lanes whêre thêre wer more of the pretty cornflowers and gay poppies, past a group of cottages, a mil, a noisy brook, a mass of rugged clifs, we strolled, the voice of the falling water calling us ever nearer and nearer, until suddenly at the last it was before us. The rocs conceal it on every side up tŏ the last moment when you ar directly at the foot of it,—ōne of the fine dramatic effects in which Mother Nature likes sōmetimes tŏ indulge. It falls with great force 150 feet, perhaps,—in a narro, immensely swift stream, which, as it issues from the roc, runs a little diagonally. It has forced a passage throu the roc, and when we saw it was sweeping throu this aperture; but in stormy weather it hurls itself over the summit of the ledge, increasing its hīt many feet, and is magnificent in its fury. An experienced mountain-climber told us that thêre ar a succession of these falls, of which this is the seventh and last, and the ōnly ōne that can be seen without painful and dangerous climbing, thêy ar so singularly concealed. The stream springs from the glaciers far away, and leaps from roc tŏ roc in wild, unseen beauty. It seemed tŏ speak tŏ us of the lonely, frozen hīts

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and solitude of its birthplace. From Landeck tŏ Innsbrück the scenery, taken all in all, tho pleasing, is less bold and more monotonous than ar many other parts of Tirol.

11. We hav seen so many little villages more or less alike, all having saints painted on thêir houses in brilliant hues, and mottoes over thêir dōorways,—sōme religious, sōme quite secular and merry, and all, too, having names of ōne syllable, composed chiefly of consonants, such as Imst, Silz, Zams, Mils, Telfs, Zirl,—we cannot hope tŏ remember them with that clearness which characterizes the wel-regulated mind. But we hav a way among ŏurselvs of designating places, which is quite satisfactory and intelligible tŏ us. For instance, we say, "That was whêre we drank the cream"; "That was whêre the innkeeper was a barrel, with head and feet protruding"; "That was whêre that interesting body, the fire department, wer feasting at long tables and singing Tirolean songs"; "The village whêre we met the procession, old men and maidens, yung men and children, singing, chanting, telling thêir beads, bearing candles, and, most of all, staring at the strangers."—And what wer the strangers dŏing? Staring at the people, tŏ be sure. We always stare. We ar here for that purpose.—"The village whêre the girl put a flower in her sweetheart's hat." And how pretty it was!

12. INNSBRUCK impressed us, at first, as being far too citified for us tŏ delīt in. Entering its streets about sunset, the time when we hav of late been accustomed tŏ see the cows cōme home in great herds from the mountain pastures, we, ŏur bags and shawl-straps, wer deposited upon the sidewalk; for when the post stops, you stop without ceremony, and ar never taken tŏ the particular hotel whither you wish tŏ go. We stared blankly at the broad streets and ruefully at ōne another. Our eyes, instead of seeing loing herds, fel upon gallant yung officers. We revenged ŏurselvs by calling Innsbrück "tame," and declaring that we would at ōnce flee tŏ ŏur mountain. But

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it is surprising how quicly we hav becōme accustomed tŏ the luxuries of life in an excellent hotel, how bravely we bear the infliction of wel-cooked dinners, with what fortitude we recline in luxurious chairs, and allow wel-trained servants tŏ wait upon us. Already we hav remained longer than we intended, thêre is so much here that interests us; but soon we start off again tŏ commune with Nature and get sunburned. Then, the truth is, Innbrück, which looked so enormous, so grand, tŏ ôur eyes, used as thêy wer tŏ villages, is ōnly a little place most charmingly situated on the Inn, in a great broad valley, with mountains 10,000 feet hī on ōne side, and on the other hīts which look almost as bold. It has, including the large garrison, 18,000 or 20,000 inhabitants, and with its pleasant atmosfere, extended vues, charming mountain excursions, peasants in a variety of costumes, soldiers in a variety of uniforms, excellent music, and many things of historical interest tŏ see, is a very enjoyable place.

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[1] From Letters in Boston Transcript (afterwards collected in ONE YEAR ABROAD, Boston, *Osgood*, 1877), abridged.

EXPLANATION OF ACCENTS:— â = a in *are* (not as in "bāre"); ă = a in *was* (not as in "has"); ã = a in *any* (not as in "ant"); ē as in *hear* (not as in "health" or "heârt" or "beār" or "ëarl"); ê = e in *there* and *their* (not as in "hēre" or "wëre"); ī = i in *lie* (not as in "lief"); ō = o in *four* (not as in "ôur" or "yŏur"), or in *post* (not as in "cŏst"), or in *bowl* (not as in "howl"); ô = o in *gone* (not as in "bōne" or "ōne"); ö = o in *work* (not as in "pōrk"); ŏ = o in *do* (not as in "so"), or in "*move*" (not as in "rōve," or "lōve"); ō = o in *one* (not as in gône or bōne.)

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FROM CHAMONIX TO VERNAYAZ.

BY EDWARD ABBOTT.[1]

1. We had three routes tŏ choose from by which tŏ get out of the Vale of Chamonix intŏ the Rhone Valley on ŏur way eastward tōards the Rhone Glacier and Luzern. All of them proceed by means of private carriage up the Vale of Chamonix, sōme six miles, tŏ the village of *Argentieres*, at the head of the valley, at the foot of a mīty glacier, and in plain sīt of sōme of the grandest aspects of Mont Blanc. Here ōne of the routes, a foot and bridle path, diverges tŏ the rīt, and leads over the Col de Balme, a pass more than 7,000 feet hī, tŏ Martigny. The second route, continuing from Argentierès, surmounts the Col des Montels, 4,700 feet, by bold zigzags, traverses the dark and somber valley of the Eau Noire, scales the jagged clifs of the Tête Noire, threads the forest of Trient, and cōmes out at Martigny over the Col de Forelaz, 5,000 feet, whêre it is joined by the path over the Col de Balme, the twŏ entering Martigny tŏgether. This second route, that of the Tête Noire, as it is broad and comparativly easy, tho always picturesque, is the most frequented. The third route, leaving the Tête Noire pass at the half-way hamlet of Chatelard, crosses the mountains a little tŏ the west, by way of the village of Finhaut, and descends intŏ the Rhone Valley at Vernayaz, the station on the railway next belo Martigny. Not caring tŏ cross the Col de Balme, and knōing the characteristic features of the Tête Noire, we concluded tŏ try the new way over the hīts of Finhaut.

2. An easy drive of 3 hours took us tŏ Chatelard, whêre at 11:30 we had luncheon consisting of 3 courses of meats and

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vegetables, with a sweetmeat at the end. Then, as we waited for ŏur horses tŏ finish thêir provender, ŏur driver told us that thêre was at the inn a ōne-horse wagon from Vernayaz, in which, if we liked tŏ make the change from ŏur twŏ-horse carriage, we could do the rest of ŏur drive at a saving of ōne or twŏ hours. It was nothing tŏ him, he said; he could carry us with his heavier vehicle, slōly, or we could take the līter ōne with the single horse and go perhaps a little faster; and the price would be the same. Rather liking the jolly, free-and-easy looks of the little ōne-horse wagon, we concluded tŏ make the exchange; ŏur līt luggage was soon transferred, the single horse was harnessed intŏ the shafts, and off we started. I wish I could insert in this letter a picture of this "wonderful ōne-horse shay" in which we took this mountain ride from Chatelard tŏ Vernayaz. The like of it I never saw on ŏur side of the sea. What semblance of a body it had was very small, and was hung very lo; its forward wheels wer not more than twŏ feet in diameter, and cut under the body so as tŏ make the shortest possible turns; it was very narro, and its seats seemed tŏ be designed for allowing a traveler tŏ tumble out; but it was evidently strongly built, was fitted with a heavy brake worked by a lever, axle, and screw at the driver's rīt, and had other comforting signs about it of being intended for ruf work. So in we got on the bac seat, with a feeling as if we wer getting intŏ a boy's go-cart; the new yung driver took the horse by the bridle, and away we went.

3. It soon became evident that the way tŏ Finhaut was tŏ a "grand hīt" indeed. The mountain side took on a sudden perpendicularity, the road on which we had entered narroed speedily tŏ about 7 feet—not over 8, certainly, and before we knew it up we wer going the very face of the precipice, as it wer, by a series of short zigzags hewed out and walled in among the ledges and crevices of the roc. As the Swiss build stairways up the outsides of thêir houses, so exactly dŏ thêy build

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roads up the outsides of thêir mountains, and õne of these mountain staircases we wer now beginning tŏ climb. Up and up turned and twisted the plucky little horse, and groaned and creaked the snug little wagon, until we, its occupants, uncertain whether we wer not destined tŏ go so hī that we should never get bac again, took not tŏ ŏur heels but tŏ ŏur feet, and, getting out, plodded on and on ŏur winding way. Deeper and deeper sank the valley beneath us, hīer and hīer rose the towering peaks on the other side; the river in the bottom shrank tŏ a thread and the chalets on the slopes abŏve it dwindled tŏ brown specs in thêir beds of green. Our narro road was like a foot-path; tŏ look off was tŏ look down; it seemed as if a single step would plunge õne tŏ the bottom. After an hour's toil in this way, the little road, little horse, and little wagon all came out safely tŏgether on what passed for the summit of the mountain, and proceeded with less labor along its edge, but always at a dizzy hīt, commanding sublime vues of mountain and gorge and forest, picking a perilous way around precipices, passing overhanging rocs which stretched so far abŏve that we could not see the top, and bulging out over ravînes and creases in the mountain side by aid of buttresses of solid masonry garded with massiv parapets of stone. Frequently we rounded the corner of a chalet, and now and then wound ŏur way throu the crooked streets of a hamlet, streets so narro that it seemed as if the hubs of ŏur little wagon must graze the buildings on õne side or the other. At õne place the road led directly throu sŏmebody's woodshed, and tŏ cross a stable yard was no uncommon experience. At another point we crept close in under overhanging clifs throu which a foaming torrent dashed in successiv cascades intŏ unfathomable depths belo. At others we came merrily out upon grassy hilsides, seemingly about as steep as the slope of a mansard roof, whêre yet the little horse trotted lītly along and the driver carelessly smoked his pipe and cracked his whip, and the wheels trundled thêir course within a few

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inches of an edge tŏ slip over which would be tŏ roll over and over tŏ the valley-bottom hundreds of feet belo us.

4. So we passed *Finhaut*, at its elevation of 4,000 feet, and so after an hour we came tŏ *Salvan*, a thousand feet loer; and now began the descent. Hard as it had been tŏ get up, it prŏved more of a feat tŏ get down, and we wer thankful 20 times that we had the ōne little horse and the toy wagon, instead of the ponderous carriage and pair which had carried us out of Chamonix tŏ Chatelard. The point chosen for the descent of the road is a wooded gorge in the face of the precipice, down which plunges a slender cataract. Against the sides of this wild gorge, crossing the waterfall by bridges ōne abōve another, the loops of the road ar laid, like the serpentine trellis which the gardener makes by passing his slender rattan in and out throu holes in a central supporting shaft. 1800 feet of descent we had tŏ make in this way; by means of not less than 45 turnings and 25 bridges across the accompanying stream. At each loop thêre was just room, with care, for the little horse, led by the careful driver, tŏ carry his little wagon around the turn, with often not many inches tŏ spare between horse's feet and wagon's wheels and the dizzy edge. And we sat still on the bac seat, perhaps twŏ feet or twŏ and a half abōve the ground, and enjoyed it all! After this Thursday's drive from Chatelard tŏ Vernayaz, I am ready tŏ say that giv a Swiss a mountain and sōme stones, and he can build a road anywhêre. And over any road that he has built he can drive.

5. I commend the narro way by Finhaut and Salvan from Chamonix tŏ Vernayaz tŏ all lōvers of the picturesque; for striking scenery it is worth twŏ of the far more widely knōn pass of the Tête Noire; but I advise all whŏ take it tŏ make sure of a "ōne-horse shay" from Chatelard.

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[1] From the Boston "Literary World" (abridged), 17 Oct., 1885.

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THE SUABIAN ALB.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.[1]

1. I left the railway from Stuttgart tŏ Ulm at the little town of *Goppingen*, in the valley of the Fils. Just 23 years had elapsed since first, leaving the Donau behind me, I had crossed on foot the eastern extremity of the Suabian Alp, and descended intŏ the valley of the Fils. Neither the ardors of the fierce June weather, nor the lean condition of my pocket, which threatened tŏ becōme empty long before the chance of replenishment at Heidelberg, could divert my youthful fancy from the associations of Hohenstaufen, or the later poetical names which gave a luminous atmosfere tŏ the fair scenery of Suabia. I was fresh from the reading of Schiller and Schubarth and Hauff and Schwab and Uhland,—all nativs of this region,—and made the lonely part of the road ring with the latter's sounding prelude tŏ 'Graf Eberhard':—

"Ar then the Suabian valleys by sound of song unstirred,
Whêre ōnce so clear on Staufen the knĭtly harp was heard?
And why, if Song yet liveth, we hear not from its chords
The deeds of hero-fathers, the ancient clash of swords?

"Thêy lisp the lĭtest fancies, point epigrams with wrong;
Thêy sneer at woman's beauty, the ancient lit of song:
Whêre stalwart life heroic but waits tŏ be recalled,
Thêy pass, and if it whisper, thêy shrink away appalled.

"Burst then from out thy coffin, rise from the chancel's gloom,
Thou and thy son, thou Roaring-Beard, forsake for us the tomb!
Throu hoary years, unconquered, thou fŏt'st the hostile lords:
Stalk then ōnce more among us, with mĭty sound of swords!"

Of the five poets, Schiller is the ōnly ōne whŏ outgrew the influence of the picturesque mediæval stories among which he was cradled. The others hav cut thêir names ineffaceably on the old stones of many a knĭtly ruin, and thêre is scarcely a valley

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falling tŏ the Neckar between the green buttresses of the Alb which has not a place in thêir songs. Yet even Schiller mīt hav found grander dramatic subjects than Don Carlos or Wallenstein in the history of Friedrich Barbarossa, of Friedrich II., of King Manfred, and the yung Conradin. As a schoolboy, in thê nêboring village of Lorch, he had the Hohenstaufen for years before his eyes, and his first impressions of history must hav been derived from its legends. His voice never entirely lost the broad provincial accent which he thêre picked up.

2. The stately castle of *Hohenstaufen* was so entirely destroyed during the Peasants' War, that only a few foundation-stones remain. It is a twŏ hours' climb tŏ the summit of the peak whêreon it stood, and I found it preferable tŏ mount the lo hil beyond the Fils, whence I saw not ōnly the mountain in its whole extent, but much of the landscape which it commands. Hohenstaufen is imposing from its isolation. Its outline reminded me sōmewhat of Monadnock, but the summit is a more perfect cone. Lifted quite abōve the general level of the hil country of Suabia, it looks southward over the ridge of the Alb and the broad plains of the Donau tŏ the Alps; northward, tŏ the Odenwald. Not often has an imperial race been cradled in so hauty a home.[15] From my seat on the hil, looking westward, I saw the front of the Suabian Alb,—a series of headlands, point beyond point fading in the distance, almost tŏ the fortress-crowned peak, which bears another noted historic name,—Hohenzollern. Further, in the same direction, and less than a hundred miles distant, on the banks of the Aar, stil stands ōne tower of the ancestral castle of a third imperial family,—the Hapsburgs.

3. The Suabian Alb[16] is a range of mountains; yet this term wil hardly describe its peculiar formation. The northern bank of the Donau, west of Ulm, rises in a broad, steadily ascending slope for 30 or 40 miles, until it attains an elevation of nearly 2,000 feet: then it reaches a long, irregular brink, and

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falls away in a sudden escarpment, tŏ the valley of the Neckar. Seen from the north, it presents a series of the boldest and most broken mountain forms. Deep, winding valleys divide its headlands; but when õne has climbed throu these tŏ the summit, he finds himself on a broad, monotonous plain. It is a repetition, on a smaller scale, of the terraces by which õne ascends tŏ the table-lands of Mexico. In frõnt of the northern headlands of the Alb ar several isolated, conical peaks, which sõme geologists declare tŏ hav been originally mud volcanoes. The whole region, as you follo the Neckar tŏ Tübingen, seems tŏ be set apart, in the character of its scenery, from the rest of Germany. It suggests a more southern latitude, in its atmosferic effects, as well as in the forms of its enclosing mountain walls.

4. Descending the hil beyond Göppingen I folloed the main hīway tōards the Alb, but at the first village my companion (guide I could hardly call him, since nõne was necessary) proposed that we should take a foot-path across the country. My object being tŏ reach the Lauter valley by follōing the bases of the mountains, all paths wer alike, and the prospect of a ramble throu the open fields and beside the scattered woodland was in itself attractiv. The meadōs wer lorn of flowers, and the stubble-fields wer not lõvely, near at hand; yet the Alb, before me, seemed tŏ take quite another charm and character when seen over a lonely and secluded foreground. It was the most commonplace walk possible; yet not a feature of it has faded in my memory. I can seen every star of dew lingering in the shade of the alder-bushes, every sunburned crac in the banks of red earth, and remember each tree under which I stopped tŏ take breath and contemplate the ever-beautiful landscape. Three hōurs of an August morning passed in this free, delītful ramble, and when the sun began tŏ shoot down stinging arrōs, I reached the little town of *Weilheim*. I took the post-omnibus for the next stage, but at Kirchheim I was obliged tŏ wait

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twŏ or three hours before a vehicle could be found tŏ take up the valley.

5. On the left, as the valley enters between 2 opposing forelands of the Alb, a peak, partly separated from the main mountain mass, bears upon its summit the few remaining fragments of the ancient castle of *Teck*,—a name recently revived by its connection with the royal family of England. The original race of Teck, I believe, became extinct in the 15th century, but the title is stil retained in the governing family of Würtemberg. When the castle was founded is unknōn. Barbarossa once held it in pawn, and it belonged for a time tŏ the Zähringen (Baden) family. It fell in the Peasants' War, like Hohenstaufen. The last event which the old wall witnessed was an assemblage of the people in 1848, when thêy resounded with enthusiastic republican cheers for Hecker,—our Union soldier and Illinois farmer. This, in the briefest space, is the history of Teck.

6. After passing the town of Owen (a name which ōne mīt suppose had strayed away from Wales, wer it not a corruption of 'auen,' meadōs), the valley shrinks tŏ a deep cleft or crac in the body of the Alb, and its meadōs becōme an emerald ribbon, on which the stream braids its silvery rapids. Forests of deciduous trees ascend precipitously on either side, and abōve them gleam the topmost parapets of roc. The massy walnut-trees by the road, the wild-flowers heaping the banks, the cōlors of the soil, and the general character of the vegetation, belonged tŏ Switzerland. Thêy wer no doubt carried hither by the geognostic birth which unites this region tŏ the Jura. It was a delītful drive intŏ and throu the lengthening shadōs of the upper world. The length of the valley is not more than four or five miles, when it terminates in a 'cul de sac,' enclosed with steep faces of roc, up ōne of which the hīway is cut in zigzags tŏ the level of the Alb. The sunset shōed me twŏ villages aloft, looking down from among thêir hīer and colder fields

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upon the little hamlet of *Gutenberg*, whêre I resolved tŏ stop for the nīt. The inn and people wer alike primitiv. Altho it was a post-station and likely tŏ be frequented by strangers, thêre seemed to be no special accommodation for such. The landlady was busy with her ironing in the guests' room, the landlord gave his twŏ yungest children orders to take me intŏ the garden, and then resumed his seat in frōnt of the stable. When I had seen the gooseberry-bushes, and the radishes, parsley, and sweet marjoram, and exhausted the conversational powers of the children, I had recourse to a lame groom, whŏ explained at great length the admirable points of the post-horses, and then supper was announced. I had ōne table, the landlord's family another, and the servants a third. The oldest dauter of the house, a girl of 13, presided at the latter. Grace was said by the yungest child, and then each, in the order of authority, dipped a spoon intŏ the single dish upon the table.

7. I arose early, in order tŏ cross a spur of the Alb intŏ the valley of Urach, which lies farther tŏ the westward. An old weaver of the place, glad of the chance of stretching his bandy legs for sōmething more than weaver's wages, went with me. We turned intŏ a side branch of the main glen, passing a village completely buried in forests, and then struc upon a road leading up the mountain-side. The summits wer covered with a canopy of rolling mists, throu which, now and then, sōme wandering sunbeam penetrated tŏ the bed of the valley, touching the meadōs like a sudden flame. The ascent occupied an hour. When I reached the top, half a dozen steps remŏved me from all vue of the deep, picturesque vale, and I found myself on a cold-looking plain covered with fields of rye. On either side wer dark woods of fir; in frōnt, a village, solidly but meanly built, and quite different from the cheerful little towns of the Under-land. It was a change from Suabia tŏ Westphalia. Here, on the the windy summit-plain of the Alb,—the Upper-land, as the people call it,—ōne would never guess what

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a warm, rich region lies belo, and so near that a stone mīt almost be flung. intŏ it. Near the point whêre I ascended, the heads of twŏ lateral valleys approach within half a mile of each other, and ar united by a deep cleft, which is believed tŏ be the work of human hands. It is called the 'Heidengraben' (Pagans' Moat), and is so deep and narro that sŏme antiquarians conjecture that the plateau beyond was thus isolated by the Romans, in order tŏ form a camp, fortified by nature. Thêre is a tradition that the monarchs of the Carlovingian line afterwards used it as a natural menagerie for wild beasts. It was but a short distance tŏ the western brink of the plateau, and the road then began tŏ descend intŏ pleasant glens, wooded with deciduous forests. The mists rolled away, the sun came out hot and sharp, and the deep valley of Urach quivered throu the heat which brimmed it.

8. I loitered down the easy road, resting in the shade, and indulging my eyes with the bold, brīt picture of the old castle of Hohen-Urach, springing from the topmost clif intŏ the blue air. It was a visible knītly legend, even without a story. This valley was deeper, broader, and grander in all its features than the former. From the stately old town of *Urach*, which lies in its bed, threaded by the little river Erms, five valleys diverge, star-fashion, and five bold headlands, between them, ar thrust out from the body of the Alb. Looking southward, ŏne sees, hī over the deep blue gorges, the crowning summits of the region, nearly 3,000 feet abŏve the sea-level; westward, behind Hohenurach, opens a lŏvely Alpine del, a land of meado, pasture, and waterfall; and on the eastern side a rocky wall, brīt against the sky, hides the airy site of the famous castle of Neuffen, which lies beyond. Sŏme landscapes, like sŏme human faces, assure you that thêy hav a history worth the knōing, —and this [17] was ŏne of them. I felt it before I looked intŏ ŏne of the scattered chronicles of Urach.

9. The castle on the hīt stood on a roc nearly detached from

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the clif, and hung, when its drawbridge was raised, inaccessible, over the valley. Here Count Eberhard of the Beard—the 'Rauschbart' of the poets—imprisoned his insane brother, Count Henry, whŏse faithful wife, Eva von Salm, remained with him and thêre bore him a son, Georg, from whŏm the present rêgning family of Würtemberg is descended. But the fate of the poet Frischlin[18] lends a more tragical interest tŏ the spot. Urach is a wel-built, picturesque, cheerful town. Many of the hī houses hav the wêt of 2 or 3 centuries upon them. The dwelling[19] of Count Eberhard of the Beard, in which he celebrated his nuptials with Barbara di Gonzaga, is standing near the market-place. Tradition relates that 14,000 guests wer entertained on that occasion.

10. After I had quietly enjoyed Urach, I went down from the mountain tŏ the Neckar, and took the railway tŏ the next station (Reutlingen), in order tŏ reach another valley, farther westward, which attracted me with an interest drawn from later times. This enabled me tŏ withdraw tŏ a little distance from the hīest portion of the Alb, and compare its external features with those of the vue from Hohenstaufen. The general character remained the same,—bold headlands, faced with roc, dividing valleys which seemed tŏ hav been torn and rent intŏ the heart of the mountain by sŏme tremendous convulsion, and stil the isolated volcanic cones posted in advance. Near Weilheim thêre was ŏne, mantled tŏ the summit with vines, near Metzingen a second, and near Reutlingen a third, the Achalm, which has given its name tŏ a race often mentioned in the Suabian annals. *Reutlingen*[20] also is a noted place in the old histories, but its walls ar now broken, its moat turned intŏ vegetable-gardens, and 70 factories ar acquiring for it a different reputation from that ŏnce given by its warlike tanners and dyers. The latter, in a battle fŏt in 1377, cut a body of the Suabian knīts tŏ pieces. I was already longing for the green valleys of the Alb, and remained no longer in Reutlingen than

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was necessary tŏ procure a carriage and horses for the castle of Lichtenstein. Once out of the noisy town, the imposing cone of Achalm lay before me, in the fairest sunshine, warm with vines, and girdled, near its summit, with houses and groves. Part of the old castle-walls, with ōne massiv tower, ar stil standing. The vue thêrefrom is celebrated, and I hav no doubt with justice.

11. Half an hour's drive, across the breezy valley, brôt me tŏ the town of Pfüllingen, which lies in the throat of a deep crevice of the Alb. The scenery thenceforth was singularly wild and abrupt. The sheer walls on either side gradually contracted, until the western half of the del lay in shado, and the meadōs and pastures along the brook diminished tŏ a narro strip. Sōmewhêre away at the rīt was the *Nebelhohle*, described, in Hauff's romance of "Lichtenstein," as the hiding-place of the banished Duke Ulrich. All the ground, indeed, was now familiar tŏ me, and yet new, since it displaced the involuntary scenery which I had created as I read. "Lichtenstein" is ōne of the best German stories of the Scott school; very different, indeed, from those "Pictures of the German Past," which Freytag has since given us, but a tale so simply and frankly told, and invested with such a pleasant poetic atmosfere, that it has not yet ceased tŏ be read.

12. At a village called Oberhausen my postilion stopped, and informed me that he must take an extra horse, unless I chose tŏ mount tŏ the castle on foot. I looked in the direction indicated by his whip, and saw what seemed a very toy of a castle, of warm yello stone, hī, hī up, painted on the sky. Schwab says the roc on which it stands "shoots up like a sunbeam," but I should rather compare it tŏ a lance, planted butend in the valley, with the castle as its lance-head, shining abōve the thousand feet of forest. In the August heat, I had no mind for the ascent thither on my twŏ feet, so I decided tŏ go upon 12 hoofs. Out came a 'vorspann,' with a bare-headed

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maiden as groom, and we began ŏur slo way upward throu the beechen woods. Stopping frequently tŏ breathe the horses, it was more than an hour before we reached the level of the Upper-land, the vues intŏ the valley meanwhile grōing deeper, richer, and more surprising. The girl informed me that Count Wilhelm of Würtemberg, tŏ whŏm the restored castle belongs, was then dwelling in it, and that, consequently, strangers wer not admitted. He was newly married (tŏ a dauter of the Prince of Monaco, as I learned afterwards), and was understood tŏ be very fond of a quiet, retired life. The postilion drew up at a hunting-lodge on the summit, unharnessed his horses, and called for wine; so I set out tŏ discover such vues as wer free tŏ visitors. The path led throu a narro belt of trees, and I found myself in frōnt of the castle. The portal was overhung with half a dozen flags,—the Würtemberg cōlors,—and no person was tŏ be seen on the walls, neither was thêre any sound of life. I hesitated a moment, then crossed the moat by a drawbridge, and rang the bell. Presently the dōor opened, and a man whŏ had the air of a servant and secretary in ōne made his appearance. Thêir Serene Hīnesses, he said, wer in the castle, and the rule was not tŏ admit visitors. As his manner was by no means peremptory, I gave him my card for the Count, with the message that I desired ōnly tŏ see the vue from the ramparts. He came bac in a few minutes with the announcement, "His Serene Hīness orders me tŏ sho you the castle," and opened the dōor for me tŏ enter. Crossing a small court-yard enclosed by buildings for the servants, I found myself in a small garden or 'pleasaunce,' shaded by fine old linden-trees. Under ōne of these sat a gentleman with cigar and newspapers; under another wer twŏ ladies sewing at a small table. The servant whispered, "Thêir Serene Hīnesses"; thêre wer mutual rapid salutations in passing, and I was free tŏ enter the castle, which lay beyond this shady realm. A second drawbridge spanned the natural chasm which separates the columnar roc

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from the mountain-wall. The former is not more than fifty feet in diameter, and the outer walls of the castle ar simply a continuation of its natural lines. The building is an eyrie,—a diminutiv, air-built nest, a thousand feet abŏve the valley.

13. I never saw space so economized as in its interior arrangement. Hauff's Castle of Lichtenstein disappeared long ago, and I doubt if even tradition enuf of its structure remained for a modern copy. Count Wilhelm thêreupon consulted his ōn taste, and he has admirably adapted mediæval apartments and furniture tŏ the requirements of life in ŏur day. Nōne of the usual features of a 'Ritterburg' ar wanting; the banquet-hall, the chapel, the armory, the ladies' bower, so disposed that thêy suggest ample space. All the appliances of carved wood, stained glass, and arabesques in fresco hav been used, with equal fitness of form and cōlor. Old armor, a most interesting collection of pictures by old Suabian painters, ancient drinking-vessels, lion's and leopard's hides, cabinets of natural history, coins and medals, and an abundance of books, illustrated the taste of the princely ōner. The servant performed his office of 'custode' so conscientiously that he introduced me intŏ the bed-chambers of the Count and Countess, really against my ōn wish. All the little signs of occupation—an open book, manuscript sheets on the library-table, a shawl tossed upon a chair—made my presence seem intrusiv, and I passed throu the charming chambers with a haste which my guide must hav interpreted as indifference. Last of all I mounted the tower, which is 120 feet hī. The landscape was dim with heat and summer vapor, and I saw neither the Alps (which ar visible in clear weather) nor the peak of Hohenzollern in the west. The depth of the del belo me, and the extent of the Neckar valley beyond, wer magnified in the dim atmosfere; but the finest feature of the vue was the contrast between the gray rye-fields and dark fir-forests of the Upper-land, and the rich harvests, walnut-trees, vineyards, and gardens of the Under-land. It was my last and

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lōveliest panorama of the Suabian Alb.

14. Returning tŏ Reutlingen in the carriage, I took the evening train for Stuttgart, and ōnce more passed along the frōnt of the Alb,[21] now fairer than ever in its sunset contrasts of līt and shado. Henceforth it will be the real, familiar background of Suabian legend tŏ me, of the stories of Hauff and the ballads of Uhland, Schwab, and Kerner; and its landscapes wil arise beside those of the Apennines and the Campanian coast, with every page which tels the history of the Hohenstaufen.

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[1] From The Atlantic Monthly (abridged), March, 1869.

15. Here, whêre the richest regions of Southern Germany lie within the ring of the Hohenstaufen horizon, the future rulers of the "Holy Roman Empire" accustomed themselvs tŏ look broadly upon the world. Even as the villages belo wer seen only as glimmering specs in thêir material vision, so, afterwards, the interests of provinces, nations indeed, wer considered by them only in thêir relation tŏ the vast, incongruous realm which recognized thêir lordship. Thêy traveled hither and thither, between Sicily and the Baltic, between Bourgogne and the Carpathian Gates, marrying here, suppressing a too independent city thêre, bullying the Popes, using saracen, italian, or saxon soldiers as was most convenient, and carrying a court with them whêrever thêy went. Thêir lives wer marches, splendid episodes of warlike travel, from the investiture of the crown tŏ thêir deaths in the far Orient, or by poison, or on the bloc. In whatever way we may judge the influence of the Hohenstaufen on the development of Europe, we cannot deny the heroic strain which ōne transmitted tŏ the other. In sōme respects Friedrich II. was the greatest ruler between Charles the Great and Napoléon. But he was a man too far in advance of his age tŏ be understood by his contemporaries, or tŏ be properly estimated even by the historians of this day. And thêre is nothing more tragic in all history than the fate of his descendants, Manfred, Enzius, and Conradin. Whŏ wil write a history of that splendid century (from 1152 tŏ 1258), from which we date the revival of Art and Learning? The knitly harp on Staufen was the morning-song of the modern world. While looking on the soaring, sunlit mountain, the words which Uhland puts intŏ the mouth of the Truchsess of Waldburg, on taking leav of Conradin, came intŏ my memory:

"Think on that mountain, rising hi and slim,
The fairest peak of all the Suabian hils,
And boldly bearing on its royal head
The Hohenstaufen's old, ancestral house!
And far around, in mello sunshine spread,

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Green, winding valleys of a fruitful land,
Sparkling with streams, and herd-supporting meadōs,
With wooded hils that woo the hunt, and sound
Of convent-vespers from the nearer dels."

All these features exist, but a sudden popular tempest blew away the home of the Hohenstaufen, and the proud blood of the race runs, mixed and lost, in the common Italian and German stoc.

16. The name "Alb" (occasionally written "Alp") is derived from ōne of twō Koltic words,—*alb*, white, or *al*, hī. The ōne explains itself: the frowning clifs of Jura limestone mīt explain the other. The word *Alp*, among the inhabitants of the Alps, whether in Switzerland or Tirol, denotes a hī mountain pasture, not a snōy summit; and this Suabian range, thêrefore, cōmes honestly by its title. I dō not believe, however, as sōme of the people would gladly establish if thēy could, that it is the 'alpeina 'orē of Ptolemaios.

17. Compare E: Mōrike's poem "Ein Besuch in Urach."—W: M. G.

18. Crowned laureate by the hand of the Emperor Rudolf II. at the age of 28 (in 1575), he created so many enemies by his merciless satire of the nobility—the "court-devil," as he termed the order—and the class of parasites, whō guide and misuse "the long arms of kings," that even Duke Ludwig, whō was favorably inclined, was unable tō protect him. For sōme years he led a wandering life, driven from land tō land, always discharging new Parthian arrōs at the corrupt life of his day,—a premature reformer, yet doubtless a wave of that stream which finally sets the mils of the gods tō grinding,—until, in 1588, he was caut and put intō the castle of Hohenurach. He thêre wrote "Hebrais," a history of the Jewish kings, but, after twō years' confinement, determined tō escape. Having succeeded in twisting a long rope out of his bedclothes, he tried tō let himself down from the terrible hīt. It was a brīt moonlīt nīt, and his eyes wer probably deceived in regard tō distances, for he chose the loftiest and most dangerous part of the roc by which tō descend. The rope either gave way or was cut throu by friction, and the unfortunate poet was dashed tō pieces. In the year 1755 a heavy oaken coffin was accidentally exhumed in the churchyard of Urach. On opening it the mutilated body of Frischlin was found, stil undecayed, clothed in his scholar's gown, and with a roll of paper in the left hand.

19. Over the entrance-gate the palm-tree of the famous count, and his motto "Attempto," ar carved in wood. He was consecrated as a pilgrim tō the Holy Land in a small chapel which then stood in the glen behind the fortress, and thence set forth on foot tō undertake the long journey, whêrefrom he returned with a staff of white-thorn in his hand, as it is related in ōne of Uhland's ballads. One of the sons of the builder of Castle Urach, Kuno, became Cardinal-bishop of Præneste, stood hī in the favor of Pope Gregory VII., and was witness of the memorable humiliation of the Emperor Heinrich IV. at Canossa. The histories of these old Suabian families belong almost as

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much tŏ Italy as tŏ Germany; the theatre of thêir lives stretched beyond the Suabian Alb even tŏ Apulia and Sicily.

20. At the inn in Reutlingen I tasted wine from the slopes of Achalm, and found it very palatable. Yet this is the region whêre the Germans fix thêir ancient joke of the "three-man wine,"—twŏ being required tŏ hold the ōne whŏ drinks, lest it knoc him over. The stories ōne hears of "tangle-foot whisky" in the Western States ar imitations of those which hav been told for centuries about the Suabian wine. Thêre is a song of the place, which says that when Prince Eugene of Savoie was presented (as was then the custom) with a cup of welcom by the city authorities, he answered:—

"I'd willingly engage tŏ take
Belgrade by storm again,
Rather than drink a second time
The wine of Reutlingen!"

21 For further information, see DIE SCHWABISCHE ALB (2te auflage) von G. SCHWAB & E. PAULUS: Stuttgart, *Bonz*, 1878.—W: M. G.

EXPLANATION OF ACCENTS:— â = a in *are* (not as in "bāre"); ă = a in *was* (not as in "has"); ã = a in *any* (not as in "ant"); ē as in *hear* (not as in "health" or "heârt" or "beār" or "ëarl"); ê = e in *there* and *their* (not as in "hēre" or "wëre"); ī = i in *lie* (not as in "lĭef"); ō = o in *four* (not as in "our" or "yŏur"). or in *post* (not as in "côst"), or in *bowl* (not as in "howl"); ô = o in *gone* (not as in "bōne" or "ōne"); ö = o in *work* (not as in "pōrk"); ŏ = o in *do* (not as in "so"), or in "*move*" (not as in "rōve," or "lōve"); õ = o in *one* (not as in gône or bōne.)

The editor would be pleased to learn the name and address of the author of any paper in this series published anonymously.

The editor will feel indebted, also, to any one who will kindly call his attention to any article, especially in newspapers, which the writer thinks suitable for re-publication.

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IN LOER LANGUEDOC.

BY E: HARRISON BARKER.[1]

1. I left Paris in the month of March tŏ tramp the plains of Loer Languedoc. I found at Avignon the sunshine, but not the warmth I had hoped for. The morning sky was brilliant, but the mistral, which was blōing cold and fiercely, rushed throu cloth as if it wer muslin, and seemed tŏ enter the body by all its pores. I walked outside the ramparts of the town in the direction of the Rhône. These ramparts ar a remarkably beautiful specimen of mediæval masonry. Reaching it, I stand in front of that bridge on which every french child has danced in imagination while singing:

'Sur le pont d'Avignon,
On y danse, on y danse.'

If I could ōnly pass over it now I should be in Languedoc in five minutes, but no ōne has crossed it for more than a hundred years. And yet the old song, which may stil liv centuries, say: 'On y danse tout en rond.' Whêre ar the dancers? Whêre ar the little drums and the drummers? Whêre ar the popes, the cardinals, the monks, the white penitents, the blac penitents, the gray penitents, all the splendor of the court, the religious pomp and worldly frivolity of the Contat Venaissin, which crossed and recrossed this bridge between Avignon and Villeneuve? The bridge has survived them, for it has, at any rate, 3 of the massiv 19 arches which wer raised in the 12th century. I crossed the modern bridge farther down the stream, and, having reached the bank, turned and looked bac at Avignon. Apparently close tŏ the ramparts, but really hī abōve them on its hil of roc, stood the gloomy mass of battlemented walls and towers which sheltered the papacy during what

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Petrarca termed its 'Babylonish captivity.' Petrarca was often inside those walls, and Laura must hav passed many times in thêir shado. On a hīer part of the roc, looking like a continuation of the fortress, stood the cathedral, with a cōlored modern statue of the Madonna raised upon a lantern. Towers, statue, battlemented walls seemed tŏ float in a golden haze. Tŏ reach Villeneuve-lès-Avignon, I had tŏ pass a solitary round tower of great hīt, and of such strength that, altho built by Philippe le Bel in 1307 tŏ defend this side of the Rhône against the other, it has remained almost unchanged tŏ this day. The wall is nearly ten feet thic. I reached the top of the tower by a spiral staircase, and from this position looked down upon a wide range of country covered with oliv-gardens, and sprinkled with almond-trees, which, altho stil leafless, carried a sno-like burden of blossoms.

2. Passing throu the old town of Villeneuve-lès-Avignon, which has now the appearance of a half-deserted village, I came tŏ the church. From this spot I wandered tŏ the site of the great Carthusian monastery founded in 1356, now strewn with ruins, many of which, however, ar used as stables and human dwellings. Guided by chance throu dim passages and amidst heaps of dilapidated masonry, I found myself in a small quadrangle enclosed by cloisters. Wild figs had sprung up in it and becōme good-sized trees, and innumerable wall-plants had worked thêir roots deep intŏ the interstices of the crumbling stones. After leaving the hospice, I climbed the rocky bluf on the top of which is fort St. André. It crowns the system of fortified works of mediæval construction which forms such an imposing and characteristic feature of the landscape on this side of the Rhône. The fort is entered by a gateway flanked by twŏ massiv drum towers with battlements and machicolations. The chapel stands upon the hīest point of the roc, and the wall which is separated from it by a few yards skirts a precipice.

4. On leaving I took the road tŏ Nimes. As I climbed the

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hils, beyond which lay the great plains of Languedoc, I had my longing for warmth fully satisfied. All the valleys and the slopes of the hil wer covered with oliv and almond trees. In grōth the oliv much resembles the cultivated apple-tree, and a wanderer from the North whŏ did not notice the dustiness of the leavs mīt, looking at the scene from a distance, easily mistake these vast oliv-grounds for orchards. The strait stems and round heads of the olivs becōme monotonous tŏ the eye, and it is a disappointment tŏ those whŏ see them for the first time tŏ find that a tree so rich in poetic associations should hav so little beauty. But the landscape of the South has other disillusions for those whò expect tŏ see it clothed with variety and glōing with cōlor. When a hil rose 200 or 300 feet abōve the sea-level the olivs disappeared. Lo bushes of holly, with very small, close foliage; cypresses, solitary, or in clumps of twŏ or three; dwarfed oaks, with the dead leavs of last year stil clinging tŏ them; tufts of hī genista, with reed-like stems; tall, bushy spurges, with dark-green leavs; smaller spurges, with spreading umbels of such a golden green that thêy looked like flowers, composed the prevailing vegetation on these arid hiltops. Queer, fantastic vehicles passed me on the road. One was like a large coffin open at ōne end, whêre the driver was sitting.

5. I now entered a wide valley. The long white road which crossed it was lined on both sides with cypresses, sōme of them 30 feet hī, varied here and thêre by clumps of leafy pines. I grew weary of the hīroad—so weary, that I gave up all thôt of reaching Remoulins, the next town, that nīt. In passing throu *Saze* I noticed that its church had an old square tower, with an open belfry, and that thêre wer the remains of a castle now turned intŏ humble tenements. Other signs of considerable antiquity wer not wanting, such as extremely narro streets, massiv archways, and heaps of ruins. Domazan lay stil farther from the hīroad on the other side of a desolate hil,

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and was reached from Saze by a ruf trac. I learnt that I was in the country of apricots, which ar despatched in large quantities, not only tŏ Paris, but tŏ England. A smaller local industry was that of collecting upon the surrounding hils aromatic plants, such as lavender and rosemary, for distillers and herbalists. But in twenty years the people had been reduced from prosperity tŏ a state bordering on penury by the destruction of thêir vines. The morning was stil early when I left Domazan, and the north wind was keen and nipping; for it had had time during the nīt tŏ cool again. I found that I could strike the hīroad again a little beyond the village of Estézarguès. Beyond the village the ruf byroad ran among sandy hillocs overgrōn with lo shrubs. In places the lavender was so thic that it gave tŏ the ground a tint of bluish gray. I met the hīroad in an extensiv valley surrounded by arid hils clothed with evergreen vegetation, or thrōn intŏ stony solitudes, whêre not even a goat could find a twig or a blade of grass tŏ nibble. These naked rocs, often springing abruptly from the plain, glittering in the sunshine which has been whitening them for ages, and cutting the blue sky with thêir jagged angles, ar pictured for life in the memory of those whŏ hav wandered in Languedoc. Remoulins, altho at the present day tŏ all appearances an agricultural village, must hav been a strong place in the middle ages, judging from what remains of its ramparts and its castle. It has now ōnly 1,500 inhabitants. Of the feudal castle, the most interesting remnants ar a vast square tower, and a massiv gateway leading tŏ the court, surrounded by machicolations in an almost perfect state. Over the arch an oliv-tree is grōing on the wall. The spacious court is built over with houses, the material used in thêir construction being the débris of the fortress. The town-hall is the most curious building. It was originally a church, and ōne of strange design. It is approached by a flīt of steps, and entered by a broad plain portal, covered by a semicircular vault. Over the entrance the wall has

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been carried considerably abŏve the roof tŏ form a sort of gabled tower. The bel is seen against a bacground of sky. Flanking the façade, and forming ŏne end of the building, is a round turret with a conical roof. But what lends tŏ this ancient church more than anything else its air of quaint picturesqueness is a strip of garden, planted with fruit-trees, abŏve the main wall, and running along the entire length of the nave.

6. I leav the ruins of Remoulins behind me, cross the Gardon, which floes by the town, and am ŏnce more alone in the sunny plain. An object rising against the blue sky, between twŏ desolate hils, brings fresh thŏts. The *Pont du Gard* is in front of me—the most prodigious of all the prodigies which the Roman mind has left in the southern France. The impression which this structure produces on the stranger can not be even faintly conveyed by any mention of the number of its arches, thêir hīt, and so on. No imagination could put these details tŏgether, and so reconstruct the true image. It often happens that we ar disappointed when we see those wonders of which we hav built an ideal from the impressions of others; but the Pont du Gard baffles the mind tŏ conceive anything more stupendous among the works of man. It is ōnly in the lonesŏm valley, spanned by this colossal fragment of a Roman aqueduct, that ŏne can feel the mīty influence of these arches lifted upon arches. What is the secret of this influence? It cannot be beauty, altho the proportions of the structure ar symmetrical and noble; it must be power. That men should hav raised these 3 tiers of arches merely tŏ convey a stream of water tŏ Nimes seems beyond comprehension; the modern intellect cannot connect so vast an expenditure of effort with so small an object. It lies in such an out-of-the-way place that it is but little visited. I climbed a portion of ŏne rocky hil, and reached a narro staircase in the masonry which led tŏ the conduit. I could now satisfy myself of the accuracy of the state-

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ment that the enormous blocs of which this triple bridge is composed wer laid without cement. At the top of the third tier I came tŏ a dark passage nearly broad enuf for twŏ men tŏ stand abreast in it, and hī enuf for anyōne tŏ walk throu without stooping. I passed along the passage, which would hav been quite dark had not sōme of the slabs which formed the roof fallen in. Whêre thêre was līt, the walls wer often green with vegetation. It was not a cheerful walk, but the novelty of being in such a place was fascinating. Near the opposit bank the conduit was open tŏ the sky. I looked over the parapet; the vue of the valley on both sides was magnificent, but the narrōness of the passage in which I was standing, and its great hīt, conveyed sōmething of what I imagined must be the sensation of walking upon a tīt-rope. Having crossed the bridge, I folloed the conduit throu a short tunnel quarried in the hil, the entrance being half choked with luxuriant brambles, and came out intŏ a peculiarly savage little valley. Here the aqueduct was continued throu an open cutting in the roc. I folloed it, among brambles and holly, up tŏ the mouth of another tunnel, intŏ the utter darkness of which it plunged.

7. Having reached the banks of the Gardon again, I crossed the modern bridge—it is about a century old—which has been most barbarously placed alongside the loest tier of the Pont du Gard, and took a private road leading tŏ the Château de Saint Privat throu a wood of sombre ilexes. This verdant wood in the month of March reminded me very forcibly that I was a stranger in the land. Thêre is sōmething hard and unreal in the evergreen foliage of the South which makes it a sad mimicry of the true verdure of our Northern forests. I found the castle disappointing. It was a mediæval building, restored in the Renaissance style, with mullioned windōs, etc., and adapted tŏ the purposes of a modern dwelling. Early the next morning I started for Nîmes. I had gône ōnly a mile or twŏ on the road, when I saw the blac walls of a fortress a little tŏ the left

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on the crown of a steep and stony hil. Immediately belo it on the rapid slope was the village of *St. Bonnet*. I concluded that the fortress must be the parish church. I left the hīroad, and ascended the steep streets of the village, passed throu a mediæval gateway, with a slit in the arched roof for raising the portcullis, and thus came tŏ the church. The trouble I had taken tŏ get thêre was rewarded; the building was the most interesting ōne of the kind I had yet seen. Beyond Bezouce I found signs of greater agricultural activity, which would be accounted for by the proximity of Nîmes. Hundreds of acres, from which the old vineyards had disappeared, had been planted with american vines. The oliv-gardens wer so carefully kept that thêy had an air of prosperity quite cheering. After leaving the village of Marguerittes, the signs of primitiv industry became gradually merged in those which tel the wayfarer that he is approaching a large town.

8. What tempted me tŏ tramp among the dismal swamps of the Rhône, whêre it branches out intŏ a delta, and, from being a swift current, mŏves sluggishly over the flat land tōards the scarcely loer Mediterranean, was not altŏgether the desire tŏ see the curious monuments of mediæval art which I knew wer tŏ be found in this region; the fascination of the wasteful solitude also drew me thither. Thêre was the certain prospect of a vast horizon, of immensity both of land and sky, of that sensation of utter loneliness which is as stimulating tŏ thôt, while it is a novelty, as it is depressing when it has ceased tŏ be so. The country of the Loer Rhône was not always sad and silent. The forces of nature hav here prŏved more than a match for the genius and energy of man. The sea is ever adding tŏ the shore, and thrōing its sand up the Rhône. Hence the marshes and lagoons of the Camargue; hence, too, the complete destruction of the maritime trade of Arles, ōnce a flourishing port, but now ōnly tŏ be approached from the sea by barges of līt draft. The mistral, which had been gradually

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lessening in force for days, had so spent its strength that the sun in the clear March sky shon with the warmth of early summer as I walked out of Nîmes and took the road tŏ St. Gilles. The district between these towns is not a part of the desert just spoken of, but it is on the confines of it. For a few miles the road, planted on each side with poplars, ran as strait as an arro across a plain cut intŏ innumerable cornfields, but without a hedge, a wall, or a fence tŏ separate them. The fylloxera had quite destroyed the old vineyards; but feeble attempts had been made tŏ return tŏ the vine-cultivation by the aid of american stocs. The first signs of the great marshes which lay tŏ the south soon shŏed themselvs. The next stage was more solitary than the first. It was a nine miles' walk, without a village or hamlet. The country consisted of plains or lo table-lands, shŏing scant vegetation beyond an occasional wood of holly, but dotted over at distances of twŏ or three miles or less by substantially-built homesteads, nearly surrounded by dense groves of cypresses and pines. The land, which had gradually risen until it formed a wide plateau, now began tŏ slope southward tŏards an immense plain, whêre in the far distance broad pools of water wer flashing gorgeously in the early evening sunlīt. Thêy wer the outlying puddles of the great lakes and marshes of the Camargue. In the plain I found the oliv-gardens again, which had disappeared soon after I left Nîmes.

9. The town of St. Gilles—a very important place in the middle age, containing numerous churches and monastic houses, and attracting multitudes of pilgrims yearly—has now ōnly 6,000 inhabitants. It was so battered about during the religious wars that it shŏs few traces of its mediæval splendor. The vestiges which it can sho of its ōnce magnificent abbey church render it, nevertheless, ōne of the most interesting places in the South of France. The founder of this celebrated abbey was an Athenian, whŏse name became Latinized intŏ Ægidius, and whŏ is knōn tŏ us Englishmen—especially tŏ

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Londoners—as St. Giles. The morning after my arrival at St. Gilles I was on the road tŏ Aigues-Mortes, but the sun was rather hī before I started. I went in the direction of those pools of water which I saw flashing up tŏ the verge of the southern horizon on the previous afternoon. The rest of my day's journey was made along the tōing-path of the canal which connects Le Crau du Roi on the coast with Beaucaire. From the point whêre I now struc it, it ran in a perfectly strait line tŏ Aigues-Mortes, with marshes on both sides. I passed a farmhouse lying twŏ or three miles away at the rīt on land a little hīer than the surrounding marshes. This is all which remains of the ancient and famous Benediçtin Abbey of Psalmody, which, after being destroyed by the Saracens, was rebuilt by Carl the Great in the 8th century.

10. A hī round tower came intŏ vue, with the golden flash upon it of the sun, now sinking intŏ the waste of waters. Connected with this tower I could distinguish a line of battlemented ramparts, with loer towers rising abōve it, and projecting beyond it at intervals. The wall of Aigues-Mortes was in front of me. In less than an hour I passed intŏ the town throu a massiv archway. I hav been in many a little quiet town, but never in ōne so small and so silent as Aigues-Mortes. In the crooked, narro streets—whêre the paving-stones of all shapes and sizes seemed tŏ hav been merely thrōn down and thêre left tŏ settle intŏ the earth under the feet of the passing centuries—scarcely a figure mŏved. Even the few which wer seen looked like ghosts in the twilīt. Thêre wer no human voices—no sounds except the frog-chorus which came with ever-grōing distinctness at the approach of nīt from beyond the walls. I managed tŏ find an inn—the ōnly ōne in the town worthy of the name. It was quite modern and uninteresting, having been built apparently for the accommodation of the few commercial travelers and persons of an archæological turn of mind whŏ ar almost the ōnly visitors Aigues-Mortes receives. Altho the inn

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was in the centre of the town, 3 minutes' walk brôt me outside the wall. Thêre was no moon, but the nīt was not so dark but that the face of the country and the perspectiv of the ramparts, even tŏ the indentations of the battlements, alternating an indigo sky with the more sombre stone, could be distinctly seen. The Crusaders destroyed many towns; this ōne thêy built. This miserable cluster of houses, surrounded by its 13th-century wall and towers, lying in the midst of the great marshes by the historic sea whŏse pebblès ar books, exists as a monumental witness of that ōnce mīty conflagration. And yet the strange old wall—the ruined ramparts of Damietta rebuilt in the desert of Gaul as a memorial of St. Louis' glorious exploit —is a trace singularly lasting and impressiv. If it be true that St. Louis' fleet of a thousand ships assembled at Aigues-Mortes tŏ take on board his thirty-six thousand Crusaders, the fysical conditions of the region must hav been very different from what thêy ar now. The town is at present about 4 miles from the sea, and not even a barge can get any nearer tŏ it otherwise than by canal The ramparts, which nearly form a quadrangle, ar not so ornamental and graceful as those of Avignon, for thêy lac the machicolations of these, and other details which exhibit an artistic feeling and motiv apart from the grim necessities of defense. But altho thêy ar considerably older than those of the papal city, thêy ar in a much better state of preservation. With the exception of the towers, from which the battlements hav in great part disappeared, thêy hav remained almost unchanged. The elevation has been diminished by the filling of the moat, but the walls, with thêir loopholes and crenellations, offer very little trace of the influence of six centuries otherwise than by thêir deepened cōlor. The hī tower which I had noticed on approaching the town was built by St. Louis in 1246. It stands outside the line of ramparts, with which, however, it is connected by a protected passage. It is a gloomy mass, with walls of vast thicness, and a few long

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slits tŏ let in lĭt, and tŏ let out arrōs.

11. I left Aigues-Mortes with a long and difficult day's journey before me. I had resolved tŏ tramp across the marshes tŏ a village called Les Saintes-Maries, which lies by the Mediterranean in the wildest part of the Camargue. Thêre is no village in all France that is so cut off from civilization. It contains, however, a fortified church of the 12th century of a unique character, and it was in order tŏ see this that I was ready tŏ run the risk of passing the nĭt in the swamp. For sōme distance the path was wel defined, and it lay between wide sheets of water crossed in places by sand-ridges thicly covered, as wer the margins, with tamarisk and salicorn. The ōnly trees wer a few dwarf cypresses, which just managed tŏ exist in the saline soil. The vine is destined tŏ transform not ōnly this district, but the greater part of the Camargue, and tŏ populate the mefitic desert. The ruin of the finest vineyards of France by the fylloxera has led tŏ many experiments. Among these is that of planting it in the soil of salt marshes, after draining or raising the ground. Vineyards so formed can not ōnly defy the fylloxera, but thêy bear abundant fruit, tho at present thêy ar too yung tŏ produce strong wine. I had been walking sōme 2 or 3 hours when I turned, hoping tŏ see Aigues-Mortes far away in the hazy distance. It was apparently but half a mile off, and the surprise was quite startling. By consulting the map I found I was several miles in a strait line from the town. In the Camargue the mirage is frequent. It is a common thing thêre tŏ see twŏ suns shining in the heavens. But the town I saw floating, as it wer, upon the blue water, the dark walls and towers gilded by an amber-tinted mist, was undoubtedly Aigues-Mortes. The path that I had been follōing with the utmost care gradually lost itself in an impassable marsh. I now turned tŏ the map and compass, and found that by turning tōards the north, whêre the land was fairly dry, I should strike a canal. After much trouble and fatigue I reach-

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ed firm land by turning again tōards the north. At length a long line of reeds shōing across the dismal flat far tŏ the east enabled me tŏ guess the course of the Petit Rhône. Thêre I met the river flōing beneath a dense forest of reeds standing 10 or 12 feet hī. A few more wīndings among the marshes brôt me tŏ the road between Arles and Les Saintes-Maries. Just before I reached it the sun set. The impression of that scene is ōne of those that wil always remain vivid. About a third of the sun's disc was abōve the surface of a large sheet of water. It was red like blood, and the rays that streamed from it stained with thêir deepening color the glassy pools, thêir reedy ilets, and thêir fringes of tamarisk and salicorn. When I entered the little inn at *Les Saintes-Maries*,—threw off my knapsac, and took a chair by the kitchen fire, the sense of relief and repose was so exquisit that I thôt it was wel worth the price paid in trial and trouble. The next morning my first thôt was tŏ see the church. I had no difficulty in finding it, for it made all the houses in the village look like hovels—and, indeed, most of them wer not much better. I was prepared tŏ be interested in this building, and was not disappointed. Exteriorly it bears scarcely any resemblance tŏ a church, but is absolutely a fortress. A more cavern-like church is probably not tŏ be found in all Europe. It was built tŏ fulfil a religious purpose, but it was at ōnce the fane and the fortress of the little community that it protected spiritually and materially. The greatest danger tŏ be apprehended was probably from the landing of predatory Arabs. The massiv machicolations wer not made for ornament, but tŏ let down streams of hot lead upon the enemy, whŏever he mīt be, and the loopholes and battlements wer designed for the use of bo and crossbo. Half an hour later I was behind twŏ little Camargue horses, jolting along a white road, and ōnce more among the desolate salt lakes and marshes. For several hours the scene scarcely changed, until tōards evening we drew near tŏ Arles.

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[1] From WAYFARING IN FRANCE (abridged) *Bentley*, 1890.

EXPLANATION OF ACCENTS:— â = a in *are* (not as in "bāre"); ă = a in *was* (not as in "has"); ã = a in *any* (not as in "ant"); ē as in *hear* (not as in "health" or "heârt" or "beār" or "ëarl"); ê = e in *there* and *their* (not as in "hēre" or "wëre"); ī = i in *lie* (not as in "lief"); ō = o in *four* (not as in "our" or "yŏur"), or in *post* (not as in "cŏst"), or in *bowl* (not as in "howl"); ô = o in *gone* (not as in "bōne" or "ōne"); ö = o in *work* (not as in "pōrk"); ŏ = o in *do* (not as in "so"), or in "*move*" (not as in "rōve," or "lōve"); õ = o in *one* (not as in gône or bōne.)

The editor would be pleased to learn the name and address of the author of any paper in this series published anonymously.

The editor will feel indebted, also, to any one who will kindly call his attention to any article, especially in newspapers, which the writer thinks suitable for re-publication.

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RAMBLES ABOUT STUTTGART.

BY BLANCHE WILLIS (HOWARD) TEUFEL.[1]

1. Stuttgart in winter, with little sunshine, a dreary climate, and a peculiar, disagreeable, deep mud in the streets, dōes not impress a stranger as an attractiv place. But now, with its long lines of noble chestnut-trees in full blossom; with the pretty 'Schloss-Platz' and the 'Anlagen,' whêre fountains ar playing and great blue masses of forget-me-nots and purple pansies and many choice flowers delīt your eyes; with the shady walks in the park, whêre you meet a dreamer with his book, or a group of yung men on horsebac, or pretty children by the lake feeding the swans and ducs; with the lōvely air of spring, full of music, full of fragrance; and, best of all, with the beauty of the surrounding country,—he would indeed be critical whŏ would not find in Stuttgart a fascinating spot. Thêre is music everywhêre, thêre ar flowers everywhêre. Your landlady hangs a wreath of laurel and ivy upon your dōor tŏ welcome you home from a little journey, and brings you bac, when she goes tŏ market, great bunches of sweetness,—rosebuds and lilies of the valley. You climb the hils and cōme home laden with forget-me-nots,—big beauties, such as we never see at home,—violets, and anemones. And then thêre is May wine! Dŏ you kno what it is, and how tŏ make it? You must walk several miles by a winding path along the bank of the Neckar. You must see the crucifixes by the wayside, and the three great blocs of stone,—twŏ uprīt and ōne placed across them,—making a kind of hī table, for the convenience of the peasant-women, whŏ can stand here, remŏve from thêir heads thêir heavy baskets, rest, and replace them without assistance. You must peep intŏ the

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tiniest of chapels, resplendent with banners of red and gold and a profusion of fresh flowers, all ready for the morning, which wil be a hī feast-day. You must pass throu a village whêre women and children ar grouped round the largest, oldest wel you ever saw, with a great crossbeam and an immense bucket swinging hī in the air. And at last you must sit in a garden on a hīt overlooking the Neckar. Thêre must be a charming village opposit, with an old, old church, and pretty trees about you partly concealing the ruins of sōme old knīt's abode. You don't like ruins? But just enuf, modestly in the bacground arn't so very bad. You hear the sound of a mil behind you, and the falling of water, and, in the branches abōve your head, the joyful song of a Schwarz Kopf. And then sōmebody pours a flask of white wine intŏ a great bōl, tŏ which he adds bunches of Waldmeister,—a fragrant wildwood flower,—and drowns the flowers in the wine until all thêir sweetness and strength ar absorbed by it, and afterwards adds sugar and soda-water and quartered oranges,—and the decoction is ladled out and offered tŏ the friends assembled, while thêre is a golden sunset behind the hils across the Neckar. And you walk bac in the twilīt throu the village which is so small and sleepy that it is preparing already tŏ put itself tŏ bed. And the peasants you meet say, "Grüss Gott!" "Grüss Gott!" say you, which isn't in the least tŏ be translated literally, and ōnly means "Good day," tho the pretty, old-fashioned greeting always seems like a benediction. You hear the vesper-bels and the organ-tones pealing out from the chapel; you see sōme gypsies with tawny babies over thêir shōlders. You feel very bookish, everything is so new, so old, so charming,—and that is "Mai Wein."

2. The portion of the city whêre the market-place, the Schiller Platz, and the Stiftskirche ar, has an old, quaint effect, the Stiftskirche and the old palace being amōng the few important buildings older than the present century, while

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the rest of Stuttgart is fresh and modern. From the hī tower of this old church ōne has the best possible vue of Stuttgart, and can see how snugly the city lies in a sort of amfitheatre, while the picturesque hils covered with woods and vineyards surround it on every side. One sees the avenues of chestnut-trees, the Königsbau, a fine, striking building with an Ionic colonnade, the old palace and the new ōne, and the 'Anlagen' stretching away green and lōvely tōards Cannstadt. On this tower a choral is played with wind instruments at morn and sunset, and sōmetimes a pious old man passing stops tŏ listen and takes off his hat as he waits.

3. What the germans call an 'Ausflug,' or excursion, deservs tŏ be translated literally, for it is often a veritable 'flīt out' of the region of work and care intŏ a tranquil, restful atmosfere. The ease with which middle-aged, heavy-looking men here put on thêir wings, so tŏ speak, and soar away from toil and traffic, at the close of a long, hard day, is always marvellous, however often we observ it. It seems a natural and an inevitable thing for them tŏ start off with a chosen few, wander throu lōvely woods, climb a pretty hil, watch the changing līts at sunset over a broad valley, then return, talking of poets and painters, of life problems, of whatever lies nearest the heart. Thêir accounts and schemes and the state of the markets dŏ not fetter them as thêy dŏ ōur business men. Such enjoyment is so simple, childlike, and rational, that the old question how men accustomed tŏ wêar the harness of commercial life wil ever learn tŏ bear the bliss of heaven, in its conventional acceptation, seems half solved. The Germans, at least, would be blessed in any heaven whêre fair skies and hils and forests and streams would lie before thêir gaze. However inadequate thêir other qualifications for Elysium may be, thêy excel us by far in this respect. Even the coarser, loer men whŏ gather in gardens tŏ drink unlimited beer ar yet not quite unmindful of the beauty of of the trees whose yung foliage shades them, and look out,

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oftener than we would be apt to give them credit for, upon the vine-clad hils beyond the city. A friend, a prominent banker, whŏ is almost invariably in his garden or sōme other restful spot in the free air at evening, now goes out tŏ Cannstadt, twŏ miles from here, mornings at 7, because "ōne must be out as much as possible in this exquisit weather." If bankers and lawyers and ōur busiest of business men at home would ōnly begin and end days after this fashion, thêir hearts and heads would be fresh and strong far longer for it, that is, if thêy could find rest and enjoyment so, and that is the question,—could thêy? And why is it, if thêy cannot? Wiser heads wil probably reply, that ōur whole mode of life is different, which is true; but why *need* it be, in this respect, so different? Make gardens and parks everywhêre, in as many towns as possible. Not great, stately parks which wil directly be fashionable, but little parks that wil be lōved; and winding ways must lead tŏ them throu woodlands, and seats and tables must be placed in alluring spots, and all the paths must be so seductiv that thêy wil win the most inflexible, absorbed, care-worn man of business tŏ tread them. Of course it is a wel-worn theme, but no ōne can liv in this German land without longing tŏ borro sōme of its capacity for taking its ease and infuse it intŏ the vêins of nervous, hurrying, restless America.

4. A pleasant 'Ausflug' from Stuttgart is the *Solitude.* Many roads lead tŏ it. In the fall we went throu a village,—throbbing with the excitement of the vintage-time, resplendent with yello corn hanging from its small casements,—and by pretty wood-roads, whêre the golden-brown and russet leavs gleamed softly, and the hils in the distance looked hazy, and all was quietly lōvely, tho the golden glories and flaming scarlet of ōur woods wer not thêre; and whêre now softly budding trees, spring air and spring sounds, anemones and crocuses, and forget-me-nots and Maiglöckchen, tempt ōne tŏ long days of aimless, happy wandering. On ōne road, the new ōne by a

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waterfall, is the Bürger Allee, whêre ōnce the burgers came out tŏ welcōme a prince or a duke returning from a wedding or a war, and stood man by man whêre now a line of pines, planted or set out in remembrance, commemorates the event. You can go tŏ the Solitude, if you please, throu the Royal Game Park, a pretty, quiet spot, whêre a broad carriage-road winds along among noble oaks and beeches, and throu the trees peep the great, soft eyes of animals whŏ ar neither tame nor wild, and whŏ seem tŏ kno that thêy belong tŏ royalty and may stare at passers-by with impunity. A superb stag stood near the drive, gave us a lordly glance, turned slōly, and walked with majestic composure away. We did not interest him, but it did not occur tŏ him tŏ hurry in the least on ōur account. We felt that we wer inferior beings, and wer mortified that we had no antlers, that we mīt hold up ōur heads before him. Twŏ little lakes, the Bärensee & Pfaffensee,—the latter thic with great reeds and rushes, and haunted by a peculiar stilness,—invite you tŏ lie on the soft turf, see visions, and dream dreams. A small hunting-pavilion stands on terraces by the Bärensee, with gardian bêars in stone before it, and antlers and other trofies of the chase ornamenting it within and without. The Solitude is not far from here. Built first for a hunting-lodge between 1763 and 1767, it was gradually imprŏved, enlarged, and beautified, grew intŏ a pleasure palace, had its time of brilliant life and of decay; and now, renovated by the king's command, is a place whêre people go for the walk and the vue, and whêre in summer a few visitors liv quietly in pure air, and drink milk, it being a *Cur-Anstalt*. It is not in itself an interesting structure; it is in rococo style, having a large oval hall with a hī dome, adjoining pavilions, and it looks white and gold, and bare and cold, and disappointing tŏ most people. Thêre is nothing especial tŏ see,—a little fresco, a little old china, sōme immensely rich tapestry, white satin embroidered with gold, adorning ōne of those pompous, impossible beds, in which it

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seems as if nobody could ever hav slept. But thêre is enuf tŏ feel, as thêre must always be in places whêre the damp atmosfere is laden with secrets a century old, and the walls whisper strange things. Thêre ar narro, triangular cabinets and boudoirs with nothing at all in them, which, however, make you feel that you wil presently stumble upon sŏmething amazing. All of Bluebeard's wives hanging in a ro would hardly surprise ŏne here. The place is full, in spite of its emptiness. It seems scarcely fitting that the many mirrors should reflect a little band of tourists, instead of stately dames and cavaliers, gleaming in satin and jewels beneath the glass chandeliers. Thêre is a walk, cool even in the hottest days, whêre in a double alley of superb pines the company used tŏ seek shade and rest, and the fair ladies paced slōly up and down in thêir long trains, and fluttered thêir fans and heard airy nothings whispered in thêir ears. Wooded slopes rise hī around, and this walk, deep in a narro valley, being quite invisible from the oıdinary paths, is called the Underground Way. The breath of the old days is here especially subtle and suggestiv.

5. The map of the place, as it was, tels of orangeries, pleasure pavilions, rose and laurel gardens, labyrinths, artificial lakes and ilands, and many things of whŏse magnificence few traces remain. The common-looking buildings, formerly dwellings of the cavaliers in attendance, stand in a ro; thêre ar a few small houses with queer roofs; the 'Schloss' itself stands on its hīt in the centre of an open space, fine old woods around, and an unusually extended vue, from its cupola, of a broad, peaceful plain, a village or twŏ, the Suabian Alb tŏ the south; a strait, white-looking road intersects the meadōs and woods, and leads tŏ Ludwigsburg. This road was made by Carl Eugen, tŏ avoid passing throu Stuttgart, his choleric hīness having had a grudge against the city at that time,—and indeed it has a spiteful air, with its utter disregard of hils and valleys, going strait as an arro flies, never turning out for obstructions any more

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than the hauty duke would hav turned aside for a subject. Fabulous stories ar told of the speed with which his horse's hoofs used tŏ clatter over this turnpike, and the incredibly short time in which, by frequently changing horses, he would arrive at his destination. The romantic story of Francesca von Hohenheim and many interesting facts in Schiller's early life, during his attendance at the Carlsschule, a famous military academy, instituted by, and under the patronage of, Carl-Eugen, ar inevitably interwoven in any history of the Solitude. And indeed, from almost any point that mīt be taken here, threads wind ŏff intŏ a mass of stories and traditions far too wide-reaching tŏ be more than hinted at when ōne is making ōnly a little 'Ausflug' and carelessly follōing ōne's wil on a fair April day.

6. One of the lōveliest spots in all Würtemberg is Hirsau.* It lies deep in a valley on the Nagold, over which is a pretty stone bridge. Hī around rise the noble pines of the Black Forest, whŏse impenetrable gloom contrasts with the tender green of spring meadōs basking in the sunshine, and makes, with the fringe of elms and birches and willōs along the banks of the stream, a most magical effect of līt and shade. Blessings on the ōne of us whŏ first said, "Let us see the old cloister at Hirsau!" An ideal spring day, a particularly wel-chosen few, a trip by rail tŏ Alt-Hengstett, then a long, lōvely tramp over the moss carpet of the Forest, inhaling the sweet breath of the pines, finding each moment a more exquisit flower, catching bewitching glimpses between the trees of silver streams hurrying along far down belo us,—this is what it was like; but the softness, the sweetness, the exhilaration of it all is not easy tŏ indicate. The name "Black Forest" sounds immensely

* "Zu Hirsau in den Trümmern
Da wiegt ein Ulmenbaum
Frischgrünend seine Krone
Hoch überm Giebelsaum."—UHLAND.

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gloomy and mysterious. Goblins and witches and shrieks and moans and pitfalls and all uncanny weird things haunted the Black Forest of which we used tŏ read. And what dōes it mean tŏ us now? Magnificent old woods, paths which beckon and smile, softly whispering, swaying tree-tops, turf like velvet, sunlīt playing fitfully amōng the stately pines, seeking entrance whêre it may, and air which must bring eternal youth in its caresses. At the little 'Gasthaus,' with the sīgn of the swan, we refreshed ŏurselvs after ŏur tramp. After a few merry, graceful toasts and cooling drafts of the pleasant 'landwein,' we went tŏ the cloister ruins. The work of excavation is stil going on, much that we saw being but recently brŏt tŏ the līt. Thêre wer a few massiv old walls at wide distances; the pavement of the aisles quite grass-grōn between the lo, broad, gray stones; fair fields of tall grass brīt with daisies and buttercups, and starry flowers,—a fascinating mass of variegated brītness, catching the sunshine and swaying in the breeze; a ro of fine old Gothic windōs; a tower in the Romance style of the twelfth century, which we, I believe, call Norman; a deep cellar whêre the monks of old stored thêir wines. Up a flīt of stairs is a great bare room, whêre against the walls stand heavy wooden cases with carved borders, and in the cieling is the same quaint carving slītly raised on a darker ground. The general effect of the ruins convêys the idea of immense size. The church was, indeed, the largest in Germany except the cathedral at Ulm. It is here an unusually lōvely, peaceful scene. The cloister ruins would be, anywhêre, picturesque and interesting in themselvs; lying as thêy dŏ abōve the village, framed by the beautiful forest, thêy form a picture not easily forgotten. No far-extending vue, nothing grand or imposing, ōnly the exquisit, peaceful picture shut in by the dark-green hils; quaint homes nestling amōng rosy apple-blossoms; the great gray stone Brünnen, whêre for years and years maidens hav cōme tŏ fil thêir buckets and chat in the twilīt after the day's work is dōne;

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the Nagold, silver in the sunlīt; the cloister, with its old-time traditions,—all so very, very, far from the madding crowd.

7. The famous Hirsau elm, about which half the german poets hav sung, is the most significant, toŭching, poetical thing imaginable. You feel its whole life-story in an instant, as if you had watched its grōth throu the long years; how the yung thing found itself, it knew not why, springing up in the damp cloister earth, surrounded by four tall, cold, gray walls, abōve which indeed was a glimps of heaven; how it shot up and up, ever hīer and hīer, with the craving of all living things for sunlīt and free air, never putting forth leaf or twig until it had attained its hope and could rest. Within the hī walls is ōnly the strong, tall, bare trunk, and far abōve, free and triumfant, the noble crown of foliage.

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[1] From Letters in Boston Transcript (afterwards collected in ONE YEAR ABROAD, Boston, *Osgood*, 1877), abridged.

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AMALFI, PÆSTUM, CAPRI.

BY J: ADDINGTON SYMONDS.[1]

1. The road between Vietri and Amalfi is justly celebrated as ōne of the most lōvely pīeces of coast scenery in Italy. Its ōnly rivals ar the roads from Castellamare tŏ Sorrento, from Genoa tŏ Sestri, and from Nice tŏ Mentone. Each of these has its charm; yet thêir similarity is sufficient tŏ invite comparison: under the spel of each in turn we ar inclined tŏ say, This then, at all events, is the most beautiful. On quitting Vietri, Salerno is left lo upon the sea-shore, nestling intŏ a corner of the bay which bears its name, and backed by gigantic mountains. With each onward step these mountain-ranges expand in long aerial line, revealing reaches of fantastic peaks, which stretch away beyond the plain of Pæstum, til thêy end at last in mist and sunbeams shimmering on the sea. On the left hand hangs the clif abōve the deep salt water, with here and thêre a fig-tree spreading fanlike leavs against the blue beneath. On the rīt rises the hil-side, clothed with myrtle, lentisk, cistus, and pale yello coronilla—a tangle as sweet with scent as it is gay with blossom. Over the parapet which skirts the precipice lean heavy-foliaged locust-trees, and the terraces in sunny nooks ar set with lemon-orchards. Thêre ar but few olivs, and no pines. Meanwhile each turn in the road brings sōme change of scene: now a village with its little beach of gray sand, lapped by clearest waves, whêre bare-legged fishermen mend thêir nets, and naked boys bask like lizards in the sun; now towering bastions of weird roc, broken intŏ spires and pinnacles like those of Skye, and cōlored with brīt hues of red and orange; then a ravîne, whêre the thin thread of a mountain streamlet

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seems tŏ hang suspended upon ferny ledges in the limestone—or a precipice defined in profile against sea and sky, with a lad, half dressed in goat-skin, dangling his legs intŏ vacuity and singing—or a tract of cultivation, whêre the orange, apricot, and lemon trees nestle upon terraces with intermingled pergolas of vines.

2. Amalfi and Atrani lie in twŏ of these ravînes, the mountains almost arching over them, and the sea washing thêir very house-walls. Each has its crowning campanile; but that of Amalfi is the stranger of the twŏ, like a Moorish tower at the top, and cõlored with green and yello tiles which glitter in the sunlīt. The houses ar all dazzling white, plastered against the naked roc, rising on each õther's shōlders tŏ get a glimpse of earth and heaven, jutting out on coigns of vantage from the toppling clif, and pierced with staircases as dark as nīt at noon. Sõme frequented lanes lead throu the basements of these houses; and as the donkeys pic thêir way from step tŏ step in the twilīt, bare-chested macaroni-makers crowd forth like ants tŏ see us strangers pass. A myriad of swallōs or a swarm of mason-bees mīt build a town like this. Tŏ modern visitors the glorious centuries of Amalfitan power and independence cannot but seem fabulous; so difficult it is for us tŏ imagin the conditions of society in Europe when a tiny city, shut in between barren mountains and a tideless sea, without a circumjacent territory, and with no resources but piracy or trade, could develop maritime supremacy in the Levant and produce the first fine flowers of liberty and culture. The naval and commercial prosperity of Amalfi was put an end tŏ by the Pisans in the 12th century. But it was not then that the town assumed its present aspect. What surprises the student of history more than anything is the total absence of fortifications, docs, arsenals, and brêakwaters, bêaring witness tŏ the ancient grandeur of a city which numbered 50,000 inhabitants, and traded with Alexandria, Syria, and the far East. Nothing of

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the sort, with the exception of a single solitary tower upon the Monte Aureo, is visible. Nor wil he fail tŏ remember that Amalfi and Atrani, which ar now divided by a jutting mountain buttress, wer ōnce joined by a tract of beach, whêre the galleys of the republic rested, and whêre the fishermen drew up thêir boats upon the smooth gray sand. That also has disappeared. The violence of man was not enuf tŏ reduce Amalfi tŏ its present state of insignificance. The forces of nature aided —partly by the gradual subsidence of the land, which caused the loer quarters of the city tŏ be submerged, and separated Amalfi from her twin-port by cōvering the beach with water—partly by a fearful tempest, accompanied by earthquake, in 1343. What the waters then gained has never been restored tŏ man. This is why the ōnce so famous city ranks now on a level with quiet little towns whŏse names ar hardly heard in history—with San Remo or Rapallo or Chiavari—and yet it is stil as full of life as a wasp's nest, especially upon the molo, or raised piazza paved with brics, in frōnt of the Albergo de' Cappuccini. The changes of scene upon this tiny square ar so frequent as tŏ remind ōne of a theatre. Looking down from the inn-balcony, between the glazy green pots gay with scarlet-amaryllis bloom, we ar inclined tŏ fancy that the whole has been prepared for ōur amusement. In the morning the corn for the macaroni-flour, after being washed, is spread out on the brics tŏ dry. In the evening the city magnates promenade and whisper. Dark-eyed women, with orange or crimson kerchiefs for head-gear, cross and recross, bearing baskets on thêir shōlders. Great, lazy, large-limbed fellōs, girt with scarlet sashes and finished off with dark-blue nītcaps (for a contrast tŏ thêir saffron-cōlored shirts, white breeches, and sunburnt calves), slouch about or sleep face downward on the parapets. On either side of this same molo stretches a miniature beach of sand and pebble, cōvered with nets, which the fishermen ar always mending, and whêre the big boats lade or unlade, trim-

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ming for the sardine fishery, or driving intŏ shore with a whirr of oars and a jabber of discordant voices. As the land-wind freshens, you may watch them set off ōne by ōne, like pigeons taking flīt, til the sea is flecked with 20 sail all scudding in the same direction. The torrent runs beneath the molo, and finds the sea beyond it; so that here, too, ar the washerwomen, chattering like sparrōs; and everywhêre the naked boys, like brown sea-urchins, burro in the clear warm sand, or splash the shallo brine. If you like the fun, you may get a score of them tŏ dive tŏgether and scramble for coppers in the deeper places, thêir lithe bodies gleaming wan beneath the water in a maze of interlacing arms and legs.

3. Over the whole busy scene rise the gray hils, soaring intŏ blueness of air-distance, turreted here and thêre with ruined castles, capped with parti-cōlored campanili and white convents, and tufted throu thêir whole hīt with the orange and the emerald of the great tree-spurge, and with the live gold of the blossoming broom. It is difficult tŏ say when this picture is most beautiful—whether in the early morning when the boats ar cōming bac from thêir nīt-toil upon the sea, and along the headlands in the fresh līt lie swaths of fleecy mist, betokening a stil, hot day; or at noontide, when the houses on the hil stand, tinted pink and yello, shadoless like gems, and the great caruba-trees abōve the tangles of vines and figs ar blots upon the steady glare; or at sunset, when violet and rose, reflected from the eastern sky, make all these terraces and peaks translucent with a wondrous glo. The best of all, perhaps, is nīt, with a full moon hanging hī overhead. Whŏ shal describe the silhouettes of boats upon the shore or sleeping on the misty sea? On the horizon lies a dusky film of brownish golden haze, between the moon and the glimmering water; and here and thêre a lamp or candle burns with a deep red. Then is the time tŏ take a boat and ro upon the bay, or, better, tŏ swim out intŏ the waves and trouble the reflections from the steady

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stars. The mountains, clear and calm, with lĭt-irradiated chasms and hard shadōs cast upon the roc, soar up abōve a city built of alabaster, or sea-foam, or summer clouds. The whole is white and wonderful: no similes suggest an analog for the lustre, solid and transparent, of Amalfi nestling in moonlĭt between the gray-blue sea and lucid hils. Stars stand on all the peaks, and twinkle, or keep gliding, as the boat mŏves, down the craggy sides. Stars ar mirrored on the marble of the sea, until ōne knōs not whether the oar has struc sparks from a star image or has scattered diamonds of fosforescent brine. All this reads like a rhapsody; but indeed it is difficult not tŏ be rhapsodical when a May nĭt of Amalfi is in the memory, with the echo of rich baritone voices chanting neapolitan songs tŏ a mandoline. It is fashionable tŏ complain that these italian airs ar opera-tunes; but this is ōnly anōther way of saying that the italian opera is the genuin outgrōth of national melody, and that Weber was not the first, as sōme german critics hav supposed, tŏ string tŏgether 'Volkslieder' for the stage. The Italians ar rĭtly satisfied with such façil melody and such simple rhythms as harmonize with a sea and sky and boon earth sensuously beautiful.

4. Thêre is enuf and tŏ spare for all tastes at Amalfi. The student of architecture may spend hours in the cathedral, pondering over its hĭ-built western front, and wonder whether thêre is more of moorish or of gothic in its delicate arcades. The painter may transfer its campanile, glittering like dragon's scales, tŏ his canvas. The lōver of the picturesque wil wander throu its aisle at mass-time, watching the sunlĭt play upon those upturned southern faces with thêir ardent eyes. Then thêre is *Ravello* on the hils abōve. The path winds upward between stone walls tufted with maidenhair; and ever nearer gro the mountains, and the sea-line soars intŏ the sky. An Englishman has made his home here in a ruined moorish villa, with cool colonnaded cloisters and rose-embowered terraces, lending

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far prospect over rocky hils and oliv-girdled villages tŏ Pæstum's plain. It is pleasant tŏ clīmb the staircase tŏ the Capuchins, and linger in those caverns of the living roc, and pluc the lemons hanging by the mossy walls; or tŏ ro from cove tŏ cove along the shore, watching the fishes swimming in the deeps beneath, and the medusas spreading thêir filmy bels; tŏ land upon smooth slabs of roc, whêre corallines wave tŏ and fro; or tŏ rest on samfire-tufted ledges, when the shadōs slant beneath the westering sun. Thêre is no point in all this landscape which dōes not make a picture. Painters mīt even complain that the pictures ar too easy and the poetry too façil, just as the musicians find the melodies of this fair land too simple. No effect, carefully sôt and strenuously seized, could enhance the mere beauty of Amalfi bathed in sunlīt.

5. Thêre is not the least sīgn of either Greek or Roman at Amalfi. Yet a few miles off along the bay rise the ancient greek temples of PÆSTUM, from a desert—with no trace of any intervening occupants. Poseidonia was founded in the 6th century before Christ. Three centuries later the hellenic element in this settlement, which must already hav becōme a town of no little importance, was submerged by a deluge of recurrent barbarism. Under the Roman rule it changed its name tŏ Pæstum, and was prosperous. The Saracens destroyed it in the 9th century of ōur era; and Robert Guiscard carried sōme of the materials of its buildings tŏ adorn his new town of Salerno. Since then the ancient site has been abandoned tŏ malaria and solitude. The very existence of Pæstum was unknōn, except tŏ wandering herdsmen and fishers coasting near its ruined colonnades, until the end of the last century. Yet, strange tŏ relate, after all these revolutions, and in the midst of this total desolation, the ōnly relics of the antique city ar 3 greek temples. The scenery is more solemn and mōrnful, and the temples ar too august tŏ be the shrine of any simple hero. Thêre ar no olivs. The sea plunges on its sandy

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shore within the space of half a mile tŏ westward. Far and wide on either hand stretch dreary, fever-stricken marshes. The plain is bounded tŏ the north and east and south with mountains, purple, sno-peaked, serrated, and grandly broken like the hils of Greece. Driving over this vast level whêre the Silarus stagnates, the monotony of the landscape is broken now and then by a group of buffaloes standing up tŏ thêir dewlaps in reeds, by peasants on horsebac, with goads in thêir hands and muskets slung athwart thêir bacs, or by patrols of italian soldiers crossing and re-crossing on the brigand-haunted roads. Certain portions hav been reclaimed from the swamp, and here may be seen white oxen in herds of 50 grazing; or gangs of women at field-labor, with a man tŏ oversee them, cracking a long hunting-whip; or the mares and foals of a famous stud-farm browsing under spreading pines. Thêre ar no villages, and the few farm-houses ar so widely scattered as tŏ make us wonder whêre the herdsmen and field-workers, scanty as thêy ar, can possibly be lodged. At last the 3 grêat temples cōme in sīt. The rich orange of the central building contrasts with the paler yello of its 2 companions, while the glōing cōlor of all 3 is splendidly relieved against green vegetation and blue mountain-flanks. Thêir material is travertine—a calcareous stone formed by the deposit of petrifying waters, which contains fragments of reeds, spiral shels, and ōther substances, imbedded in the porous limestone. In the flourishing period of old Poseidonia these travertine columns wer coated with stucco, worked tŏ a smooth surface, and brilliantly tinted tŏ harmonize with the gay costumes of a greek festival. Even now this coating of fine sand, mingled with slaked lime and water, can be seen in patches on the huge blocs of the masonry. Thus treated, the travertine lacked little of the radiance of marble, for it must be remembered that the Greeks painted even the Pentelic cornice of the Parthenon with red and blue. Nor can we doubt that the general effect of brītness suited the glad and genial con-

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ditions of greek life. All the surroundings ar altered now, and the lōver of the picturesque may be truly thankful that the hand of time, by stripping the buildings of this stucco, without impairing thêir proportions, has substituted a new harmony of tone between the nativ stone and the surrounding landscape, no less sympathetic tŏ the present solitude than the old symfony of cōlors was tŏ the animated circumstances of a populous greek city. It is difficult not tŏ return again and again tŏ the beauty of cōloring at Pæstum. Lying basking in the sun upon a flat slab of stone, and gazing eastward, we overlook a foreground of dappled līt and shado, across which the lizards run—quic streaks of living emerald—making the bunches of yello rue and little white serpyllum in the fissures of the masonry nod as thêy hurry past. Then cōme twŏ stationary columns, built, it seems, of solid gold, when the sunbeams strike along thêir russet surface. Between them lies the landscape, a medley first of brakefern and asfodel and feathering acanthus and blue spikes of bugloss; then a white farm in the middle distance, roofed with the reddest tiles and sheltered by a velvety umbrella pine. Beyond and abōve the farm, a glimpse of mountains purple almost tŏ indigo with cloud shadōs, and flecked with sno. Stil hīer—but for this we hav tŏ raise ōur head a little—the free heavens enclosed within the framework of the tawny travertine, across which sail hawks and flutter jacdaws, sharply cut against the solid sky. Down from the architrave, tŏ make the vignette perfect, hang tufts of crimson snapdragons. Each opening in the peristyle givs a fresh picture.

6. We left Amalfi for Capri in the freshness of the early morning at the end of May. As we stepped intŏ ōur six-oared boat the sun rose abōve the horizon, flooding the sea with gold and flashing on the terraces abōve Amalfi. Hī along the mountains hung pearly and empurpled mists, set like resting-places between a world too beautiful and heaven too far for mortal feet. Not a breath of any wind was stirring. The

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water heaved with a scarcely perceptible swel, and the vapors lifted gradually as the sun's rays grew in power. Here the hils descend abruptly on the sea, ending in clifs whêre līt reflected from the water dances. Huge caverns open in the limestone; on thêir edges hang stalactites like beards, and the sea within sleeps dark as nīt. For sōme of these caves the maidenhair fern makes a shadōy curtain. Soon the ilands of the Sirens cōme in sīt—bare blufs of roc, shaped like galleys taking flīt for the broad sea. As we ro past in this ambrosial weather, the oarsmen keeping time, it is not difficult tŏ hear the siren voices—for earth and heaven and sea make melodies far abōve mortal singing. The water round the Galli—so the ilands ar now called,—is very deep, and not a sīgn of habitation is tŏ be seen upon them. The end of the Sorrentine promontory, Point Campanella, is absolutely barren—gray limestone, with the scantiest overgrōth of rosemary and myrtle. A more desolate spot can hardly be imagined. Under the albatross wings of ōur lateen sails we scud across the freshening waves. The precipice of Capri soars against the sky, and the Bay of Naples expands before us with those sweeping curvs and azure amplitude which the poets of all the world hav sung.

7. Sea-mists ar frequent in the early summer mornings, swathing the clifs of Capri in impenetrable wool and brooding on the perfectly smooth water til the day-wind rises. Then thêy disappear like magic, rolling in smoke-wreaths from the surface of the sea, condensing intŏ clouds and climbing the hil-sides. Such a morning may be chosen for the 'giro' of the iland. The *blue grotto* lōses nothing of its beauty, but rather gains by contrast, when passing from dense fog you find yourself transported tŏ a world of wavering subaqueous sheen. It is ōnly throu the opening of the very topmost arch that a boat can glide intŏ this cavern; the arch itself spreads downward throu the water, so that all the līt is transmitted from beneath and cōlored by the sea. The grotto is domed in many cham-

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bers; and the water is so clear that you can see the bottom, silvery, with blac-finned fishes diapered upon the blue-white sand. The flesh of a diver in this water shōed like the faces of children playing at snap-dragon; all around him the spray leaped up with living fire; and when the oars struc the surface, it was as tho a fosforescent sea had been smitten, and the drops ran from the blades in blue pearls. I hav ōnly ōnce seen anything (outside the magic world of a pantomime) tŏ equal these effects of blue and silver; and that was when I made my way intŏ an ice-cave in the Great Aletsch glacier—not an artificial gallery such as thêy cut at Grindelwald, but a natural cavern, arched, holloed intŏ fanciful recesses, and hung with stalactites of pendent ice. The difference between the glacier-cavern and the sea-grotto was that in the former all the līt was transmitted throu transparent sides, so that the whole was ōne uniform azure, except in rare places whêre little chinks opened upward tŏ the air, and the līt of day came glancing with a roseate flush. In the latter the līt sent from beneath throu the water played upon a roof of roc; reflections intermingled with translucence; and a grêater variety of līt and shado compensated the lac of that strange sense of being shut within a solid gem. Numberless ar the caves at Capri. The so-called green grotto has the beauty of moss-agate in its liquid flōor; the red grotto shōs a warmer chord of cōlor; and whêre thêre is no ōther charm tŏ notice, endless beauty may be found in the play of sunlīt upon roofs of limestone, tinted with yello, orange, and pale pink, mossed over, hung with fern, and catching tones of blue or green from the stil deeps beneath.

8. After a day upon the water it is pleasant tŏ rest at sunset in the loggia abōve the sea. The Bay of Naples stretches far and wide in frōnt, beautiful by reason chiefly of the long fine line descending from Vesuvius, dipping almost tŏ a level and then gliding up tŏ join the hīlands of the north. Now sun and moon begin tŏ mingle—waning and waxing splendors.

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The clifs abōve ōur heads ar stil blushing a deep game-cōlor, like the heârt of sōme tea-rose; when lo, the toŭch of the huntress is laid upon those eastern pinnacles, and the horizon glimmers with her rising.

9. Farewel tŏ Capri, welcōme tŏ Sorrento! The roads ar sweet with scent of acacia and orange-flowers. When you walk in a garden at nīt, the white specs beneath your feet ar fallen petals of lemon-blossoms. Over the walls hang cataracts of roses, honey-pale clusters of the Banksia rose, and pink bushes of the China rose, grōing as we never s e them gro with us. The gray rocs wave with gladiolus—feathers of crimson, set amid tufts of rosemary and myrtle and tree-spurge. In the clefts of sandstone and behind the orchard walls, sleeps a dark green nīt of foliage, in the midst of which gleam globed oranges, and lemons dropping like great pearls of palest amber dew. It is difficult tŏ believe that the lemons hav not grōn intŏ length by thêir ōn wêt, as tho mere hanging on the bow prevented them from being round—so waxen ar thêy. Overhead soar stone-pines—a roof of sombre green, a lattice-work of strong red branches, throu which the moon peers wonderfully. One part of this marvelous 'piano' is bare roc tufted with keen-scented herbs, and sparsely grōn with locust-trees and olivs. Anōther waves from sea tŏ summit with beech-copses and oak-woods, as verdant as the most abundant english valley. Anōther region turns its hoary raiment of oliv-gardens tŏ the sun and sea, or flourishes with fig and wine. Everywhêre the houses of men ar dazzling white, perched on natural coigns of vantage, clustered on the brink of brown clifs, nestling under mountain eaves, or piled from the sea-beach in ascending tiers, until the broad knees of the hils ar reached.

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10. It is not easy tŏ imagin the time when Amalfi and Atrani wer ōne town, with docs and arsenals and harborage for thêir associated fleets, and when these little communities wer second in importance tŏ no naval power of Christian Europe. Between the year 839, when Amalfi freed itself from

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the control of Naples and the yoke of Benevento, and the year 1131, when Roger of Hauteville incorporated the republic in his kingdom of the Two Sicilies, this city was the foremost naval and commercial port of Italy. The burgers of Amalfi elected their duke; founded the Hospital of Jerusalem, whence sprang the knitly order of St. John; gave their name to the richest quarter in Palermo; and owned trading establishments or factories in all the chief cities of the Levant. Their gold coinage of *tari* formed the standard of currency before the Florentines had stamped the lily and St. John upon the Tuscan florin. Their shipping regulations supplied Europe with a code of maritime laws. Their scholars, in the darkest depth of the dark ages, prized and conned a famous copy of the Pandects of Justinian; and their seamen deserved the fame of having first used, if they did not actually invent, the compass.

EXPLANATION OF ACCENTS:— â = a in *are* (not as in "bāre"); ă = a in *was* (not as in "has"); ã = a in *any* (not as in "ant"); ē as in *hear* (not as in "health" or "heârt" or "beār" or "ëarl"); ê = e in *there* and *their* (not as in "hēre" or "wëre"); ī = i in *lie* (not as in "lief"); ō = o in *four* (not as in "ôur" or "yŏur"), or in *post* (not as in "côst"), or in *bowl* (not as in "howl"); ô = o in *gone* (not as in "bōne" or "ōne"); ö = o in *work* (not as in "pōrk"); ŏ = o in *do* (not as in "so"), or in "*move*" (not as in "rōve," or "lōve"); ō = o in *one* (not as in gône or bōne.)

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CORSICA.

BY W: H: BISHOP.[1]

1. I now understand thõroly why so few people, out of all the thousands of pleasure-seekers whŏ cõme tŏ the Riviera, cross tŏ Corsica, and why thêy will always continue tŏ be rather few. It is the turbulent Mediterranean, wofully chilly in winter, and not the dangers of travel in the country—wel dissipated now if thêy ever existed—nor the primitiv nature of much of the accommodation. I had been waiting for nearly a year tŏ get across, but, on the twŏ weekly sailing days, it seemed particularly possessed tŏ blo grêat guns. Once I started by way of Piombino, on the Italian coast, meaning tŏ go tŏ Elba and find sõme way of crossing from thêre directly tŏ Corsica; but that day large trees wer snapped off and thêre was no boat. I rarely find myself tempted tŏ envy the yachting people whŏ cõme here in the winter; and, indeed, many of them cõmfortably lay thêir craft up in port and pass twŏ or three mõnths at the hotels. Thêre has been considerable talk of a daily line from Nice tŏ Corsica, making the passage in 6 hours; but when õne has seen the comparativ poverty of the iland, it seems very doubtful if it would pay. The line, in fact, which carries the mails thither just now has failed.

2. We sailed[14] at 4 p. m., and wer at Bastia the next morning. The town is backed against hī mountains. One is not expected tŏ admire Bastia so much as Ajaccio, inasmuch as it is hardly a winter colony and resort for foreiners, like the latter, but its landscape is quite as pleasing, and õne thinks more of it after having seen Ajaccio. Thêy ar not far from the same size, having both sõmewhêre about 20,000 inhabitants. The

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houses run up intŏ the air 6, 8, and even 10 stories. The same thing is true all over Corsica, even in the villages. This is novelty number ōne, and not a prepossessing ōne; it givs a tenement-house and factory-town look, and is very encouraging tŏ squalor. It is, with little doubt, the vestige of Genoese tradition; the Corsicans threw off the yoke, but remain bound tŏ this day tŏ the fashions of thêir former rulers. Inquiring, in order tŏ hav the local theory of the usefulness of these sky-scraping buildings, the reply was made tŏ me, "It is the custom," and again, "Building-stone is very cheap here you kno."

3. I made the point of my first excursion intŏ the country *Cardo*, the little village whêre Colomba[1] and Ors' Anton took final leave of the friendly bandits and thêir comic dog "Brusco," and tried tŏ induce them tŏ leav the country. It is hī in the hils, and very like, in all respects, say Falicon, abōve Nice. A few houses in frōnt ar neatly lime-washed, as if it wer expressly dōne for the effect from belo; the rest ar all brown, gray, blac with age, mere stone-heaps, as rude as the habitations of the ancient cliff-dwellers. It was hardly less deserted and silent than the famous 'maquis,' the brushwood thickets which I traversed in mounting by a short cut. It looks down upon the vacant port of Bastia, but not upon the thic of the town, which clusters around ōne of those warm-cōlored old Vauban citadels which ornament most Mediterranean ports. The slopes wer grōn principally with almond and oliv-trees and patches of grain. Country houses or cottages, as everywhêre in the īland, ar few.[15]

4. I did not intend tŏ remain long in Bastia. Corte, the capital of Paoli, in the heârt of the īland, was my destination. After ascertaining that a diligence left for the latter place at noon, we devoted an hour or twŏ tŏ Bastia. The breadth and grandeur of the principal streets, the spacious new 'place' with a statue of Bonaparte in a Roman toga, the ample harbor in process of construction tŏ the northward, and the fine coast-

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vues from the upper part of the city, wer matters of surprise. The place has grōn rapidly within the past 15 years, and now (1867) contains 25,000 inhabitants. Its situation is good. The dagger-shaped Cape Corso, rich with fruit and vines, extends 40 miles tŏ the northward; westward, beyond the mountains, lie the fortunate lands of Nebbio and the Balagna, while the coast southward has no ōther harbor for a distance of 70 or 80 miles. The rocky īland of Capraja, ōnce a menace of the Genoese, rises over the sea in the direction of Livorno; directly eastward, and nearer, is Elba, and far tŏ the S. E., faintly seen, Monte Cristo,—the 3 representing mediæval and modern history and romance, and repeating the triple interest which clings around the name of Corsica. The grōth of Bastia seems tŏ hav produced but little effect on the character of the inhabitants. Thêy hav rather the primitiv air of mountaineers; ōne looks in vain for the keenness, sharpness, and dishonesty of an italian seaport. Since the time of Seneca, whŏ, soured by exile, reported of them,—"Prima est ulcisci lex, altera vivere raptu, Tertia mentiri, quarta negare Deos,"—the Corsicans hav not been held in good repute. In Bastia thêre is neither art nor architecture. It is a wel-built, wel-regulated, bustling place, and has risen in latter years quite as much from the grōth of italian commerce as from the favor of the french gōvernment. From the quantity of small coasting craft in the harbor, I should judge that its trade is principally with the nêboring shores. In the twŏ book-shops I found many devotional works and Reducci's History, but ōnly ōne copy of the 'Storiche Corse,' which I was glad tŏ secure.

5. The road ran due south, along the base of the mountains. As we passed the luxuriant garden-suburbs, ōur companion pointed out the dusky glitter of the orange-trees, and exclaimed: "You see what the corsican soil produces. But this is nothing tŏ Balagna. Thêre you wil find the finest oliv culture of the Mediterranean. Brown old villages nestled hī in

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the ravînes on ōur rīt; but on the left the plain stretched far away tŏ the salt lake of Biguglia, the waters of which sparkled between the clumps of poplars and elms studding the meadōs. The beds of the mountain streams wer already nearly dry, and the summer malaria was beginning tŏ gather on the lo fields throu which thêy wandered. A few peasants wer cutting and tedding hay here and thêre, or lazily hauling it homewards. Many of the fields wer given up tŏ myrtle and other wild and fragrant shrubs; but thêre wer far too few workers abroad for even the partial cultivation.

6. Beyond the lake of Biguglia, and near the mouth of the Golo River, is the site of Mariana, founded by Marius. Except a scattering of hewn stones, thêre ar no remains of the roman town; but the walls of a church and chapel of the middle age ar stil tŏ be seen. As we approached the gorge throu which the Golo brêaks its way tŏ the sea, the town of *Borgo*, crowning a mountain summit, recalled tŏ memory the last Corsican victory, when Clement Paoli, 1st of Oct., 1768, defeated a French force much grêater than his ōn. We entered the valley of the Golo, leaving the main road, which creeps onward tŏ Bonifacio throu lonely and malarious lands. The scenery now assumed a new aspect. No more the blue Tyrrhene Sea, with its dreams of īlands; a valley wilder than any infolded amōng the Appenines opened before us. Slopes cōvered with chestnut groves rose on either side; slant ravînes mounted between steep escarpments of roc; a village or twŏ, on the nearer hīts, had the appearance of refuge and defense, rather than of quiet habitation, and the brown summits in the distance held yet no promise of softer scenes beyond. The steep upper slopes of the mountains wer cōvered with the 'macchia'—a word of special significance on the īland. It is equivalent tŏ "jungle" or "chaparrel"; but the Corsican 'macchia' has a character and a use of its ōn. Fancy an interminable thicket of myrtle, arbutus, wild laurel, lentisk, box, and heather, 8 or 12 feet in

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hīt, interlaced with powerful and luxuriant vines, and with an undergrōth of rosemary, lavender, and sage. Between the rigid, stubby stems the wild boar can scarcely make his way; thorns and dagger-like branches meet abōve—yet the richest balm breathes from this impenetrable wilderness. When the people say of a man, "he has taken tŏ the macchia," every ōne understands that he has committed a murder. Formerly, those whŏ indulged in the fierce luxury of the 'vendetta' sōmetimes made thêir home for years in the thickets, communicating privately, from time tŏ time, with thêir families. But thêre is now no scent of blood lurking under that of the myrtle and lavender. Bonaparte, whŏ neglected Corsica during his years of empire (in fact, he seemed tŏ dislike all mention of the īland), remembered the odors of the macchia upon St. Helena. I was struc by the singular loneliness of the country. Neither in the grain-fields belo, nor the oliv-orchards abōve, was any laborer tŏ be seen. Mile after mile passed by, and the diligence was alone on the hīway. "The valley of the Golo is so unhealthful," said the physician, "that the people cōme down tŏ thêir fields only at the time for plowing, sōing, and reaping. If a man from the mountains spends a single nīt belo, he is likely tŏ hav an attac of fever."

7. With every mile the scenery became wilder, browner, and more lonely. Thêre wer no longer villages on the hil-summits, and the few farm-houses perched beside the chestnut-orchards appeared tŏ be untenanted. As the road crossed by a lofty stone arch tŏ the southern bank of the river, the physician said: "This is Pontenuovo," whêre the battle of Pontenuovo, fatal tŏ Paoli and tŏ the independence of Corsica, on the 9th of May, 1769, took place. Beyond Pontenuovo the valley widens, and a level road carried us speedily tŏ Ponte alla Leccie, at the junction of the Golo with its principal affluent, the Tartaglia. Here the scenery assumes a grand Alpine character. Hī over the nearer mountains rose the broken summits of Monte Padro

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and Capo Bianco, the sno-filled ravînes glittering between thêir dark pinnacles of roc. On the south a by-road wandered away throu the chestnut-woods tŏ Morosaglia; villages with picturesque belfries overlooked the valley, and the savage macchia gave place tŏ orchards of oliv. Yet the character of the scenery was sombre, almost melancholy. The myrtle flowered snoily amõng the rocs, and the woodbine hung from the banks, and the river filled the air with the incessant mellŏ sound of its motion, these cheerful features lost thêir wonted effect beside the sternness and solitude of the mountains.

8. Tōards the end of this stage the road left the Golo, and ascended a narro lateral valley tŏ the village of *Omessa*, whêre we changed horses. Stil follōing the stream tŏ its sources, we reached a spur from the central chain, and slōly climbed its sides tŏ a hīer region—a land of rocs and green pasture-slopes, from the level of which a wide sweep of mountains was visible. The summit of the pass was at least 2,000 feet abõve the sea. On attaining it, a new and surprising vista opened tŏ the southward, intŏ the very heârt of the īland. The valley before us dropped in many windings intŏ that of the Tavignano, the second river of Corsica, which we overlooked for an extent of 30 miles. Eastward the mountains sank intŏ hils of gentle undulation, robed with orchards and vineyards, and crowned with villages; westward thêy towered intŏ dark, forbidding ranges, and the snōs of the grêat central peaks of Monte Rotondo and Monte d'Oro, nearly 10,000 feet in hīt, stood gray against the sunset. Generally, the landscapes of an īland hav a diminished, contracted character; but here the valleys wer as amply spread, the mountains as grandly planted, as if a continent lay behind them. For 2 leagues the road descended, follōing the bays and forelands of the hils. The diligence sped downward so rapidly that before it was quite dusk we saw the houses and hī roc fortress of *Corte* before us. A broad avenue of sycamores up and down which groups of people wer strōling,

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led intŏ the town. We wer set down at a hotel of primitiv fashion. Our first object, on the morning after ŏur arrival, was tŏ visit the places with which Paoli's name is associated. The main street conducted us tŏ the public square, whêre stands his bronze statue, with the inscription on the pedestal: "A Pascal Paoli la Corse Reconnaissante." Hī over the town rises the battered citadel, seated on a roc which on the western side falls several hundred feet sheer down tŏ the Tavignano. The hī houses of brown stone climb and cling tŏ the eastern slope, ruf masses of browner roc thrust out among them; and the place thus has an irregular pyramidal form, which is wōnderfully picturesque. We climbed tōards the top of the roc by streets which resembled staircases. At last the pæth came tŏ an end in sōme unsavory bac-yards, if piles of shattered roc behind the houses can be so called. We wer dazzled by the brītness and beauty of the picture. The valley of the Tavignano, with the gorge throu which its affluent, the Restonica, issues from the mountains, lay belo us. Gardens, clumps of walnut and groves of chestnut trees, made the valley green; the dark hues of the mountains wer softened tŏ purple in the morning air, and the upper snōs shon with a brilliancy which I hav rarely seen amōng the Alps. The breeze came down tŏ us with freshness on its wings, and the subdued voices of the twin rivers. Eastward, thêre wer, first, the roofs of Corte, dropping away tŏ the water-side; then a wide, bounteous valley, green, flecked with harvest gold; then village-crowned hils, and, behind all, the misty outlines of mountains which slope tŏ the eastern shore.

9. The green waters of the Tavignano, plunging and foaming down thêir rocky bed, freshened the summer air. Beyond the bridge a vêin of the river, led underground, gushes forth as a profuse fountain under an arch of masonry. A few paces further a second bridge crosses the Restonica, which has its source in sōme small lakes near the summit of Monte Rotondo.

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Its volume of water appeared tŏ me tŏ be equal tŏ that of the Tavignano. The twŏ rivers meet in a rocky glen a quarter of a mile belo the town; and thither we wandered in the afternoon, throu the shade of superb chestnut-trees. From this, as from every ōther point in the nêborhood, the vues ar charming. Thêre is no threat of malaria in the pure mountain air; the trees ar of richest foliage, the water is transparent beryl, and the pleasant, communicativ people ōne meets impress ōne with a sense of thêir honest simplicity. We wandered around Corte, surrendering ŏurselves tŏ the influences of the scenery and its associations, and entirely satisfied with both. Tōards evening we climbed the hil by an easier path, which brŏt us upon the crest of a ridge connecting the citadel-roc with the nearest mountains. Directly before us opened the gorge of the Tavignano, with a bridle-path notched along its almost precipitous sides. A man whŏ had been sitting idly on a roc, with a pipe in his mouth, came up, and stood beside me. "Yonder," said he, pointing tŏ the bridle-path,—"yonder is the road tŏ the land of Niolo. If you follo that, you wil cōme tŏ a forest which is four hours long. The old General Arrighi—the Duke of Padua, you kno—traveled it sōme years ago, and I was his guide. I see you ar strangers; you ŏt tŏ see the land of Niolo. It is not so rich as Corte here; but then the forests and the lakes,—ah, thêy ar fine!"

10. In the afternoon (at Bastia) it rained so furiously that veritable sheets of water in the streets disputed the rīt of way with the passengers. I employed part of this time in looking up, in the city library, ŏur old friend Boswell's narrativ of his journey in Corsica, in the year 1765. He proposed—seeker for celebrity and always athirst for the personal acquaintance of great men—tŏ make a journey in Corsica because it was a country which no traveler had yet seen; and he came out, with a letter from Rousseau, tŏ find the patriot-hero Paoli, then in the midst of his wars. I folloed upon his traces in many ways;

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and found myself the more comfortable in my lumbering diligence for thinking over how he has made much of his journey on foot, knocking down chestnuts from the trees, drinking from the clear brooks, and likening himself, with a youthful gusto, tŏ the primitiv man. In Paoli's apartment, in the Franciscan convent at Corte—which I find replaced by a spic-and-span new ōne, ōnly the ruined tower of the church remaining—he rallied the wel-tŏ dŏ monks, telling them thêy wer "nihil habentes et omnia possidentes." It is hard tŏ repress a smile at the pleasant incongruity when we find him saying, of the insurgent chîef, in the wilds of Corsica, "I quoted tŏ Paoli, on this occasion, sōme of the sagacious remarks of my respected friend Samuel Johnson." He was at first overawed by Paoli, but soon made great headway with him and all the camp, even tŏ the point of putting on the dress, and singing "Hearts of Oak" tŏ these patriots. Thêre is but a single fault in the brîef narrativ: it is so very short.

11. Thêre is a section of railway, narro-gage, built out of Bastia, and anōther out of Ajaccio. On the long gap from Corte southward, necessary tŏ complete the throu line, work is activly progressing. Then thêre ar twŏ important branch lines, ōne down the flat and malarious eastern coast, and ōne tŏ Calvi, which I found a prodigious old fortress on a roc, in a fertil country, beaten upon almost continually by violent winds. The eastern plain is being wel planted with eucalyptus and with vines and fruit-trees and turned tŏ very profitable account. We made a sharp bend tŏ the west, up the small valley of the Golo. You hav an excellent vue of the 2 decisiv battle-fields—but 12 miles apart—of Borgo and Pontenuovo, whêre, respectivly, Corsican independence, as against the French, was first brilliantly successful, and then completely wiped out. It is hard tŏ see how the fevers can follo the turns of such fine dashing torrents as the Golo, as thêy ar said tŏ dŏ, but the evidence seems little open tŏ dispute.

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12. I got off at the village of Ponte Leccia, tŏ make a sort of pilgrimage tŏ Paoli's birth-place[18] at Morosaglia, and so over the hī pass, the Col de Prato, tŏ the springs of Orezza. A Corsican officer at Nice, whŏ gave me a letter, had wished tŏ wager that I should find now hêrein the world a more slovenly city than Corte. I had thôt this perhaps was merely his ōn lac of experience in travel; but he was rīt. Corte, the old capital, is a hīly picturesque crag reeking with filth, and this trickles down even intŏ the modern portion, in which sōme excellent modern imprŏvements hav been made. The diligence ride tŏ Vizzavona tŏ resume the train is a long five hours' pull, over steep roads, but always good.

13. The pretty valley down tŏ Ajaccio seems tame after the Castagniccia. It is cultivated only in spots; the original 'maquis' cōvers all the rest. The Casone is an area out at the end of the suburban street, the Cours Grandval, whêre hotels and boulevards hav been slītly begun by large companies and abandoned. The grotto of Napoleon's boyhood is out thêre, too. It consists of large, smooth bōlders, disgustingly daubed over with names, many in red and blue paint, in a way I hav never seen approached in iconoclastic America. Thêre is not the slītest attempt made tŏ protect it. AJACCIO is not embowered in oranges and roses like the Riviera towns, tho, on the other hand, its oranges ar of much better quality. It is very little embellished: the strangers whŏ cōme tŏ pass the winter hav not made much impression. The bay, the sea, ar charming, and so is the Rue du Marché with the marble statue of the First Consul in a ring of palm trees in the centre; but elsewhêre thêre is much that is unkempt. The climate is capable of producing everything, but, as it is, or used tŏ be, in sōme parts of Southern California, it has not yet dōne so. All this time the temperature was delītful: it was summer, but it was not hot; as you walked the wide dirt promenade of the Place Diamant, under the sōmewhat scrubby sycamore trees, the sun was warm, but

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the breeze, cōming in from the sea in frōnt, was exactly what you would wish it tŏ be.

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[1] Paragraphs 1-3 and 10-13 ar abridged from Mr. Bishop's letter in *The Nation*, 16 July 1891; the other paragraphs ar abridged from Bayard Taylor's "The Land of Paoli" in Byways of Travel, N.-Y., *Putnam*, 1869.

[2] See No. 648 in Griswold's "Descriptive Lists of Novels."

14. By a slĭt coincidence the 'Bel Ami,' the jaunty little sloop of M. Guy de Maupassant, was lying in port as we steamed out. It was a descriptiv passage in ōne of Maupassant's writings—in 'Une Vie,' I think—which first made Corsica real and modern for me.

15. In the vacant port, I finally found that my stil-cherished plan of crossing from Bastia tŏ Elba direct, on the return, was not possible of realization. I knew already thêre wer no steamers, but thêre used tŏ be sōme boats frêting across iron ore from Porto Ferrajo tŏ be smelted here, which, as the distance is short, and for the adventure, mĭt hav served for ōnce. I applied at these smelting-works, and found that thêy had ceased tŏ be operated.

16. The ōnly ōther roman colony on Corsica—Aleria, at the mouth of the Tavignano—was a restoration of the more ancient Alalia, which tradition ascribes tŏ the Phokeans. Notwithstanding the nearness of the īland tŏ the italian coast, and its complete subjection, its resources wer imperfectly developed by the Romans, and the accounts of it given by the ancient writers ar few and contradictory. Strabōn says of the people: "Those whŏ inhabit the mountains liv from plunder, and ar more untamable than wild beasts. When the roman commanders undertake an expedition against the īland, and possess themselvs of the strongholds, thêy bring bac many slaves; and then ōne sees with astonishment the savage animal nature of the people. For thêy either take thêir lives violently, or tire out thêir masters by thêir stubbornness and stupidity; whence, no matter how cheaply thêy ar purchased, it is always a bad bargain in the end."

17. Our companion said, "Thêre is the main support of ōur people in the winter. Our Corsican name for it is 'the bread tree.' The nuts ar ground, and the cakes of chestnut-flour, baked on the heárth, and eaten while fresh, ar really delicious, We could not liv without the chestnut and the oliv."

18. Twŏ years ago [1889] thêre was sōme little stir over the bringing bac of the remains of Paoli from London. He died thêre in 1807, and had a tablet in Westminster Abbey. The committee wer flatteringly received by the notabilities of England—dined, amōng ōthers, by the ex-Empress Eugénie, took the body with pomp throu the streets of London, and afterwards had a triumphal procession in the īland.

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IN ELSASS.

BY E. HARRISON BARKER.[1]

1. I am sauntering about Niederbronn, making up my mind tŏ leav the pleasant little society which has gathered in this lōvely vale of indolence, and tŏ wander off intŏ and far beyond those mountain forests which rise against the north; thêir lo fringe, whêre it meets the level land, blended with countless hop-poles, entwined tŏ the tops with rampant foliage. All around upon the open slopes the vines ar basking in the sun, and a golden hue is visibly spreading over the hanging masses of green grapes. The large leavs ar curling at the edges and turning yello or russet, telling that the vintage time is cōming on apace. Now I am by the side of the Falkenstein, which floes swiftly, and at this spot silently, between banks abloom. With what tenderness, what feeling, as of a great artist, dōes this wondrous līt of the September afternoon which sweetens and ripens the fruits of the earth toŭch the old tiled roofs of Niederbronn! The eye dwels with long delīt upon these roofs whŏse lines follo no method, and upon which time has wrôt a perfect harmony of tone. The sunshine brings sōmething of the original redness bac throu layers of gray-green lichen. The evening cōmes on. In the calm pure sky I see promis of brilliant autumn days, and resolv, while strolling under the motionless plane-trees of the Promenade, and listening tŏ the band playing 'The Last Rose of Summer,' tŏ hoist again upon my shōlders the old knapsac which has traveled with me hundreds of miles—over mountains and plains, throu forests and by the wild seashore.

2. The morning came, brīt, exhilarating, beautiful. Across

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the green meadōs of the valley, tŏ whêre the hop-poles blended with the edge of the forest, I fared. First, however, I threaded sōme narro lanes, whêre cottages, which wer hovels as tŏ comfort, had been changed tŏ bowers by the joyous vines which clung tŏ them, thrōing intŏ the poor rooms, throu dōors with leaning jambs, and windōs set all awry amidst plaster and beams, the hoarded sunshine of thêir leavs. I am now in the forest at the foot of the mountains, which ar scarcely hī enuf tŏ deserv the name here, altho thêy belong tŏ the system of the Vogesen. I dŏ not ascend for a mile or so, but follo a path which wīnds along on the edge of the valley. A wel-organized and hīly-trained service of forest-rangers attends as much tŏ the planting as tŏ the cutting of the timber. One may walk for many days on these mountains without leaving the forest, except when crossing the valleys. When these take the character of gorges, thêy ar often timbered down tŏ the stream which sings or roars at the bottom of the deep rift, whêre the sun rarely throes a chequered ray upon the darkly-troubled water, or lays an emerald upon the frond of the overhanging fern. The trees which ar mostly cultivated ar pines and firs, but thêre ar also vast tracts of natural, self-sōn, forest, in which ar found the beech, the oak, the ash, the sweet chestnut—all the trees, in fact, which ar indigenous tŏ Northern and Central Europe, including the yew, which groes tŏ a great hīt, and when found in masses of several hundred tŏgether makes even a more sombre wood than the ilexes of the South. Unlike the forests of the Landes, which ar often impenetrable, except at the cost of immense perseverance and much bloodshed from scratches, those of the Vogesen ar generally free, or nearly free, from undergrōth. Walking is rendered the more easy in them by the numerous paths by which thêy ar traversed; but this multiplicity of ways makes them a vast labyrinth, in which the stranger is apt tŏ lŏse all clue tŏ his whêreabouts, and unless he carries a compass, or mŏves resolutely in a strait line by

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the guidance of the sun, tŏ wander for hŏurs without getting a mile farther from the spot whêre he first became bewildered. Thanks, however, tŏ the Vogesen Club, which has set up sīgnboards and arrōs throuŏut these grand solitudes with a lavishness which has drawn gratitude from many a tourist, the traveler who is careful tŏ keep tŏ the wel-marked tracs has no excuse for lŏsing himself.

3. When I had left the Niederbronn Valley, and had been climbing the steep mountain-side for a mile or so, I came unexpectedly tŏ an open space, from which the vue was enchanting. It was ōne of those surprises so frequent in the Vogesen, and which help so much tŏ render these mountains ever fascinating tŏ the lōver of nature. Standing amidst bracken and whortleberry, I looked down upon the valley of the Windstein, its hamlet nestling in a hollo, its silver thread of stream winding throu the meadōs, and twŏ ruined castles seated tŏgether on escarped rocs. The woods stretched from the ridge just abōve me down tŏ the green pasture far belo, but the opposit hil had a character strange tŏ the Vogesen. Its surface was brown with heather and bracken, and it looked as if it had been lifted out of Brétagne, and placed here for the sake of contrast. The old *Windstein* castle was built in 1212 by ōne of the abbot-lords of this region, which is like a history of the feudal ages written in ruins. The castle, and the New Windstein (14th century) on the sister roc, derive a peculiar interest from the circumstance that the final effort tŏ resist the invasion of the French in 1676 was made here. Thêre is a tradition in the locality that the defender of the strongholds, Von Dürkheim, passed from ōne castle tŏ the ōther by a subterranean passage, communicating his ōn indomitable spirit tŏ his soldiers. After the French had captured the Windstein castles thêy dismantled them.

4. I climbed tŏ the roc of the old Windstein by a long flīt of mossy steps beside a wall, whêre the ivy and vine kept up a

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companionship of ancient date. All the loer chambers of the castle wer holloed out of roc. These hav been left pretty much what thêy originally wer, but the crowning masonry is in utter ruin. Traces of the flames lĭted by the French twŏ centuries ago ar very visible. The hĭest part of the sandstone peak used for the fortress is a detached fragment of roc of a singularly bold and picturesque appearance. A soil has formed on the top of it deep enuf tŏ afford a foothold for several pines. Without stopping tŏ get a closer vue of the New Windstein, I struc across country, now among pines and bracken, now in little glades gaudy with golden-rod, white mullein, and scabious; now in stubble-fields tangled with chicweed, until I met the road tŏ Ober-Steinbach. Continuing my journey, I entered a narroer valley than the ōne I had just left. Thêre was a long green stretch of meado in the bottom, throu which a stream curled and flashed; all else was silent sylvan solitude. I leav the road, and strike sōmewhat at random intŏ the forest, in order tŏ reach the ruined castle of *Wineck*, which is on the top of a hĭ hil. I toil up the steep, whêre the proud pine and the humble whortleberry ar almost the ōnly occupants of the soil, and at length reach a roc partly overgrōn with ivy. Upon it stand the ruined keep and remnants of the outer walls. The sun has gône down, and in the shado of the pines it is twilĭt. A ruined castle in a forest is a ghostly place at such an hour. I confess that I felt gayer when my foot was on the road again. In the quiet eventide, I see the tiled roofs of *Ober-Steinbach* under the redder sandstone of a rocky hil. The vale widens, and whêre it meets another valley thêre is a broad expanse of meado-land. I enter a village, composed of ōne long street. Sōme of the houses wer of that picturesque half-wood construction, so common in Elsass, in which the beams forming the framework cross the outer surface of the walls in all directions. I stopped at an inn—the best as it seemed, and this was poor indeed—but as I had not the least expectation of

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falling intŏ the lap of luxury at such a place, I was wel enuf pleased at the prospect of sleeping upon a chaff bed. If the food at this inn was open tŏ criticism, thêre was nothing tŏ say against the white wine.

5 My plan tŏday was tŏ visit several ruins which lie along the line separating Loer Elsass from the Palatinate. I shaped my course tōards the Wasigenstein, a name which calls up in the mind sōme of the shadōs of Teutonic romance. For a mile or more I folloed the road running throu the valley, broad grassy meadōs lying on the rīt; on the left, rising abruptly, wer hī hils draped with forest, except whêre large masses of red roc jutted out fantastically from among the pines. I passed a little church, its cemetery bristling with wooden crosses, and its dewy flower-gardens, rich in cōlor, tenderly touched here and thêre with the soft and vaporous shine of the early sun struggling with drifts of mountain mist. I take no note of distance or time, but I am aroused from my sunny day-dream in this lōvely solitude by a glimps throu the forest of the red roc and towering walls of the *Wasigenstein*. I climb the mountain-side, among huge blocs of sandstone, which no longer present any surface of stone, but ar completely cōvered with moss, lichen, bracken, and whortleberry. As the mass of the ruined fortress became more distinct throu the trees, I remembered having read 'The valiant Walter, fleeing with the Princess Hildegonde, reached the left bank of the Rhein and established himself in this solitude' (the Wasigenstein or Wasenstein). The full story is in 'The Song of Waltarius,' a Latin poem of the tenth century. I reached the interior of the ruin by steps cut in the precipitous roc which forms the base of the castle, as wel as the loer portion of the castle itself. The rooms wer quarried out of the sandstone. Slits cut throu the shel servd for loop-holes. No trouble was taken tŏ make the walls and cielings of these chambers smooth; the uneven marks of the picax or chisel look as fresh as if thêy had been made

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last year instead of sixteen centuries ago. Hī abōve these rudely-excavated chambers rises the keep, polygonal in shape, and a superb piece of masonry, the corners being formed of stone blocs cut tŏ the exact angle. What is left of the rooms in this tower denotes a mŏvement tōards the refinements of life, of which thêre is no trace in the rufly-scooped cave-dwelings belo. The windōs gro wide in the upper part, and sōme of them contain considerable fragments of early Gothic tracery, evidenfly carved by skilled artificers. The hīest point is reached by a spiral staircase, the masonry of which looks very uncertain, but the vue from the top is compensation for sōme misgivings. I saw the vast forest spread as far as the sīt could reach over valleys and mountains; the sylvan immensity unbroken as the blue of the sky overhead, save whêre the giant hils reared thêir mīty shōlders of sandstone, bare and ruddy or coppery-golden, in the shine of the sun. The castle is built on twŏ rocs joined at their base. Having descended the western ŏne, I now ascended the eastern, passed by or throu more excavated chambers, and reached the summit, where pines and aspens wer grōing amid ruined masonry. Wild-roses clamber ed here, and the wood-sorrel rivaled the moss in greenness. On leaving the castle on the eastern side—I passed the moat, dark, ferny, mōrnfully overshadoed by trees, with evil gleams upon the ink-like water.

6. Tŏ reach the Fleckenstein was my next object, but this ruin lay an uncertain number of miles away tŏ the east. I say uncertain, because the up-and-down character of the country made it impossible tŏ form any safe notion of distance by the map. Thêre wer no arrōs pointing the way, for I was quite out of the ordinary trac. All that I could dŏ was tŏ keep going in a line as nearly east-by-south as the circumstances of the ground would admit. It must be remembered that I was in the forest, and that, with the exception of an occasional glimps of a wooded gorge or the hil on the other side of it, all was

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mystery and indistinctness beyond a range of fifty yards. Save the scream of a magpie or the cry of a hawk, thêre was not a sound. Thêre is no silence that seems so deep as that of the forest, not even the silence of the moor. Soon I dropped intŏ a little valley, whêre thêre wer fields and a ruined house, with old fruit-trees around it. The valley was that of the Sauer, and by follōing it northwards I soon came tŏ the village of Hirschtal, in the Palatinate. On my way from the Wasigenstein I had passed very near the castles of Klein-Arnsberg and Frönsburg, ruins of little interest. I was glad tŏ reach *Hirschtal*, for the beauties of the forest dŏ not satisfy hunger. Any such luncheon as men whŏ pride themselvs upon being civilized ar accustomed tŏ eat was out of the question thêre, but I thôt myself lucky in being able tŏ get bread and butter and cheese. The inn was not interesting, but I hav a pleasant recollection of sitting by a sunny windo which looked upon a gigantic yello mullein, gorgeously arrayed in blossom, grōing by the side of the road. On leaving Hirschtal, I folloed the winding Sauer about half a mile down its valley, then took a path leading up the steep ascent, which is crowned by the *Fleckenstein*. This hil, or mountain, is ōne of the few in the Eastern Vogesen which ar bare of forest. I walked throu flowering heather and bracken edged with russet. These, as I approached the rocky summit, gave place tŏ dwarf juniper and feathery spurge. Meanwhile, the weather had changed, the sun was blotted out, and from the pine-forest of a nêboring hil came the roar of the storm wind. The hail was hissing amongst the herbage, and the thunder was echoing from mountain tŏ mountain as I took shelter in an archway of the ruined castle's outer works. Of all the castles which rise abōve or ar hidden by the forests of the Vogesen, the ōne most remarkable by its situation is the Fleckenstein. Altho what is left of the stronghold conveys but a feeble idea of what its grandeur must hav been before its destruction by the French in 1680, it makes

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ōne realize, as few such ruins can, the daring spirit with which the builders of the middle Ages seized upon beetling rocs and savage crags, and grafted thêir stupendous fortresses upon the rugged bastions of Nature. The roc of the Fleckenstein is 140 feet hī, and on all sides nearly perpendicular. It contains many excavated chambers, but shōs little of the superstructure. The lōer works must hav been extensiv. A detached fragment of roc served as a watch-tower, and it can stil be ascended by the spiral staircase, which was cut out in the interior. This spiral is of such smooth and geometric workmanship that I had gone up several steps before I realized the total absence of masonry. The castle was held tŏ be impregnable for several centuries, but Vauban took it by surprise in 1674, and four years later it was completely dismantled by Montclar, tŏgether with the nêboring strongholds. The main roc is rendered accessible by means of a stone staircase built against it, and protected by a wall of great strength, a considerable portion of which stil remains. The vue from the top was wildly beautiful. The forest-clōthed mountains wer again in sunshine, but the fleeing storm stil darkened the sky in sombre, threatening masses, which ended in golden fleeciness and purple vapor far down the west.

7. I plunged again intŏ the forest, now in a northerly direction. I endeavored tŏ reach another castle—the Hohenburg—by keeping in a strait line according tŏ the compass, in spite of all obstacles. The attempt would hav been successful had I persevered in it; as it was, I should hav attained my object much sooner and spared myself great toil had I folloed the circuitous zigzag but sure path which the Vogesen Club had wel furnished with directions, out of pity for wanderers in this wilderness. My strait line soon led me, not without sōme desperate struggling with brushwood, up a steep ascent tŏ a mountain ridge of the herring-bone pattern. Climbing up rocs ōne minute, scrambling down rocs the next, continually harass-

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ed by the brushwood, my resolution gave out when I must hav been within a mile of the Hohenburg. I descended intŏ the valley on the eastern side of the ridge. During this descent I heard with disagreeable distinctness, not many yards in frõnt of me, several grunts. I went on, and the boar, I suppose, did likewise, for we did not meet. Having quite lost my bearings with regard tŏ the *Hohenburg*, I must hav wandered twŏ hours in the forest without being able tŏ find it. At length when it was getting dusk—very dusk in the shado of the trees—a mass of roc like the hull of a great ship loomed from the top of the mountain up which I was then toiling. I found the ruined castle on the roc. How mōrnfully blac the ivy looked upon the shattered walls! Funereal drapery of Nature—how wel did it suit this ghostly ruin in the solemn twilīt! Mosses and ferns flourished in the dilapidated halls open tŏ the sky. Fragments of carving shoed that the feudal manners wer passing away when this castle was in its hīest state of embellishment. Thêre was a hollo echo as I walked which mīt hav cõme from cellars or dungeons belo. At another hour the effect upon the imagination would not hav been the same. I was conscious of sõme uneasiness, and thêre wer certain dark corners and passages which I avoided. Let those whŏ lâf pay a solitary visit tŏ this castle in the forest when the nīt is fast settling down. The fortress, which dates from the 13th century, originally belonged tŏ the Puller family, of which the Minnesinger Puller von Hohenburg was a member. Upon this family becõming extinct, in the 15th century, it passed tŏ the Sickingens. The famous Franz von Sickingen was õne of the lords of the Hohenburg, and after the violent death which closed his stormy career, the fortress was reduced tŏ ruin. In 1542 it was restored, but was finally demolished by Montclar in 1680. Before leaving I climbed tŏ the top of the roc by means of the Vogesen Club's ladders, which ar safer than thêy look. A colony of mountain-ashes had firmly established themselvs upon it, and

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thêre was enuf lĭt tŏ see the lustrous scarlet of thêir berries against the calm evening sky. But whêre was I tŏ pass the nĭt? Far down in the valley tŏ the north I could distinguish lĭts twinkling throu the fast-rising mist. I went off in this direction. So dark was the forest that when I came out upon a hilside amidst brambles and bracken the day seemed tŏ cŏme bac. Suddenly I espied a human form, crouched near the ground, picking blacberries, which wer numerous enuf tŏ be seen in the twilĭt. Now it is a rare thing, on the Continent, tŏ find a person picking blacberries except on the outskirts of a large town, these berries being despised by country-people, whŏ frequently deem them half poisonous, conduciv tŏ fever, etc. My curiosity was thêrefore at ŏnce aroused in this stranger. I asked him if the village in the valley was Schönau. No, he said, it was Nordweiler. We had been talking for sŏme minutes in French before the truth broke upon both of us that the other's language was English. He was an American. My new acquaintance was a man under twenty-five, and an artist, as his sketch-book told me. He was stil in the student stage, and had been working at München and Baden, the latter place being ŏnly a day's walk from Nordweiler. We wer soon at the village. The inn was but a trifle better than the ŏne at Ober-Steinbach. Dinner consisted mainly of potatoes and apple-pie, but I had the companionship of my artistic friend and the village schoolmaster, both of whŏm wer perfectly satisfied with a meal even more simple than my ŏn; so the evening passed pleasantly enuf. Sketch-book in hand, he accompanied me the next morning a part of my journey bac tŏ Niederbronn. We left Nordweiler, which is a picturesquely situated, but not an interesting village, early. Thêre was a cold, drifting mist in the valley, and the leavs and grass wer dripping with dew. Autumn had crept over the mountains during the nĭt, and had given summer a chil. We passed under the Wegelnburg, a conical mountain which rises symmetrically tŏ what looks like a

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fine point from the valley, and is cōvered with dense forest from summit tŏ base. Quite hidden by the trees is a ruined castle. The fortress was first destroyed by the Strassburger in 1282, and was finally razed by the French in 1680. As we rose upon the flanks of the hils we left the cold mist behind, and saw the sun. My plan was tŏ return tŏ Niederbronn by follōing the valley of the Sauer. Soon after we left the Palatinate and entered Elsass, my companion sat down tŏ make a sketch, and I went on alone. After walking knee-deep in heather down a neglected path, I struck the Sauer a little belo Hirschtal. A good road folloed the course of the stream. The winding valley was very beautiful. From the tops of the hī hils on either side the forest came down tŏ the green ribbon of meado. The trees in the forest wer mostly pines, but the road was lined with silver birches. After walking several miles by the murmuring waters of the Sauer, a turn of the valley brŏt intŏ vue a cluster of red-brown roofs. A little later I was in the village of *Lembach*. Here I stopped awhile tŏ look at a little church, insignificant architecturally, but interesting from the circumstance that it was a 'mixed' ōne, in this village Protestants and Catholics being of about the same numerical strength. The next village was *Mattstall*, which I reached after traversing a forest. Here the population was Protestant.

8. After passing the next village, *Langensultzbach*, I was on the outskirts of the great battle-field of Wörth. The hī tableland across the Sauer tŏ the east was whêre the german army was encamped the nīt before the battle. I was soon on the hīt of Fröschweiler, whêre McMahon posted the centre of his army, and which was the last position taken by the Germans. At the foot of a steep hil, on the banks of the Sauer, was the village of Wörth. In the early part of the action the French descended this hil, crossed the valley, and drove the attacking forces sōme distance up the opposit hīts. But the advantage could not be maintained; and when late in the afternoon

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MacMahon's rīt wing was turned, his position, notwithstanding its immense strength, was no longer tenable. I walk throu an orchard. At every few yards' distance is a grassy mound with a little white cross stuc intŏ it, with no other words than these, 'Woerth, den 6 Aug. 1870,' tŏ mark the spot whêre 20 or 30, sŏmetimes 40, men wer buried in the same trench.

9. It was fine September weather when I came tŏ Lüttenbach, and I wished tŏ reach Kaysersberg by striking across a wild part of the Vogesen instead of follōing the valley of the Flecht. The mountain-path led up ŏne of those steep, grassy valleys which giv tŏ the Münster district a character distinctly Alpîne, and very different from that of the Vogesen farther north, whêre the forest is almost unbroken. Having passed a poor hamlet, I was soon on the edge of the forest. Here the trees wer all dwarf chestnuts. I saw abŏve the pines, on a steep hil immediately facing me, the castle called *Little Hohnach*. By wading throu whortleberry, scrambling up rocs and throu thickets, I reached the red sandstone ruin. It is the surroundings of these Vogesen ruins, far more than the ruins themselvs, which so work upon the imagination. I found the interior of the Little Hohnach like a small but dense wood. Pine, hazel, white-beam, mountain-ash, blacthorn and bramble, not tŏ mention lesser shrubs and ground-plants, hav, in the course of a 200 years' struggle, made a wilderness of vegetation.

10. Twŏ or three miles tŏ the N. E. of Little Hohnach is the village of Drei Aehren. I shaped my course a little more tŏ the north, and soon struc a road that led tŏ a strange village, called Labaroche. The inhabitants appear tŏ belong tŏ a different stoc from that of the true Alsatian. Thêir patois is not Teutonic, but pertains tŏ the Romance family of dialects, and has much in common with the Langue d'Oc. I was impudently overcharged—a very rare accident in Elsass. The sun had set, and under the trees it was already quite dusk. I knew that I

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had sōme miles of forest tŏ get over before I could reach the valley in which Kaysersberg lay, but if I had tŏ pass the nīt in the forest, I should probably be no worse for the adventure. Nevertheless, I was not insensible tŏ the inconvenience of such an experience. I was tired, and I was already hungry. The multiplicity of paths was perplexing, but the ground was fortunately level, and I could keep fairly in the line which the map indicated as the rīt ōne. But when the līt failed so that I could not read the compass without striking matches, real embarrassment began. Luc must hav helped me, for after an hŏur's walk I knew that I was descending tōards the valley of the Weiss, whêre lay the little town of Kaysersberg, having caut sīt of the many twinkling līts of a factory which could be nowhêre else but by the stream. Keeping the līts of the valley in vue, I went strait tōards them. It was a short way of getting tŏ Kaysersberg, without doubt; but, O, what a ruf ōne! The descent became so rapid that I had tŏ hang on tŏ the shrubs for fear of stumbling and rōlling. Stumble I did every minute, for the ground was rocky, and it was impossible tŏ see whêre I put my feet; but I came tŏ no worse mishap. That descent, however, from the Ammerschweier Wald intŏ Kaysersberg was ōne tŏ be remembered. I did not cōme out of the dark forest intŏ a blaze of gas, for the small town at the bottom of the narro valley was līted by flickering oil-lamps, swinging on wires laid across narro streets. I was up betimes the next morning. The town was most romantically situated between hī, forest-clad hils, and of so mediæval an appearance that ōne could wish for nothing better in order tŏ get a direct inspiration from the Middle Age. Sōme of the 16th century houses hav thêir half-timber fronts embellished with elaborate carvings; and the town hall, a Renaissance building, with a characteristic turret and a round tower, fits intŏ the surroundings like a quaintly-carved gem in an old-fashioned setting. All here is of a piece—the bygône and the present ar ōne.

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Overlooking—almost overhanging—the town is the ruined castle on the steep mountain-side. The vue of the valley which I obtained from this ivy-draped ruin was enchanting. The little river was rushing over its rocky bed; the sides of the hils wer clothed with vineyards, and thêir sunny-green contrasted joyously with the red-tiled roofs, whŏse plain surface was picturesquely broken by dormer windōs, sōme placed ōne abōve the other, like holes in a dove-cote.

11. I now left Kaysersberg in the direction of Rappoltsweiler. Reckoning as the cro flies, it lies across the mountains about 5 miles N. E. of Kaysersberg. But the flying cro has great advantages over the walking tourist, especially in a very hilly and densely-wooded country. The 5 miles indicated by the map must hav been stretched out tŏ nearly ten before I reached the little town. Keeping in the valley for a mile or so, I passed a wayside chapel, and soon after, took a byroad running throu immense vineyards a little abōve the plain. The vines, which stretched away for miles, wer not cut lo like those of Bourgogne, but wer trained tŏ stakes 6 or 8 feet hī. The road led me tŏ the little town of *Reichenweier*, lying in the midst of luxuriant vineyards—an ilet in a sea of gold-green foliage. It has less than 2,000 inhabitants; but it was ōnce fortified, and extensiv fragments remain of its ancient wall. The curious gable-tower, with cloc and belfry; the fortified gateway; the rōs of windōs, supported by worm-eaten beams, projecting ōne over the ōther, thêir sils abloom with flowers in decaying boxes; the narro streets and dark, damp walls, which the ivy linaria had been striving for many years tŏ cōver with its green leavs, and those little mauve-cōlored 'snap-dragon' flowers which brītened the old wall of the first garden I ever knew; oriel windōs, too, whêre I could picture the wives of the more prosperous of the Reichenweier citizens reading or stitching with children about them 300 years ago—all this, and much more, made me loth to leave the place. I turned intŏ an inn, from the windō of which

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I could see sōmething of the mediæval picture. Here I tasted the wine of the district. It shon in the sun like amber, and its quality did honor tŏ the vintage, which has a local reputation. The finest wine of Elsass is grōn along these eastern slopes of the Vogesen between Barr and Türkheim. The region is a most seductiv ōne tŏ the walking tourist, whŏ has always a good excuse for being thirsty. Here he is continually tempted tŏ be so when he is not. The quality of the wine varies greatly; it may be excellent in ōne district, and ōnly passably good in the adjoining ōne. Thêre is, thêrefore, sōme excitement in tasting the various 'crus' as you go throu the country. The experience is not costly, but it is soon discōvered that this white wine is less innocent than it seems. A carafe holding a quarter of a litre costs 3 sous. I hav never seen it servd in an Elsatian inn either in the glass or in the bottle. No matter what quantity has been ordered, a corresponding decanter is placed upon the table.

12. After Reichenweier, the road rose between twŏ mountains, and, the limit of vine-cultivation being reached, entered the forest. A brook with a fringe of osiers, the stems of which had turned very ruddy, sang merrily as it dashed from stone tŏ stone. Abōve me on the left was the ruined castle of Reichenstein, which was destroyed in 1269 as a brigand's den by Rudolf of Hapsburg. The round keep stood far abōve the trees against the blue sky, and near the top a pine was grōing out of the wall. The forest began with a chestnut wood; this was succeeded by great firs, and the walk then became sombre. The mossy ground looked almost blac in the shade, but whêre the shafts of sunlīt struc it, it shon with an intense lustre. The ascent was now very steep and toilsōme. The weather was hot, and for the first time that day I felt the burden of the knapsac. At length the pass was reached, and the welcōm descent began. The scenery became superb. I stood stil for sōme minutes, entranced by the savage beauty of a gorge-like

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valley belo. Countless pines clothed the steep sides tŏ the strip of lush grass on the level bottom. The grand stilness was broken ōnly by the roar of the stream in the depth. Twŏ ruined castles stood upon the more distant mountain-side, and stil farther away lay the great plain of the Rhein in golden mist. A large falcon hovered in the calm air over the beautiful pines. The road did not ascend intŏ the gorge, but intŏ the valley beyond, at the bottom of which lay *Rappoltsweiler*. It was nearly twŏ o'cloc when I reached the town. If I had kept tŏ the hīroad and the plain, I should hav been thêre long before. Being by this time thōroly hungry, I entered the first inn I saw, and ordered a meal of all I could get, which was bread and cheese and eggs. Rappoltsweiler is an important place for the manufacture of those cōlored cotton fabrics for which Elsass is famous. The town is more interesting by its mediæval history than by its existing buildings. Its commercial prosperity in modern times must hav caused many relics of old days tŏ be swept away; but thêre ar stil sōme left. Amōng these is a half-timber house of the Renaissance epoch, with a fine oriel windo very rich in carving. Spener, the founder of 'Pietism,' was born at Rappoltsweiler, and Protestantism is strong here. Thêre ar 3 castles on the northern mountain. I did not ascend tŏ either of these ruins, but continued my journey tŏ St. Odilien throu the great vineyards, whêre the Vogesen slope tŏ the plain. Thêre wer many walnut-trees at the entrance of the valley, and the gathering had begun. The road was strewn with nuts. Men wer in the trees knocking them down with poles, and women and girls wer picking them up, and thrōing them intŏ sacs. The nuts wer collected chiefly for the oil which thêy contain; and excellent oil it is—preferred by many tŏ that of the oliv in salad. After passing a neglected garden, brilliantly blue with flowering borage, with which it was quite overgrōn, I was again alone in the open country. Looking tōards the plain, I could see nothing but vines, with here and thêre a

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cluster of houses, with a church-tower or steeple rising out of them, all lying in the misty glo of the warm September afternoon. The vintage was close at hand; the leavs had put on the gold and sienna hues of the fall, and, curling up, wer letting the yello grapes drink thêir full of the ripening sunshine. Near the road stood a great crucifix, the thorn-crowned head bent tōards the vine-clad earth. Scarlet-winged grasshoppers fluttered from vineyard tŏ vineyard across the white road. I soon drew near the little town of *Bergheim*, whêre everybody is more or less a wine-groer. Thêre ar the remains of a wall round the old burg, and in the tympan of the church-porch ar curious gothic carvings. After leaving this town, I took a grassy lane leading throu the vineyards, guiding myself by the line of the mountains on my left, and keeping near thêir base.

13. I struc the hīroad again not far from the village of St. Pilt. Here thêre wer sōme meadōs, and men and women wer busy making hay, the scent of which was borne far upon the air. Abōve me on the mountain was the great ruin of Hof-Königsburg, bathed in the warm evening sunlīt. Close tŏ a pillar-like chapel with a grating, behind which could be dimly seen cōlored images of the Madonna and dead Christ, a brōther tramp was lying asleep, with his head resting upon all his loose property tied in a bundle. The dusk was cōming on apace as I entered the village of *Kinzheim*. Here I set myself at ōnce tŏ look for an inn. I had fallen upon the wrong day for meat, and had no choice but tŏ accept buttermilk soup, an omelet, salad and cheese for my dinner. I was wel enuf contented, for the tramp soon falls intŏ the ways of frugality and feels nōne the worse for them. If good wine, moreover, compensates for meagre food, I was wel treated. By 7 o'cloc I had had my coffee and was away on my journey. The road stil skirted the mountains; on the ōne hand the vineyards spread far up the hils, on the ōther thêy sloped down intŏ the plain until thêy wer lost in the līt mist; and all the leavs and grapes wer dripping

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with dew. A waggoner turned upon his seat tŏ stare at me, as he passed with a harnessed horse and bulloc, and jogging along like people whŏ hav despised ōne anōther but hav becōme fast friends by dint of working in the same shafts. A peal from an organ reached me. It came from the parish church of *Chatenois*, which I was nearing. I found the church amidst ruins, and partly surrounded by a battlemented wall. The tower was Romanesque, and the spire, tŏgether with the hī turrets, wer of wood, but looked as old as the tower itself. After Châtenois, a fresh valley opened in the mountains, watered by anōther small tributary of the Rhein, and here thêre was a good deal of pasturage. I was now follōing a by-road close tŏ the mountains, whêre, upon twŏ rocs near tŏgether, stood the castles of Ramstein and Ortenberg. Here the granit, which is rarely seen in Elsass, cropped out from the red sandstone, the prevailing formation, which givs tŏ the whole coŭntry a reddish tinge.

14. I passed throu the village of *Diefenthal*, whêre thêre was a little church surrounded by a forest of wooden crosses, many of which wer gilded like picture-frames. A little beyond this village I joined the hīroad, which took me quicly tŏ Dambach. An ancient gateway, flanked by a tower and connected with a portion of the wall, is a note-worthy example of the manner in which these small Elsatian burgs wer fortified in the middle age. A house of beams and plaster, built upon the wall and against the tower, appeared tŏ hav been placed thêre expressly for the artist and lōver of the picturesque. The loop-holed wall stil preservs its battlements here and thêre; but vines now flourish in the dry moat and cling by thêir tendrils tŏ the blackened stones. I returned tŏ the plain, and on nearing Barr the coŭntry became more populous. Every mile or so the road passed throu a village, but stil the vineyards spread all around, from the flanks of the mountains tŏ the far-distant meadōs, hop-gardens, and corn-lands of the Rhein Valley. I reached

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Barr soon after twŏ, but quicly left again, in order that I mīt arrive betimes at the convent of St. Odilien. I now entered the forest which clothes St. Odilien's mountain. The air was immediately darkened by the pines and the more sombre foliage of the yews, which gro here naturally, and attain a great hīt. The increasing storm filled the forest with dismal cries. On reaching an open space green with grass, I saw the convent buildings on the summit, and a little belo that singular structure dating from præhistoric times, and knōn as the Pagan Wall. Follōing the winding path, I came tŏ a spot whêre a trôf had been placed tŏ catch the water which floed in a mere fillet out of the roc. I learnt afterwards that I had been drinking holy water—that of St. Odilien's fountain. The existing convent of St. Odilien is a hotel for the accommodation of pilgrims and ōthers. I was not here sent off tŏ bed with a supper of bread and cheese and prunes, as was my lot at the Grande Chartreuse, but dined wel. I felt that I had reached civilization again on the top of the Hohenburgerberg.*

* Compare the account of St. Odilien in No. 34 of TRAVEL,—THE VOGESEN.

[1] From WAYFARING IN FRANCE, *Bentley*, 1890, (abridged.)

EXPLANATION OF ACCENTS:— â = a in *are* (not as in "bāre"); ă = a in *was* (not as in "has"); ã = a in *any* (not as in "ant"); ē as in *hear* (not as in "health" or "heârt" or "beār" or "ëarl"); ê = e in *there* and *their* (not as in "hēre" or "wëre"); ī = i in *lie* (not as in "lîef"); ō = o in *four* (not as in "ôur" or "yŏur"). or in *post* (not as in "côst"), or in *bowl* (not as in "howl"); ô = o in *gone* (not as in "bōne" or "ōne"); ö = o in *work* (not as in "pōrk"); ŏ = o in *do* (not as in "so"), or in "*move*" (not as in "rōve," or "lōve"); ō = o in *one* (not as in gône or bōne.)

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MARTIGNY TO CHAMONIX.

BY JAMES BAKER.[1]

1. We left Martigny at 1 p. m., under the broiling heat of an August sun, for the Pass of the Col de Balm—a pass disdained by mountaineers and climbers as being free from sno, ice, or danger, but rather shirked by many Swiss tourists as giving rather too much hard work for enjoyment. Party after party of tourists we met, mostly upon mules, descending from the Tête-Noire, or Col de la Forglaz, and nearly all English and American. One gentleman whŏ was jolting and bobbing about on his mule said "if that was riding, he would rather walk;" but as he paid for his mule he probably did not care tŏ give it up: most people would undergo almost torture if thêy had paid for it.

2. We soon left the main mule road and took tŏ the old trac, which cuts off the curvs and goes strait up the mountain. It is a ruf path, large uneven stones, brŏt down by the winter floods, blocking each step. The heat soon began tŏ tel. I found my asthmatic companion slōly gaining upon me, and soon he was a long way abōve me. I called out, and suggested a rest; but he looked down without stopping and in his weak, thin voice said, No, he'd rather not; he generally kept about that pace; I should catch up tŏ him. Very much doubting this latter part, and wonderfully astonished at his deceptive appearance, I sat down under a fir-tree and gained breath.

3. After twŏ hours' steady walking, I turned and enjoyed for a time the vue beneath. Far belo, the long stretch of the Rhone valley, with its square fields and white road, closed by the old wel-knōn tower; abōve, the sno-clad range of the Ber-

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ner Oberland, rugged and glittering in the sunlight—a fine vue, but not tŏ be compared with the vue from the Simplon of the Valley of Brieg. Anōther half-hour's work, and level ground was gained, and the welcōme sight of the inn of the Forglaz. As is often the case at these small inns, thêir meat was not eatable; but the eggs wer excellent. We arrived at this Col at 3:30 and we left again at 4:30, starting briskly down the descent intŏ the Trient Valley. How we begrudged this descent, for every step has tŏ be remounted again upon the hil ahead of us. On ŏur left belo wer glittering the blue walls of ice of the Glacier du Trient, from which rushes a little mountain stream, threading its way between the dark wooden houses of Trient, whilst ahead the vue is blocked by the Col over which we hav tŏ climb. The level ground is soon passed, and the path slōly ascends throu what is called a forest, but ōnly a few trees ar left, nearly all ar crushed and splintered or torn away by the winter avalanches. Often the path is very narro and precipitous, a mere ledge from which ōne can look down many hundreds of feet. Wild raspberries and strawberries and whortleberries ar plentiful. Mules go over this trac, but how thêy pass is a marvel. After rising abōve the firs we thôt we had gained the summit, but thêre was stil work before us, tho of a much easier character, the path winding over sloping meadōs, from which arose on all sides the deep-toned ringing of cow-bells. Slōly we zigzagged hīer and hīer, but the hil ever appearing abōve us. We passed a tiny, lo, dirty-looking hut, and, asking for sōme milk, a delicious basin of thic new milk was handed tŏ us. So good and refreshing was it after ŏur long climb that we each indulged in a second; but unfortunately we heard of that delicious milk again. We now made good speed up the remainder of the ascent, and at half-past six gained the little inn on the summit, passed round it, and what a mighty spectacle! what a glorious repayment for ŏur toil!

4. The monarch mountain was before us, its pure summit

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bathed in the waning sunlight free from all cloud. At its left were the peaks of the Aiguilles Vertes, rugged and whitened by sno and half enveloped in mist; on the right, in the dark shade, the Aiguilles Rouges towered ominously. Far, far beneath lay the Vale of Chamounix, shut in by the frowning, shadoed mass of the Brevent. As we gazed, the sun was slōly sinking, and soon the bright light was succeeded by a rosy tinge lighting the roc masses with most vivid hues, imparting rosy light tŏ the cloud mists which lay between the summits, and tinting the pure sno with the soft and delicate pink "of the rose tints which summer's twilight leaves upon the lofty glacier's virgin sno." Gradually, as the sun sank, the loer hights became cold in shade; slōly from them, ōne by ōne, the sun's glory faded, until the round pure summit of Mont Blanc alone shon in brilliancy of cōlor capped by the rosy hues; sloly the light waned, as it wer inch by inch, then vanished from this last resting-spot of all Europe; and the mountains stood out cold and grand in the twilight, soon tŏ be tinged by the light of the young moon.

5. We soon started on ŏur downward course, running and jumping from spot tŏ spot until we got intŏ a small bog, and then we went more carefully. The slope is much more gentle than on the Martigny side, and cōvered with thic grass. We left the Glacier and village of TOUR on ŏur left, and reached ARGENTIERE at 8.15, ready tŏ enjoy ŏur dinner; but the milk objected strongly tŏ anything of the kind—it did not mind the soup, being sōmewhat ŏf a kindred nature, but it would not associate with solids, and I decided in future tŏ hav nothing tŏ dŏ with milk upon a mountain excursion. Of the peaks and glaciers which hem in the village of Argentière, Whymper and the Alpine Club members giv long and interesting accounts.

6. The next morning for sōme time we watched the various arrivals and departures, sōme from Chamounix for the Tête-Noire, ōthers for the Col de Balm or Glacier du Tour. Stout old ladies mounted upon mules, young ladies, with blue vails

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and brand new Alpenstocs very much marked with names; and, lastly, blac-coated English clergymen. These latter abound everywhêre abroad; in the smallest hotel or the largest, no matter in what country of Western Europe, a sprinkling of them ar sure tŏ be met. At 11:20 we started for the Chapeau, follōing the main road for a short distance, and then striking tŏ the left over the fields. The fields wer soon left, and the path began a steep and ruf ascent, and then a vue was gained of the jagged, broken, ice-peaks of the Glacier des Bois, i. e., the loer part of the Mer de Glace—a wild desolate vue, the masses of roc and dirt ground by the glacier shutting in the finer ice-cliffs, but soiling thêir purity by the dust which is blōn over them; the chasms and crevasses of a deep but a varied blue. But the path stil winds between and over large masses of roc, which afford momentary shelter from the sun, and after about half-an-hŏur's climb the little hut or inn of the *Chapeau* was gained at 12:5. Groups of every nationality wer thêre, continually arriving and departing, sōme with mules from Chamounix, ōthers with guides over the Mer de Glace. Sōme wer stout, ruddy old dames, panting and puffing with the exertion. The little room (which, stocked with brooches, and pebbles, and carvd wood-work, servs as a bazar as well as a dining-room) was crowded with travelers. Each and all said you must hav a guide tŏ cross the glacier, but studying the strange assortment whŏ had crossed, and looking at the apparently level nature of the ice, I felt confident no guide was necessary. But just as I was starting, a tiny boy offered tŏ cross and carry my coat, and, wishing tŏ hav my hands free his offer was gladly accepted.

7. In going from the Chapeau tŏ the Montanvert the so-called *Mauvais Pas* is soon reached, and is climbed up instead of scrambled down. This name is at present certainly a misnomer, for, altho the footing is sōmetimes rather curious, yet on either side thêre is a good iron rail tŏ cling tŏ, so that as-

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cending is very easy work. After passing this, an unpleasant wearing of the path has formed a little bit of walking which is certainly not agreeable—but about a foot of the sloping steep ledge-like path is left, and certainly here the rails would be more acceptable than at the Mauvais Pas. After getting tŏ the bottom of this broken path, the moraine of the glacier is reached, and here, without the little boy, I should, very probably, hav lost the way, as thêre is no path or trac. However, follōing in little Jean-Joseph's foot-steps, we scrambled up and along the moraine until we came tŏ a waterfall, thundering down from the hights of the Aiguille Dru, the cool spray showered upon us as we stood on the little pine-log bridge and gazed far up throu the rents in the hi summer clouds at the wōndrous peak of the Aiguille. Sōmetimes, the floating clouds hid the mountain entirely; and then, opening suddenly, the mighty mass was disclosed, its ruddy rocs dazzling in the sunlight. So steep and precipitous ar thêy, that, tho the mountain towers tŏ the hight of nearly 12,000 ft., no sno is lodged upon them. Seen throu the drifting clouds, these rocky masses appear tŏ be part of sōme ōther world—sōme land abōve the clouds, seen but for a moment and then shut entirely from the vue by the vailing mist. After leaving the little bridge, we soon got upon the blac ice. And on leaving this, we arrived at the foot of the white glacier; a small ice-cliff about 12 or 15 feet hī is climbed by means of steps cut in the ice, and then the apparently level summit of the white glacier is gained. It is a strange sensation, this first standing in midsummer—under a broiling sun—upon a white and glaring broken mass of pure ice; tŏ look down on either side and note the deep blue of the crevasse walls, and then tŏ look abōve tŏ sno mountains towering far beyond the dark fir fringe of the loer hills. The first part of the white ice was very level and with but few crevasses; every now and then a sharp rattling sound told of sōme stone which had eaten its way throu the upper ice and fell hurtling

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down the narro chasms. Tiny pools of pure ice-water occurred here and thêre, and the small particles of ice floating about in them ar very cool and refreshing. From this spot—"En plein Mer," as Joseph said—we could look up and down the glacier, and abōve tŏ the half-vailed peaks of the Gletscher Aiguille tŏ the right; ahead, the Géant; and on the left, the imposing mass of the Aiguille Dru. We several times passed spots whêre sōme slight care was required, as on either side yawned a rather ugly crevasse; but at last, my little guide passed ahead over a shelving piece of ice of about a yard wide, which formed a bridge over a deep blue rent in the ice-field. Little Jean told me tŏ look down on each side; and I did, but could see no bottom. I suggested that it would be rather awkward tŏ slip. "Yes," he said, "you would be lost." A pleasant thôt for ōne wêaring slippery boots, and having no Alpenstoc. The small bridge of ice shelved tōards the left-hand chasm at an unpleasant angle, and for a moment I hesitated, thinking I would go over on hands and knees; but on stooping, I found the ice so ruf and sharp, that it cut the hands; then, slōly taking step by step, with sundry ejaculations of "doucement" from the boy, the ridge was passed, and a level piece of ice gained. I believe the youngster led the way over this ridge purposly, as certainly no ōthers had passed that way; or he may, perhaps, hav missed the trac. We soon gained the blac glacier on the Montanvert side; then, scrambling up the moraine, wer entirely off the glacier and ōnce more on solid earth. The boy led the way strait up the hil, ignoring the path, tŏ the *Montanvert*, and, rather pumped out, we soon arrived thêre. A cup of blac coffee and a "petit verre" wer thankfully taken, and then I joined twŏ priests outside the châlet, tŏ linger for a while over the vue. For sōme time we remained watching several parties whŏ wer slōly tracking thêir way hī up, across the glacier, apparently cōming from the "Jardin;" and then, regretfully leaving the wōndrous vue, took tŏ the wide beaten trac and commenced ōur descent tŏ Chamounix.

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8. We arrived at the village at about half-past six, amidst, literally, crowds of tourists of all nations. entering from every side. I intended tŏ get bac tŏ last night's quarters at Argentière. Bædeker puts it down as twŏ hŏurs' work, and I reckoned upon the young moon tŏ giv sufficient light for the road. It had a strange effect, this dark night-walk up the defile. Shut in on all sides by the dark mountain masses, whŏse peaks ōne knew towered far hī abōve the clouds which now, apparently, formed the sky. On the left was the unceasing roar of the Arve torrent, chafing and thundering in its rocky bed. After about an hŏur, I entered a pinewood, and now the road was intensely dark; but ere long, a tiny light sparkled out ahead, and told that the village of Les Tines was not far off, and soon after, anōther white streak on the mountain side told me I was nearing the glacier of Argentière. As an instance of how helpless tourists ar supposed tŏ be by the villagers, a peasant tŏ whŏm I said good night immediately offered his services as guide for twŏ francs (along a strait level road)! The inn at Argentière was reached at 9.20.

9. The next morning we went out intŏ the cold, bracing icy air tŏ take anōther look at the Chamounix Vale. All the clouds had passed away, and towering purely forth in the sunlight.

> Far, far above, piercing the infinite sky,
> Mont Blanc appears—still, snoy, and serene,
> Its subject mountains their unearthly forms
> Pile around it, ice and roc. Broad vales between
> Of frozen floods, unfathomable deeps,
> Blue as the overhanging heaven, that spread
> And wind among the accumulated steeps.

The vue was as a magnet, powerfully drawing ōne back again tŏ its wild and mighty beauties. But we wer forced tŏ turn ŏur faces eastward and start for the Pass of the *Tete-Noire*. The first part of the road leads up throu a rocky pass, giving a fine vue of the mountains behind, and then descends intŏ a wild and rather desolate valley over by barren mountains. I here caut a stalwart German, whŏ was mŏving along at a steady

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pace, so I joined him. At the bottom of the valley stands a cross, on which is the inscription in French, "Here, the 13th March, 1861, perished under an avalanche, the Count of Houche, aged 18 years. Passers, pray for him." Such a cross with such an inscription hightens the savagery of the scene, and most pleasing was it, after rising from the valley and descending intŏ anōther, tŏ find the scene entirely changed. The overhanging hights wer fringed by forests of graceful, luxuriant firs; the sloping meadōs of the brītest green, intersected here and thêre with patches of yello, ripening grain, wer dotted with white and dark châlets, all seeming tŏ speak of peace and plenty. And on looking bac, blocking the vue, between the sloping dark green hils, was the white cap of Mont Blanc towering far abōve the dark mountains, its dependent Aiguilles standing sharply defined against its pure summit. After passing the village of *Barberine*, the path wound throu a charming piece of mountain scenery, the firs grōing upon every roc in the wildest luxuriance, here and thêre crushed and splintered by the winter's avalanches; but even upon the barren masses of detached roc large and stately trees wer grōing, thêir roots twining around the roc. Belo us a foaming torrent was leaping, forming here and thêre picturesque falls. But, rising abōve this shadoed path, we came in sight of the passage throu the roc knōn as the *Roche Percee*, and directly afterwards pulled up at the little inn of the Tête-Noire. We wer rather before the general rush of the tourists, so we found the small room empty; but whilst enjoying sōme bread and cheese and beer, several mule parties of the usual varied type arrived; but we soon left them and started on the descent tŏ the Trient. The bright fertil valley in which this little village is built was quicly reached. We took a short cut over the fields and struc intŏ the path which about 40 hōurs before I had descended, and arrived at the little inn of the Forglaz and gazed again at the snōy peaks of the Oberland. Resuming again the downward

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path, which became smoother on nearing Martigny, I quicly gained the little wooden bridge over the Dranse and entered the post-office at Martigny at half-past two, having been exactly 49½ hours absent from the town.

10. With such a slight expenditure of either time or money, what beauties and wonders of nature had we seen and what stores of health had we imbibed! There is but one way to enjoy these mountain passes, that is on foot; for upon foot only is the mind thoroly free from other thot, and enabled to drink fully in the mighty spectacle of mountain, ice, and sno, to be seen even upon such a common, easy route as this.

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[1] From DAYS AFOOT (abridged): *Simpkin, Marshall & Co.*, 1881.

11. Upon a hot day, how full of life ar these loer fir forests. The numberless dragon-flies and hornets and gnats innumerable, the beautiful butterflies of every form and hue, the curious large green and brown grasshoppers, with their red wings, jumping and flying about the path or whirring in the grass, and the quic rustle of the lizard as he darts from the stone from which the footstep has startled him and hides amongst the undergroth of the wood. These lizards ar generally the small brown ones, but now and then a glimpse of the prettier green one is caut. I soon resumed the ascent, but the small trac becoming stil ruffer and steeper, gave it up for the main path, and then made quicker progress.

12. Goethe passed from Chamounix over the summits of this pass, in November, 1779, and he describes the peculiar effects of the mountain mists which swathed themselvs around him, now opening beneath and giving clear glimpses of the Chamounix vale, then sinking from above and disclosing the summits of the mountains. Terribly weird must the scene hav been in this mountain mist; for a time seeing naut but the small plateau of the summits, then suddenly the depths belo and the towering rocs, the mountains, sno and ice, being disclosed. But few would exchange the soft suuset effect for this wilder scene.

The editor would be pleased to learn the name and address of the author of any paper in this series published anonymously.

The editor will feel indebted, also, to any one who will kindly call his attention to any article, especially in newspapers, which the writer thinks suitable for re-publication.

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A Day in the Siebengebirge.

BY JAMES BAKER.[1]

1. "*Toujours le Rhin.*" Yes, and so it ever wil be. Ever since the banks of the Rhein began tŏ be inhabited by civilised beings, and the Romans began tŏ drive away or tŏ permeate with thêir poetry or hĭer ideas those savage tribes of the Teutonic race, has the Rhein been a river tŏ be written about, tŏ be sung about, tŏ be fôt for. Yet the first vue ōne gets of it at Cöln, is decidedly disappointing. Thêre is the river—a broad, noble, swiftly-flōing torrent, true enuf; but the country around is flat, very flat. The idea that you hav gradually been building up all the way from Aachen, of a constant succession of peak-topped hils, each capped with a fine old ruin, is blōn tŏ the winds: yet, stil, flat as its banks ar, the vue of the Rhein from the bridge of boats, ōn a fine moonlight night, is ōne tŏ be lingered over. But when you arrive at the little village of Mehlem, then the old mystic legends of knight and maiden, of cloister and battle-field, cōme trooping up and people the hights and ruins with thêir mediæval occupants. Mehlem was tŏ be the starting point for a walk tŏ Ems, and a day in the Siebengebirge* was tŏ begin the expedition. Now, as Mehlem lies upon the right bank of the river, it is necessary tŏ cross in the ferry-boat tŏ gain the small town of Königswinter, which lies on the opposit bank, surrounded by the Siebengebirge. The ferry is not expensiv: twŏ pfennige—that is about a farthing—wil cōver the fare, and a more delightful little boating expedition could

* For another account of the Siebengebirge, see No. 80 of TRAVEL,—THE RHEIN.

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scarcely be had. On arriving at the landing-stage at *Koenigswinter* I made for the Hotel Rieffel, procured sōme pistolets and a bottle of wine, and having drunk the latter and pocketed sōme of the former, started out tŏ storm the hights of Petersberg. The way lay "unter den Linden," and then up a steep slope between the heavily-laden vines, after leaving which the path wound upwards throu a wood of firs. The day was fearfully hot, and the strong resinous odor from the fir was at times overpowering. At almost every turn of the path wer erected crosses of wood, and here and thêre, at an open space, would be a small shrine, built of stone, enclosing in a niche a statuette of Mary and the child Jesus, and often these statuettes would be cōvered with votiv offerings of lace and flowers and beads. On ōne, the stonework was carvd with a heârt pierced with nails and the hands and feet pierced in the same way.

2. After a hard, warm ascent, the top of Petersberg was gained, and the Rhein valley lay spread beneath me; far in the distance the widening flood ran beneath the white glistening buildings of Bonn and Cöln. At the bac of the hil a calm, sweet glimps was gained of the little Abbey of Heisterbach, lying nestled amidst the hils and overhanging trees; and a fine contrasting vue is formed by the stony hights of Stenzelberg, backed by the soft-wooded hil of the grand Oelberg. After sitting awhile and enjoying the vue from here, I made my way down the side of the mountain tŏ the abbey, at its foot. This ruin of *Heisterbach* cannot be compared tŏ the beautiful ruins of Tintern or Muckross, but the slight ruin which remains, and the lōvely surroundings, form a most pleasing 'ensemble.' The arms of the abbey, an oak and a brook, ar stil tŏ be seen carvd over the doorway: from them the name of the abbey—"Heister" (oak) and "bach" (brook). The vue in the abbey yard, or rather on the lawn which now cōvers the spot whêre ōnce the abbey buildings stood, is very peaceful; the trees shutting out every glimpse of aut beyond the bright greensward, from the

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centre of which a fountain is playing, and in the background is the pure white rim of the picturesque choir of the old abbey.

3. But the quietude of the scene was soon broken by the arrival of a party of jovial German students, whŏ had a table spread on the lawn, and soon the old abbey walls rang tŏ thêir shouts of lâfter and the chink of thêir glasses. Wishing tŏ obtain a little information as tŏ my route and the distance I might probably hav tŏ traverse, I spoke tŏ ōne of these students, but not understanding me, he referred me tŏ ōne whŏ was sitting at the head of the table, whŏ spoke French, and whŏ seemed tŏ be thêir chief. On hearing that I was a stranger he immediately made room for me at his side, and, altho I was interrupting thêir merriment and thêir dinner, would not hear of my leaving until he had given all the information he possibly could, and then expressing a hope that we should meet again on the Drachenfels in the evening, bade me "good-day" and "au revoir," the whole party rising and wishing me "good-day" in a most friendly manner. Had I been a German, thus interrupting with stuttering, stammering tung a party of young Englishmen, should I hav been thus received and thus so cordially bid adieu? nay, should I hav found ōne amongst the number whŏ could speak any language but his ōn, and if ōne such thêre wer, would not the information be given with icy politeness—the rest of the company staring with embarrassing silence—while a stiff bow would inform me I should better leave as soon as possible? Such thôts passed throu my mind as I perspiringly trudged up the road and across the fields leading tŏ the base of the grand *Oelberg*. Here began sōme really warm work. A narro, ruf path led almost perpendicularly tŏ the summit of the mountain, the lizards rustled amidst the leaves, and the dragon-flies and hornets renewed thêir assiduous attentions. 'Twas a troublesōme ascent, but the summit was gained at last, and then what a repayment! The glorious landscape stretching far away intŏ the dim distance; vast forests of firs contrasting

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thêir sombre hues tŏ the bright green of the loaded vine; the rich tracts of ripened grain—sōme being carted tŏ the garner, whilst the rest stil waves in its golden beauty, form a scene which the eye must ever retain. And this is but the frame in which the gem is set. In the foreground, 1,500 feet beneath, floes the Rhein, winding amidst the vineyards, whêre the grapes sŏ famed ar now ripening for the vintage; hight rising abōve hight, each with its dark green clothing of wood, crowned with church or ruined castle; and on floes the Rhein, its wealth-giving waters first hid from the vue by the church-crowned hight of Petersberg, then re-appearing before the town of Königswinter, but tŏ be again hidden by the "castled crag of Drachenfels;" next intercepted in its course by the lōvely wooded isle of Nonnenwerth; and at last its bright waters ar lost tŏ vue behind the hights of the Löwenburg. Surely it was upon this very spot that Byron stood when he wrote the lines—

> "There Harold gazes on a work divine,
> A blending of all beauties: streams and dels,
> Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, cornfield, mountain, vine,
> And chiefless castles breathing stern farewels
> From gray but leafy walls, where ruin greenly dwels."

A smăll wooden hut stood upon the small plateau at the summit of the mountain, and here I obtained wine and blac bread and cheese; and after the hard work of the ascent, most heartily did I enjoy them. Twŏ tiny, sulky, stolid-looking, white-headed little children acted as waiters, both with wreaths of vine leaves twisted round thêir heads, ōne bringing in the wine, whilst the ōther brŏt in sōme very fine blacberries laid upon vine leaves. After I had rested, an elder brōther of the little ōnes offered his services as a guide tŏ the Drachenfels for 5 groschen, (6d.) so paying 15 groschen for the wine, &c., we started down the side of the hil.

4. The heat of the day was over, and a most enjoyable walk we had throu the woods and fields, my little guide picking nuts and blacberries, and pointing out the sweet streams of

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water which trickled here and thêre from the side of the hils. As we approached the summit tŏ the *Drachenfels*, we wer surrounded by a whole crowd of guides, donkey-men, and the usual nuisances of popular sho places. It is, indeed, a most lōvely vue from this gray old ruin, tho it paled before the grander vue from the Oelberg; but the soft light of the evening was hushing nature tŏ repose, and thêre was a delicious quietude in this twilight scene which was wanting in the midday grandeur. Little did I dream nature's repose was so soon startlingly tŏ be awakened by art. Whilst gazing upon the vue beneath I was interrupted by a salutation in English, and turning round, I saw twŏ Englishmen. We soon became friends, and I told them as thêre was a full moon I intended staying upon the Drachenfels and seeing the Rhein by moonlight. Thêy informed me that the Rhein was tŏ be illuminated from Bonn tŏ Rolandseck. This was the last of three days fêtes in honor of the 50th anniversary of the University of Bonn, and the students had exerted heârt and soul with the grand idea of illuminating the Rhein. Fires had been built upon the banks of stone which run intŏ the waters, and, as the night fel, wer gradually lit, and soon a ro of blazing light appeared on each side of the river, each hight blazed with cōlored lights, the ruined arch of Rolandseck —standing out clear amidst the Bengal fire—re-echoing the cannon from the Drachenfels, which stood until now darkly forth abōve the many fires; but soon vivid lights lit up each stone and sent bright rays down tŏ the Rhein beneath. The īle of Nonnenwerth from a dark patch upon the illuminated water became a jewelled gem of every hue; lights and fires and Chinese lanterns appeared on every side, whilst far away amidst the dark forests of the distant hils, bright lights told of the bonfires lit by the villagers tŏ sho thêir heârts wer with the students. Tŏ depict the scene when the illumination was at its best is impossible; its remarkable beauty was beyond the power of pen or pencil tŏ describe. It appeared as tho we had been trans-

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ported tŏ sōme ōther world, whêre light and beauty rêgned supreme. For a time, art was triumphant over nature; but as the moon rose hīer in the heaven, the lights from belo disappeared, and soon the whole landscape was illumined by the pure, pale light of a full autumn moon. It was hard tŏ têar ōneself away from such a scene; but with a twenty miles' walk before ōne for the next day, it hardly dōes tŏ remain on the top of a mountain all night. So obtaining every possible glimps of the Rhein beneath, we started down the side of the hil between the vines for Königswinter, talking of Gertrude and Trevelyan, of Paul Flemming, and Childe Harold, and so ended this "Day in the Siebengebirge:"

"There can be no farewel to scene like thine,
The mind is colored by thy every hue:
And if reluctantly the eyes resign
Their cherished gaze upon thee, lovely Rhein!
'Tis with the thankful heart of parting praise;
More mighty spots may rise, more glaring shine,
But none unite in one attracting maze
The brilliant, fair and soft,—the glories of old days."

[1] From DAYS AFOOT: (abridged) *Simpkin, Marshall & Co.*, 1881.

EXPLANATION OF ACCENTS:— â = a in *are* (not as in "bāre"); ă = a in *was* (not as in "has"); ã = a in *any* (not as in "ant"); ē as in *hear* (not as in "health" or "heârt" or "bęār" or "ëarl"); ê = e in *there* and *their* (not as in "hēre" or "wëre"); ī = i in *lie* (not as in "lief"); ō = o in *four* (not as in "ôur" or "yŏur"), or in *post* (not as in "cŏst"), or in *bowl* (not as in "howl"); ô = o in *gone* (not as in "bōne" or "ōne"); ö = o in *work* (not as in "pōrk"); ŏ = o in *do* (not as in "so"), or in "*move*" (not as in "rōve," or "lōve"); ō = o in *one* (not as in gône or bōne.)

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INTERLAKEN TO AOSTA.

BY HARRY JONES.[1]

1. On consulting Murray—we read that "in fine weather thêre is not a more interesting and exciting journey amōng the Alps than that over the **Wengern** Alp."[15] True, everybody makes it, and thêrefore tŏ sōme vulgar souls it may lŏse its charms. But it is magnificent, however wel trodden. After passing throu fields and gardens for sōme time, we began tŏ breast the hil. We wer tŏ pass close under the Jungfrau, for the specialty of the Wengern Alp* is its proximity tŏ this famous mountain. Being itself more than 6,000 feet hī, it commands a grand vue of its giant sister. Knōing that thêre was an inn with a remarkably fine vue a little farther on, we resisted violent efforts on the part of the guide tŏ force us intŏ that on the summit. The ōther, tho loer, is built on the brow of an immense ravîne, directly facing the Jungfrau, and had a pleasant porch opposit the mountain, in which we soon sat down tŏ take ōur lunch. This spot commands a vue of the avalanches which continually fall from the Jungfrau during the summer. I had then never seen ōne, and think I would hav staid thêre a week rather than hav gône away ungratified. However, we had not sat long in the inn porch when sōmebody cried, "Thêre it goes!" and we rushed out. A very respectable avalanche had started from the hī snōs, and came crashing down upon the granit ridges beneath. It looked like a white waterfall, the powder of the pounded ice rising in clouds of frozen dust. I could hardly believe that what I saw would hav cut a passage

* For another account of this expedition, see No. 5. of TRAVEL,—"OVER THE WENGERN ALP."

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throu a forest or village; so much did the grêat features of the scenery diminish the effect. We wer, I suppose, ōne or twŏ miles ŏff, at least, but the sharp report of the mass as it bounded from ridge tŏ ridge, reached us like a lengthened peal of thunder. The rush lasted three or four minutes, the mass of sno and ice pausing ōnce or twice in its descent, and then brêaking away with anōther leap and crash. After this we saw sōme small ōnes, and heard several echoing among the peaks.

2. The famous *Staubbach* is about half a mile abōve the inn. It is ōne of the loftiest waterfalls in Europe, measuring between 800 and 900 feet. I suppose the term cataract might be applied tŏ it; but the stream is so thin and broken in its descent that it has acquired the name of "Dust Fall." Byron compared it tŏ the "tail of a white horse streaming in the wind," suddenly enlarging the simile by adding, "such as it might be conceived would be that of the pale horse on which Death is mounted, in the Apocalypse." Wordsworth has called it a "sky-born" waterfall; and indeed, when the clouds rest upon the mountains and cōver the spot from which it leaps, it seems tŏ cōme from the skies. In winter this constantly falling spray makes a pyramid of ice, which is said tŏ accumulate sōmetimes tŏ the hight of 300 feet.

3. I should advise any ōne whŏ wishes tŏ hav a close vue of the Berner Chain, tŏ ascend the hils which shut in the valley of Lauterbrunnen, near the Dust Fall, tŏ **Murren.**[15] Thêre is a pleasant inn on the crest of a mountain right alongside the Jungfrau. The vue is superb. The ascent is easy. Thêre is a much-used mule-path all the way. You may find a comfortable bed at the little inn, if you ar disposed tŏ sleep thêre, and see the sun rise. But a few days may wel be spent at Mürren, and ōne of them should be devoted tŏ the ascent of the Schilthorn.

4. Having now reached a dusty road, we got a carriage, and drove in about an hour tŏ *Interlaken*. This place is famed for

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beauty, being set upon the stream which connects the lakes of Thun and Brienz. Its scenery, however, is abōve you. All the hotels ar set in a dead flat. The vues of the Jungfrau ar very beautiful, certainly, especially when its snōs ar relieved by the deep dark-green of loer hils. But the place is desperately hot. We had been breathing the fresh air of the mountains for sōme time, and now felt as if we wer being choked. Interlaken, however, contains more summer visitors than any ōther place in Switzerland. We found ŏurselvs all at ōnce surrounded by the abominations of civilization—glōves, patent boots, and crinoline. Here is the very metropolis of easy-going travelers, timid ladies, and sic people. But Interlaken is cheap. The hotels ar large, numerous, and good; and you may find several very comfortable places whêre you can liv at 5 francs a day, whêreas in Geneva, in the season, you wil very likely be charged as much as that for a bedroom at the top of the house.

5. Thêre is anōther famous cataract near Interlaken, that of the **Giessbach** which falls intŏ the Lake of Brienz. A small steamer runs frequently tŏ thé latter town, touching at the falls. Thêy ar very beautiful and consist of a succession of short leaps, like a tubful of water turned over on the top of the stairs. The stream is crossed and recrossed by many wooden bridges, at various hights and distances. The third fall has a gallery behind it, so that you may sit in a cave and see the world abōve you, throu water, like a mermaid. Besides the gallery and the bridges, thêre ar many prepared nooks and arbors at the edge of the torrent, shōing it in fresh points of vue. I don't suppose that thêre ever was a waterfall more stared at, straddled over, and generally lionized than this; people go up and down, right and left, abōve, across, and as I hav said, beneath it. Thêy look down upon it from the hil, up tŏ it from the steamer, and sideways at it from the wood, until at last the cataract must be glad tŏ disappear in the lake, which is 500 feet deep near its

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entrance. Right in the face of the falls, about twŏ thirds of the way down, is an inn, with benches and tables set out under the trees, so that you can keep your eye on the cataract while you ar eating your lunch. Thêre is a good hotel a little way bac at which many people stop. It seemed very comfortable.

6. The *Lake of Brienz* is not striking, the hils around it being sōmewhat monotonous. A road goes from its upper end over the Brünig Pass, tōards Luzern. Brienz is a grêat place for the manufacture and sale of small articles in wood, nut-crackers, chamois, and salad-spoons, with all kinds of little boxes. I laid up a little stoc of match-boxes and needle-cases, for divers friends at home, whŏ I knew would accept them as proofs that I sōmetimes thôt about ōthers while I was enjoying myself. A grand present, however acceptable, has a pompous, self-suspecting air about it which destroys the modest confidence of a keepsake. A trifle shōs reliance on your friend's affection, as wel as respect for him.

7. It was ōne of the hottest days I ever remember tŏ hav felt, when we left Interlaken for Thun in the steamer; the hils seemed tŏ act like reflectors, and bring all the sunshine which fel upon them intŏ a focus on the little quay at which we embarked. The shore on ōur right was not unlike sōme portions of the banks of the Rhein. That on ōur left was far more striking, being broken by the Niesen and Stockhorn—twŏ mountains which ar of considerable hight, tho not capped with sno. One stands at the entrance of the route reaching tŏ the foot of the Gemmi Pass, which we proposed crossing; the ōther gards the Simmenthal, a pleasing pastoral valley leading tŏ Château d'Oex, whence paths lead tōards Vevey and the valley of Les Ormonds, and a road runs tŏ Lausanne. At *Thun* we stayed at the Hôtel Bellevue, which is outside the town, and stands like a private house in grounds of its ōn. From these thêre ar beautiful vues both of the lake and town. In fine weather the scenery of the former is backed by the snōs of the

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Jungfrau, and ōther of the Berner Alps. It is very curious tŏ see how fresh beauties open out, after cloudy weather, from places such as this. The lake itself, and lesser mountains by its side, ar in themselvs enuf tŏ constitute a charming vue—nōne the less so because of clouds, which generally add much tŏ the landscape. But when thêy rise, anōther horizon discōvers itself. Fresh ranges of peaks, cōvered with sno, shifting thêir cōlors as the sun travels from east tŏ west, change the whole character of the scenery. The town is very striking, being "dominated" by a picturesque castle and church. Thêre ar no "sights" tŏ cry for inspection, but the streets ar quaint and pleasant enuf tŏ strōl throu. I kno no better place than Thun for a centre of short expeditions. It communicates with Zürich and Luzern by rail, and is within a day's reach of the Oberland, the tourist being able tŏ leave Thun in the morning, and cross the Wengern Alp that day. Again, if he wishes tŏ visit Zermatt, he is close tŏ the Gemmi and the valley of the Rhone, from which latter district, reached in 12 or 14 hōurs from the Hôtel Bellevue, he may, if he pleases, go by Visp tŏ Zermatt, or soon find his way by the Tête Noire tŏ Chamonix. Thêre is also the easy route tŏ Vevey and Geneva, by the Simmental.

8. Bern is situated on the Aar, which nearly surrounds it. The town is approached by a stone bridge 900 feet long, across both the river and the valley in which it floes. It is solid and wel built, with arcades along the streets, under which the principal shops ar found. Happily thêre ar few sights. The Minster is a fine building outside. Thêre ar several charitable institutions, and a tremendous prison. The three sights we wer taken tŏ see wer the Bears, the Clock, and the distant Alps, which sho beautifully from the hī land about the town. Thêre is a pit in the town, whêre 3 or 4 mangy brutes shuffle about, and open thêir mouths tŏ the public for buns and nuts, quite unconscious of thêir heraldic distinction. The cloc tower is in

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the middle of the town, and a parcel of idlers generally stop tŏ see its puppets strike the hŏur, especially at noon. Just before the stroke, a procession of bears cōmes out of a hole, and mŏves in frōnt of a wooden king on a throne, whŏ marks the hŏur of the day by gaping and loering his sceptre. We went up tŏ the terrace, outside of the town, tŏ see the mountains; at least a dozen ar visible from this place, sōmetimes at sunset, of a glōing rose-cōlor.

9. The next day, having returned tŏ Thun, we set off on the tramp ōnce more—the luggage being sent tŏ Geneva. As the first 15 miles of ŏur route lay along a dusty road, we rode in a small ōne-horse chaise tŏ Kandersteg, at the foot of the Gemmi Pass. The next morning we set ŏur faces tōards the mountain, beginning tŏ ascend almost from the inn door. When we had ascended for about half an hŏur, throu a pine forest, a sno-storm came on. We walked on throu the falling sno, intŏ fine weather abōve. The *Gemmi* is not very remarkable on the side up which we ascended it. Its wōnders sho themselvs in the descent intŏ the valley of the Rhone. When we got tŏ the top, we found a considerable space of tableland, broken with large stones and points of rocs, which crop amōng the short brown grass. Threading ŏur way throu these, but seeing nothing of the scenery on either side of the pass, we came tŏ a solitary little inn, overlooking a dark sullen pool. The landlord was smiling at the dōōr as we walked up, and shōed us at ōnce tŏ a blazing fire. We wer shōn up a broken stone staircase, as ruf as that from a pier, intŏ ŏur bedchambers. The rooms wer very lo, and beds hī. It was bitterly cold when we started off in the morning. The ice had sucked all the water in the puddles, and we mŏved on briskly with ŏur alpenstocs under ŏur arms, and ŏur hands in ŏur pockets tŏ keep them warm, Ajax with his load leading the way. For twŏ miles ŏur path, tho ruf, did not rise much, lying by the side of the Dauben See, then crisp with little waves. Twŏ or three

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peaks abōve us shon red in the morning sun, when quite suddenly we came upon the edge of the pass. We had been walking on the flat roof of a Brobdignag house, and wer now looking down over the eaves. The path seemed tŏ end at the brink of the precipiçe; you might let a plumb-line down intŏ the valley beneath, nearly 1600 feet, almost without touching the roc. Here a magnificent vue was opened, a grêat portion of the Valais Alps, sōme forty miles distant, being spread out before us, bright in the morning sun. We had now cōme tŏ anōther family of giants, and the familiar forms of the Jungfrau, Finsteraarhorn, Wetterhorn, and Mönch wer left behind. The most striking roc in this fresh group was the Matterhorn, or Mont Cervin, which rises almost like an obelisk of hewn stone.

10. Far belo us, in the shade, looking with its blue roofs like a heap of slates on ground in a builder's yard, lay the little town of **Leuk**; then came the valley of the Rhone, then range after range, topped with a grêat jagged border of sno-peaks. We sat down at the edge of the roc for sōme time, enjoying the vue, which was all the more striking, because we had so long been shut up in the rugged platform of the pass. At last we prepared tŏ descend, generally too easy and tempting a task, tho now we wer loth tŏ leave ōur lofty station. The road is, perhaps, the most striking in Switzerland, being channelled out of the face of the roc; tho in many places it bulges out and overhangs itself as if it wer stuc on. Once or twice, as we walked leisurely in single file, I called out, "Hallo! J., whêre ar you?" "Here," said a voice just abōve me, and thêre was his blac head, shōing over a turn of the path, like a martin peeping out of its nest. Murray says of the Gemmi that thêre is no danger in it, and that it is practicable for mules—"donkeys" I should call those whŏ rode down it. The path is from 3 tŏ 5 feet wide; but a mule invariably walks close tŏ its outer edge. This arises from these beasts being in the habit of carry-

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ing burdens, and getting as far as thêy can from the roc, which hits thêir pacs, and puts them out. This may be very sagacious; but when you ar riding, and the precaution is not necessary, it is very disagreeable. The brute creeps down carefully enuf, as if he wer smelling his way, but when he cōmes tŏ a turn he goes as close tŏ the brink of the precipiçe as he can—your outside shŏe being frequently clean over the edge. Sagacity may be a very fine thing, but I confess I prefer reason myself, and my ōn twŏ legs, tŏ any four belonging tŏ a mule. Besides the unquestionable risk of the beast stumbling—a lady was killed ōne summer throu it—thêre is the disagreeable possibility of slipping over his head, since it is thrust out beneath you, like a donkey's at the crisis of a kic. The fatigue of riding in this position for hŏurs is grêat.

11. After we had rested a while, we set off tōards the Rhone Valley, at first by a broad hīway. After we had descended sōme time by the road, the guide took us rapidly down by a series of cruelly ruf short cuts. Before long we suddenly emerged from the last descent, and found ourselvs on the grêat flat hīway which threads the valley of the Rhone and leads over the Simplon, intŏ Italy. The dust was ankle-deep, and the glare of the white road very disagreeable. When, thêrefore, we had walked tŏ Tourtemagne, and had ŏur lunch—bread and cheese, with delicious country wine—we took a carriage and drove tŏ Visp. The walk from Visp tŏ Zermatt is a very tedious ōne of ten hŏurs. The path is plain, and ascends slightly all the way, running sōmetimes on the right and sōmetimes on the left of the stream which descended the valley we wer penetrating. Zermatt, however, is most frequently approached by this route, being surrounded on all ōther sides by hī Alps. Hŏur after hŏur we trudged on between the hils, which sōmetimes opened out intŏ a little plain, and then closed intŏ a gorge, but never allowed us tŏ turn a corner or change ŏur pace. Thêre is, however, a halfway village, St. Nicholas,

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whêre a comfortable inn and refreshment may be found. We passed several places whêre the road was destroyed by earthquake in 1855. At last, when it was grōing dark, we reached Zermatt, and gladly found ōur way tŏ the Hôtel de Monte Rosa.

12. Zermatt is a village which looks as if it had been caut in a sno trap, being by itself 5400 feet abōve the sea, and surrounded by hī Alps. Thêre is no path tŏ the place except over ice passes, and the ōne crac in the circle of mountains throu which we had crept. Even that, tho not very steep, is impassable by wheels.[18] Suppose you wer tŏ drive tŏ Visp, and then get astride of your nag, you would, as horse-power is reckoned in Switzerland, hav tŏ ride 9 hōurs before you could put him intŏ the stable at Zermatt. It is set in ōne of the grandest spots in Europe. For years and years tourists wandered about Switzerland, wrote, apostrofized nature, and broke thêir necs, but no ōne hit upon this quaint little place, with its old wooden houses, brown with storm and shine, and its threefold glaciers creeping down from either side, as if the Alps wer pointing at it with thêir icy fingers. One of the grêat recommendations of the place is the variety of excursions it provides for those whŏ dŏ not affect much walking. Ladies can ride easily right intŏ the centre of the wildest scenery, and see themselvs surrounded by glaciers, while thêy sit in the saddle. One morning we transferred ōurselvs and ōur traps from the hotel at the village tŏ a solitary inn on the **Riffel,** a hil twŏ hōurs' walking abōve the village; we passed on ōur way throu a forest, and then came out on the clear shōlder of the mountain on which the house was perched Here we secured bedrooms, and, leaving ōur knapsacs, walked on tŏ the summit of the Gorner Grat, a point between 9,000 and 10,000 feet hī, and standing in an amfitheatre of snōy mountains The path up was wild and ruf, grêat patches of sno lying amōng the stones, and fresh heaps of broken rocs succeeding ōne anōther, as on mounting each, you thôt you had reached the summit. At last we gained it,

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and a very positiv unequivocal top it was. I hate those summits which ar so large that you hav tŏ traverse them in order tŏ reach the vues. Here the cap of the mountain was a few yards wide, so that we could see the panorama by merely turning round. It is deemed the grandest near vue of hī Alpine scenery. We sat thêre for sōme time, surrounded by peaks, passes, and glaciers. The heaped-up summits of Monte Rosa rose heavily abōve them all, its huge banks and slopes of sno looking so close beneath us, that it seemed possible tŏ pitch a quoit upon them. But between the breast of the mountain and us, thêre floed a river of ice, measuring more than a mile across. Fōur glacier streams, marked by thêir lateral moraines, wer joined here, and seemed tŏ sweep in a monstrous tide or race around the cliffs on which we stood, down intŏ the valley behind us. So flood-like was the ice, that at first you could fancy you saw its masses heaved and roled along. Thêy wer mŏving, it is true, and on a stil day you might possibly hav heard the ice waves groan and crac as the glacier ground its slo progress over the rocs; but when you looked steadily, all was motionless as death. Carrying the eye along tŏ the right from the summit of Monte Rosa, it traveled over 5 sno mountains, and then making a slight dip, shōed us the **Pass of St. Theodule**—ōur road intŏ Italy. After this came the bare, solitary Matterhorn, and then—; but thêre was no end tŏ it. We turned round and round, able indeed tŏ verify the summits from the map before us, but feeling the distinction of names rather an impertinence than ōtherwise.

13. Early the follōing morning, we set off for the glaciers which we had seen belo us from the Gorner Grat. We took a Zermatt guide, whŏ struc across the ice til he reached sōme rocs, which we had tŏ climb on all-fōurs. When we had scaled them we found ōurselvs in a plain of sno intŏ which ōur feet sank, much having fallen within the last few days. The hut on the *St. Theodule* is the hīest habitation in Europe. Its walls ar

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about six feet tŏ the eaves, and it is almost pitch-dark inside. Without the cold was intense, and the glare of the sno blinding; this, of cōurse, helped tŏ make the interior more gloomy. Breuil was the next place we stopped at. Lunch over, we looked intŏ Italy, and folloed a stream down the Val Tournache for several hŏurs. Having stopped tŏ rest for a few minutes, when we sat down outside a village inn, we pushed on tŏ Chatillon, which we reached at 8. The descent is superb. From the summit of St. Theodule you look over a crowd of peaks tōards Piedmont, and, standing in winter, behold summer beneath you. The last part of ŏur road led us under trellis-work of vineyards, the grapes hanging in rich purple clusters over our heads. Grêat plates of peaches wer on the table at supper, and all the windōs of the bedrooms set wide open tŏ the pleasant evening breeze. We wer unmistakably in Italy. The character of the houses was changed—no more brown villages of weather-stained deal. The inn was thōroly Italian; the shape of the loaves, the taste of the wine, the voice of the waiter wer all different; so was the lounging look of the people whŏ wer sitting on the parapets of the town bridge, and strōling slōly. I was kept awake for sōme time by a roar outside my windōs, like that of Piccadily in the season, and, on getting up in the morning, found a torrent boiling sōme 60 feet beneath, and so close that I emptied my basin intŏ the very gorge down which it rushed. I might hav added, when we wer at the top of the St. Theodule, that thêre ar several ōther ice passes intŏ Italy from Zermatt, the most famous of which is the Weiss-Thor. It is, however, sōmewhat difficult for those whŏ hav doubts about thêir heads. Travelers used tŏ be examined by the custom-house officers when thêy descended from the St. Theodule; and close by the hut, on the summit of the Col, thêre ar the remains of the redoubt, thrōn up 300 years ago by the Valaisans, which marked that frontier of Switzerland.

[1] From THE REGULAR SWISS ROUND (abridged), *Strahan*, 1866; except ¶ ¶ 14-18. which ar from *The Nation*, 24 Sept., 1891.

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14. I hav before me a pamflet in which an attempt is made tŏ prŏve the feasibility of a road leading up throu the interior of the Jungfrau tŏ its top. The author modestly calls his project ōnly a "study," but he feels confident that all engineering, hygienic, and meteorological obstacles could be overcōme. The roadbed would assume the shape of a double tunnel, while the cars would be supplied with ventilators and propelled by means of compressed air. The summit could thus be safely reached in 15 minutes, instead of the present 12 hŏurs of hard and perilous climbing; and a tourist could leave Lauterbrunnen half an hŏur before sunrise, enjoy that fenomenon on the snōy summit (which embraces a vue of almost all the Swiss peaks), and return tŏ his hotel in the valley in time for an early breakfast. Inasmuch as the car would be invisible on the outside, no ōne could complain of its spoiling the scenery, while the Queen of the Alps would be made accessible even tŏ invalids. If this scheme, and anōther almost equally daring ōne, should be carried out, the village of *Lauterbrunnen*, which, until last year, was accessible ōnly by carrriage, will be ōne of the most important railway centres in Switzerland, and certainly the most remarkable ōne in the world. The ōther project referred tŏ is the building of a road across and throu the mountain giants which lie between Interlaken and the Rhone Valley. At present the short distance between these points requires a twŏ days' trip by carriage tŏ Kandersteg, and on foot across the Gemmi Pass, delightful on a clear day, but dreadful in bad weather, and expensiv tŏ all but pedestrians; or else a simply absurd détour by rail via Bern and Lausanne, taking almost as long. The road in question would cōver the distance in 5 or 6 hŏurs.

15. Even without these twŏ doubtful roads, Lauterbrunnen wil soon be an important railway centre, for it was connected last year with Interlaken and Grindelwald, while a new mountain road tŏ Mürren was opened in 1891; and next year stil anōther from Lauterbrunnen tŏ the *Wengernalp* and down on the ōther side tŏ Grindelwald, is tŏ be operated. The road from Interlaken tŏ Lauterbrunnen is an ingenious combination of the rac-and-pinion system with the ordinary adhesiv system, the former being used ōnly whĕre thĕre is a considerable rise, whĕreby much time is saved; and the transition from ōne system tŏ the ōther is made without stopping. Much bolder, however, and more interesting, is the branch road which leads tŏ Mürren, 2,735 feet abōve Lauterbrunnen. This consists of twŏ sections, the first being wōrked by a wire rope, which raises the car tō a hight of about 2,000 feet, at a gradient rising from 40 per cent. tŏ 60 per cent.; while the second is an

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electric railway on the trolley system, which takes the passengers on slightly rising ground tŏ the superbly situated Hôtel des Alpes. Thus it seems probable that Mürren, which has been hithertŏ visited by about 20,000 tourists every summer, wil see double that number hereafter. For tourists whŏ dŏ not walk, the expense has been grêatly loered. The round trip on the train costs 6 francs, and the baggage a franc or twŏ, while the price of a horse for yourself, and anŏther (or twŏ men) for the baggage, is 24 francs each way.

16. I hav spent parts of 3 summers at Mürren, and hav always wŏndered why amŏng the guests thêre ar so few Americans. A glance at any page of the hotel-register shŏs that fully twŏ-thirds of the tourists ar English, and ŏnly about a tenth Americans, which is strange, considering that here is sŏme of the finest scenery in the world, with twŏ of the best hotels in Switzerland, and prices ŏnly ŏne-half those in American mountain hotels of the same class, so that ŏne can save in a summer the expense of a trip tŏ Europe. Americans hav a way of flocking tŏ a few places like Chamonix, Geneva, and Grindelwald, which dŏ not compare with Mürren or Zermatt. At Mürren thêy would see from thêir windŏs a complete semicircle of sno mountains, including the Wetterhorn, Eiger, Mönch, Jungfrau, Ebnefluh, Breithorn, Gspaltenhorn, etc., with ever new illuminations, pink sunsets, and a play of clouds abŏve and belo, almost as interesting as the peaks themselvs. The same may be said of the sno-water brooks, the milky-way of glacier streams, and the numerous waterfalls visible from the hotels.

17. Having got so far as this place, you wil not return tŏ Lauterbrunnen the same way, but go on tŏ the top of the pass knŏn as the Kleine Scheidegg, noting on the way how astoundingly the Jungfrau broadens and changes the aspect of its sides and the position of its peaks, the most conspicuous ŏne being fortunately the aptly named Silberhorn, the most beautiful summit in the world, for it is round as a dome, and not a single bare roc spots the snŏy continuity of its surface. Then, from the Scheidegg, you wil walk down on the Grindelwald side, along the broadening side of the Eiger, a sheer blac precipiçe of 13,000 feet. When you arrive at Grindelwald, you wil wŏnder whêre that place got its extraordinary reputation. Everybody goes thêre, and nowhêre else ar thêre so many Alpenhorn-bloers, yodlers, singing children, useless gate-openers, beggars, and other incarnate nuisances. Germans probably go thither because it is in a 'geschützte Lage'—that is, down in a hole, whêre thêre isn't a breath of fresh air (for the Germans ar afraid of a

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"draft" even when thēy go tŏ the Alps for an "air-cure"); but why all Americans should go thither is a mystery tŏ me, for the sole attraction of Grindelwald is a couple of dirty little glaciers which ar mere pigmies compared tŏ the Rhone Glacier on the Furka Pass—which no ōne can afford tŏ miss—not tŏ speak of the fourteen giant glaciers visible from the Gorner Grat abōve Zermatt.

18. Zermatt, which, until this summer, was accessible ōnly by a bridle-path, can now be reached from Visp in less than 3 hŏurs, on a road combining the twŏ systems, like the Interlaken-Lauterbrunnen road. During my stay at Mürren I daily heard the blasting on the road which is to connect Lauterbrunnen with Grindelwald via the Wengernalp. Then thêre is the road up the St. Beatenberg on the Lake of Thun, opened in 1889. A thousand men ar at work on anōther ōne near Interlaken, up the Schynige-Platte; and stil anōther is tŏ be opened next year on the Brienzer Rothhorn; while further south, by the Swiss-Italian lakes, Monte Generoso has been scaled since last year by a railway which opens so superb a vue that Bædeker compares it tŏ the Rigi.

EXPLANATION OF ACCENTS:— â = a in *are* (not as in "bāre"); ă=a in *hall* (not as in "shall"); ã=a in *any* (not as in "ant"); ē= e in *hear* (not as in "health" or "heârt" or "beār" or "ëarl"); ê = e in *there* and *their* (not as in "hēre" or "wëre"); ī = i in *lie* (not as in "lief" or friend); ō = o in *four* (not as in "ŏur" or "yŏur"), or in *post* (not as in "côst"), or in *bowl* (not as in "howl," or in *rove* (not as in "lōve," or "mŏve")'; ô = o in *gone* (not as in "bōne" or "ōne"); ö = o in *work* (not as in "pōrk"); ŏ = o in *do*(not as in "so"), or in "*move*" (not as in "rōve," or "lōve"); ō = o in *one* (not as in gône.)

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The editor will feel indebted, also, to any one who will kindly call his attention to any article, especially in newspapers, which the writer thinks suitable for re-publication.

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